JULY 15, 1972

Saturday Review

FIFTY CENTS

THE ARTS

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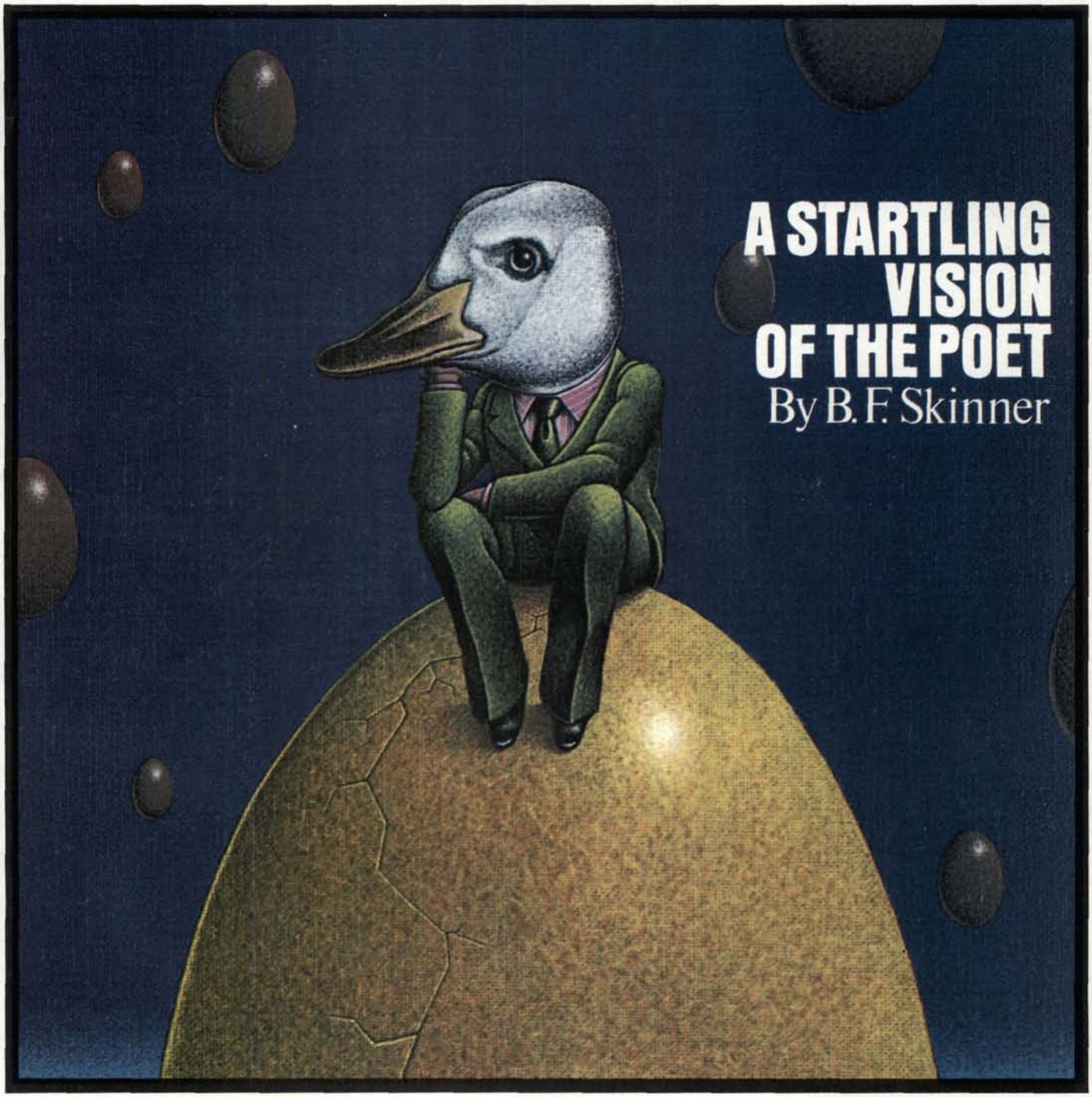

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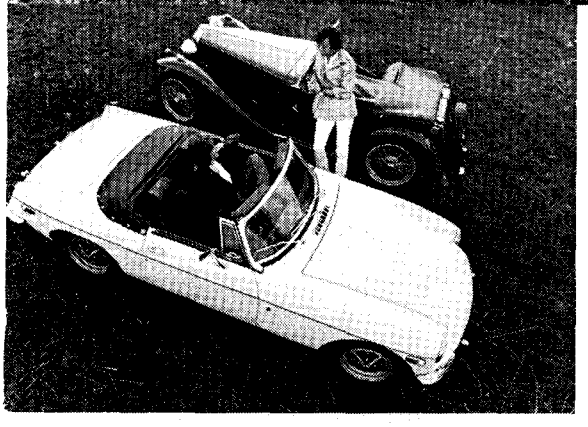

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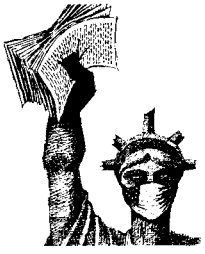

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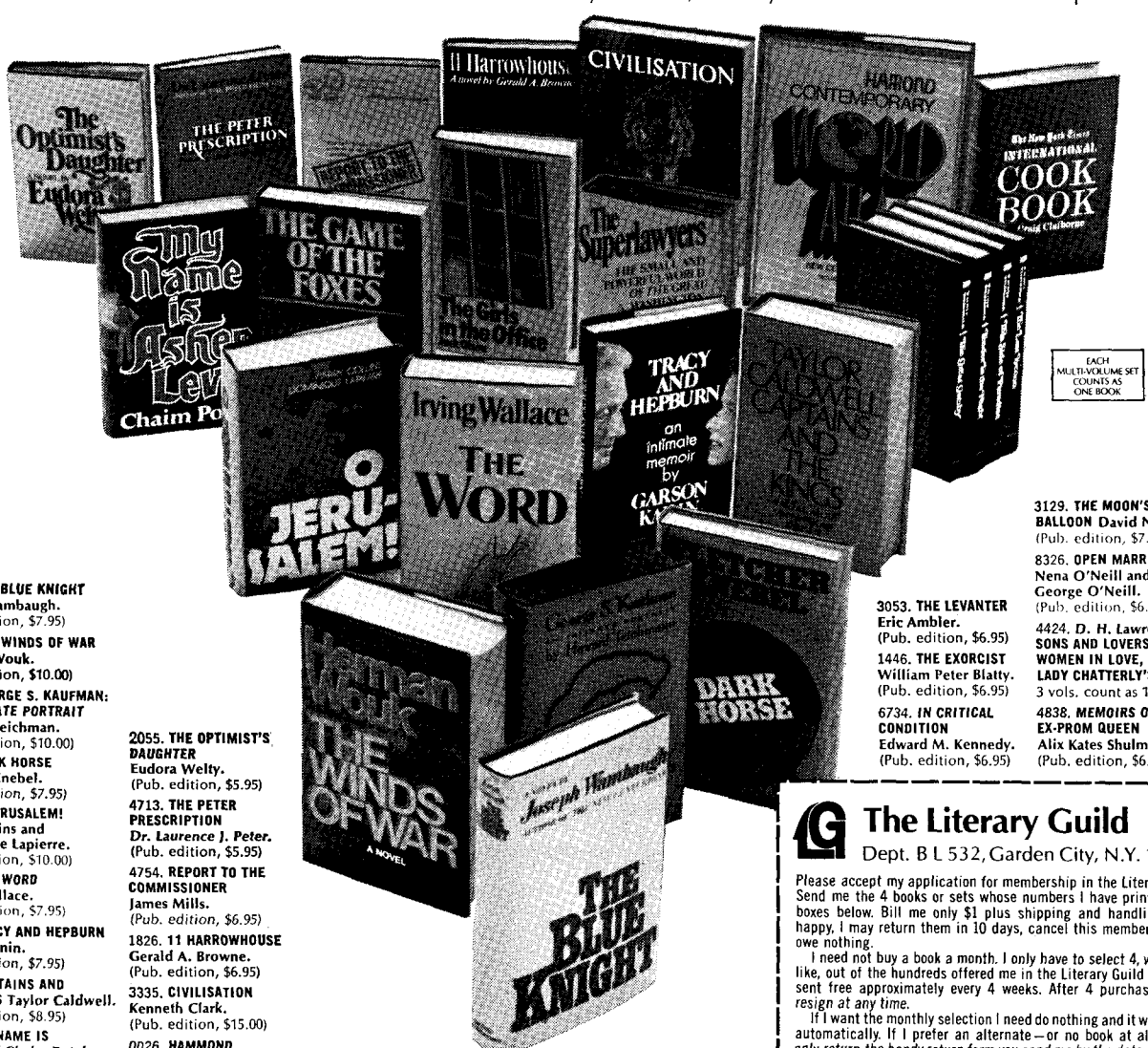

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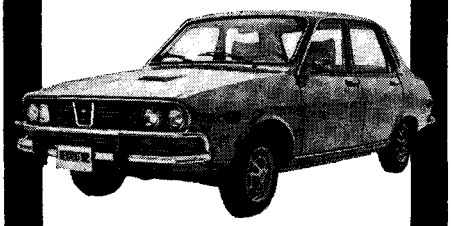

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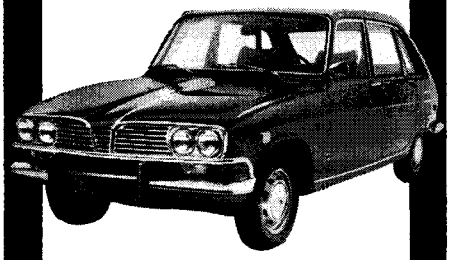

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SR UP FRONT

JULY 15, 1972

Move Over, "Cosmo," Here Comes "Ms."!

BY MARY BREASTED

NEW YORK, N.Y. — Apart from the Rocky Mountains and certain glorious sections of our deserts, there may be no spot in America so voluptuously suited to fantasy as midtown Manhattan. The great breath-sucking valleys between the tall buildings, the huge plate-glass windows, the fabulous surplus of goods behind the windows, the thousand F.A.O. Schwarz toys, the Cartier diamonds, the Bonwit's tennis dress, the whole overpriced kingdom of Fifth Avenue never fails to change you if you enter it in a mood to look around and take it all in.

You can begin to feel rich by just gazing at the luxuries for sale. Whatever your fancy—dreaming about trips to New Guinea and Nepal, pretending you are in search of a dress for an opening night, or even making up heady revolutionary plots in which all the city's poor come to pick those windows clean—Fifth Avenue has unlimited materials to inspire you. It's the original open storehouse of props for American dreamers.

Just a little south and east of the most magnificent part of this wonderland are located the offices of *Ms.*, the new feminist magazine being launched by a small group of women whose dreams of grandeur at present know no bounds. They are paying $4 a square foot for their third-floor offices at 370 Lexington Avenue, which may be a good rent for your average midtown capitalist, but it's an unheard-of rate for the headquarters of a new underground publication.

Mary Breasted is a regular contributor to The Village Voice *and the author of* Oh! Sex Education!

If Ms. Steinem and her sisters are publishing a "movement" magazine, what will happen if the women's movement fizzles out?

But *Ms.* is, in the first place, not precisely underground; it's a slick monthly magazine. In the second place, it already has a healthy $1 million from Warner Communications, formerly Kinney Services, Inc. But more important than either of these factors is the attitude of the women at *Ms.*, an attitude that clearly steered them toward leasing their high-rent office right smack in the middle of New York. "I think what we want the most," Gloria Steinem, one of the founders, explains, "is to be taken seriously." And midtown is where businessmen (and women) mean business.

Ms. (pronounced "miz") made its debut as a supplement in the 1971 year-end issue of *New York* magazine. It was printed later in a separate

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and more complete edition, which was dated simply "Spring, '72" and which was full of articles written by some of the better-known "movement" writers and a few prominent journalists who happened to be women (and two who happened to be men). Right under the title on the cover was the phrase, "The new magazine for women," and the editorial slant of the pieces inside made it unmistakably clear that the audience it was directed to was feminist.

At the time the sample issue was put together, the magazine did not have a complete staff. *New York*'s production people did the mechanical work on it, and *New York*'s advertisers were given free space in the issue. Thus the sample issue was not a real test of what the *Ms.* women could do.

About two weeks before the actual first issue of the new magazine was to hit the stands, *Saturday Review*'s editors became curious about how things were progressing at *Ms.* They had heard that it was being run as a pure democracy, with everyone getting equal salaries and everyone doing bits and pieces of all jobs. This was allegedly causing some confusion in the magazine's dealings with the outside world: Seasoned writers were rumored to be dealing with inexperienced *Ms.* editors, and advertisers were reportedly being told that the magazine would not accept ads that were offensive to women.

I went up to the offices of *Ms.* with mixed—no, veritably tangled—feelings about the assignment. I felt I owed the women's movement something for first having made a big enough stir to be newsworthy and then insisting that only female reporters cover their activities. Those facts, plus my suspicion that the male *SR* editors would be pleased if I found utter chaos at *Ms.*, made me sympathetic toward the *Ms.* staff. On the other hand, I had just written something in *The Village Voice* about Gloria Steinem's expensive-looking clothes, and she had let me know she thought I was unfair and maybe even antifeminist. I didn't quite agree with her, which rather tempered my sympathy. In addition, there were my confused and constantly changing ideas about Women's Liberation, an issue that no female reporter can be totally objective about (and probably no male reporter can, either; maybe it's an issue only eunuchs should write about).

When I walked in on *Ms.*'s Tuesday morning editorial meeting, I was, then, full of trepidation and slightly angry at the editors who had sent me out to spy for them. But I soon began to feel that I was nobody's spy but my own; I wanted to find out for myself how the *Ms.* staff worked together, how they thought and spoke, and how they felt about being cooped up all day in an office full of women. Nearly all the staff members were there—about a dozen women seated around a large room, some on the floor, some in isolated chairs, and a few slouching behind desks. With the exception of Pat Carbine (former *McCall's* editor and, at forty-one, the oldest member of the group), they were wearing pants. Ms. Steinem smiled at me, which was reassuring, and I sat down on the rug and tried to look and be objective.

Discussion went forward in a... fashion that seemed incredibly inefficient to me. On the other hand, there was... a mood of nearly rankless feminine camaraderie that struck me as... quite extraordinary.

They were talking about something tedious and technical, the handling of galleys and related mechanical problems. Everyone looked bored. When the topic was exhausted—at a certain point all of them just seemed to sense that it had been; there was no agenda, no secretary, no chairman to say, "Let's get on to the next item"—a dark-haired young woman with a cheerful face announced that she wanted to tell her *McCall's* horror story. (Later I learned that her name was Rita Waterman, that she was twenty-nine, and that she had quit her job as production editor at *McCall's* after Pat Carbine had asked her to do the same job at *Ms.*—for "a slight cut" in pay.)

"Robert Stein, the editor of *McCall's*, thinks it's unprofessional for *McCall's* staffers and *Ms.* editors to associate with one another," she told the group. A friend of hers from *McCall's* had told her this only yesterday. "What's he afraid of?" Ms. Waterman asked with obvious glee.

"That's it," Ms. Steinem put in. "That's it. We should be the scared ones in terms of their taking our ideas!"

"You should send me over there!" a robust black woman interrupted. (She was Margaret Sloan, a twenty-five-year-old aspiring writer from Chicago who, during the campus speaking season, shared the platform with Gloria Steinem and argued for black feminism.)

"They'd probably hold you as a hostage," Ms. Carbine commented wryly.

Everyone laughed.

(Robert Stein later denied having ordered his staff to shun *Ms*ers and said he wished the new magazine success.)

Ms. Steinem announced that Milton Glaser, executive editor (and designer) of *New York* magazine, would be coming over to the *Ms.* offices the next day to offer help and advice.

"Can he make coffee?" someone asked. Everyone laughed again.

Ms. Carbine broke the levity by holding up the printer's pink overtime slips for all to see.

"We cannot indulge ourselves," she told them sternly. By September she expected the staff to have the production schedule worked out so well that there would be no more overtime costs. More comforting news was the fact that their returned subscription cards now totaled 125,000. Not all of those would result in annual subscriptions, since *Ms.* had used various free-issue teaser methods to attract readers. But Ms. Carbine said that friends in the business had told her that 125,000 was an unprecedented number for a new magazine that had yet to put out its first real issue.

Ms. Sloan changed the subject. She wanted to know "how those people out in the newsstands get our magazine." Ms. Carbine explained the distribution system. Ms. Steinem added editorial comment: "It's kinda crooked, that's what it is." Ms. Carbine then admitted that *Ms.* was paying news dealers a "display allowance," which dealers really weren't supposed to get but which helped to put them in a mood to give the magazine good display.

"We did a lot of that ourselves around here," a young blonde woman spoke up. "We went around to newsstands at the airports and different places telling them to put *Ms.* up front."

"Move over *Cosmo*!" Ms. Sloan declared, and I decided that was a fitting slogan for the current spirit of *Ms.* magazine.

The meeting went on and on. No one seemed to be in any hurry to get out of the room—well, once in a while a woman just stood up and walked out. But most of the women stayed, and stayed, and stayed. They had more tolerance than I did for the snail's pace of true participatory democracy. I was getting royally bored.

The discussion proceeded in a rambling fashion that seemed incredibly inefficient to me. At least as much time and attention were spent on going over a list of prospective guests for *Ms.*'s launching party as on the discussion of story ideas. On the other hand, there was an ease in the manner of the women who consulted Mses. Steinem and Carbine, who are, in

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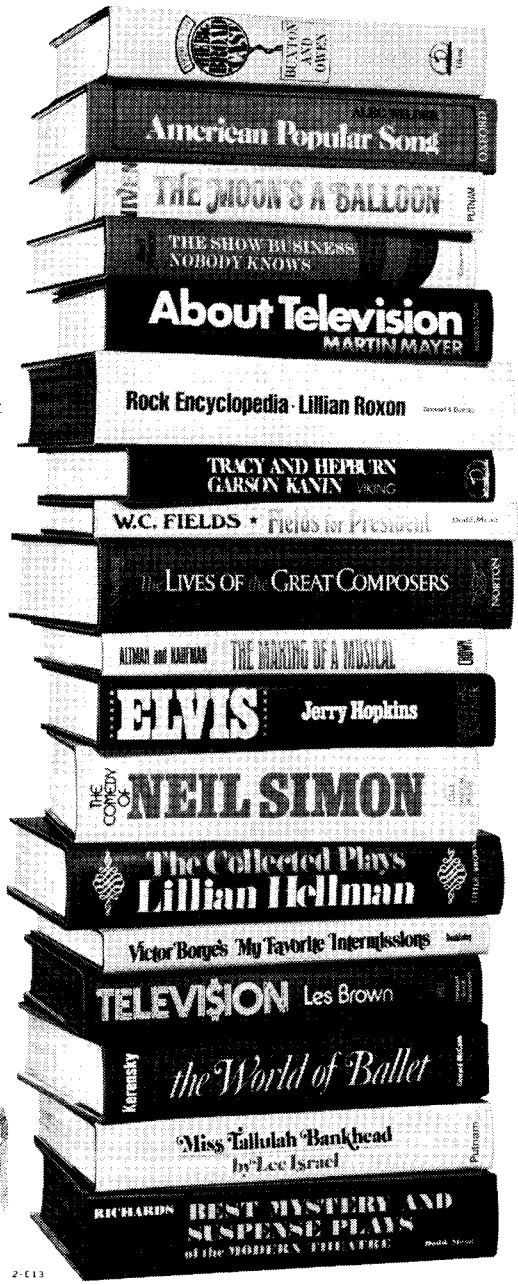

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effect, the magazine's top editors—a mood of nearly rankless feminine camaraderie that struck me as refreshing and quite extraordinary.

Still, whether a nice, informal, democratic office atmosphere would result in a good magazine wasn't entirely clear to me. True, a happy staff wouldn't be apt to quit in a crunch. True, accessible editors were exposed to more ideas. But in the end it was the quality of those ideas that would make or break *Ms.* The staff asked me not to report the specific ideas I heard discussed; I can only report that they bored me. What these women wanted to cover or give voice to had already been covered and given voice to *ad nauseum*: working mother problems, unwed mother problems, despairing housewife problems, political women's problems, even women without problems.

Women, women, women—I sat in that meeting thinking I was sick of reading about women, sick of hearing their complaints, sick of being with women, period. I started wondering whether I had any mail or messages from men down at the *Voice*. I started wondering how the *Ms.* women could stand working together five and sometimes six days a week (and, according to them, more than eight hours a day). At this point in my mental meanderings, the discussion of story ideas fizzled out. Suddenly Pat Carbine was reading the guest list for *Ms.*'s launching party. I was relieved. At least the list was amusing, and, if I had not been asked to keep it to myself, I would report here several names of unreconstructed male chauvinists as well as female sex objects of the first order.

By the end of the meeting—some unspoken consensus made everyone get up and go back to work without saying, "Is that all? Are we done?"—I knew I would like the *Ms.* staff. They were clearly not holding a grudge against me for my criticism of their friend and colleague, Ms. Steinem. They were articulate and frequently funny. And, as I later learned, many of them had been doing well on other magazines and might do well on them again should their bold—if just now stylish—experiment in new feminist journalism fail.

During later visits to their offices, my enthusiasm and respect for the *Ms.* women increased. And I ultimately concluded that they would certainly be able to make a feminist magazine succeed if anyone could. Although their offices were casual, they were definitely not chaotic. The July issue had already been successfully assembled—albeit with overtime costs. A few precious hand-bound copies were being passed around. The issue contains an interesting story, with marvelous pictures, about women in the strip-mining region of Kentucky (the pictures were taken by Mary Ellen Mark, the story written by former *Time* editor B. J. Phillips—yes, women have initials, too), an interview with Simone de Beauvoir, a comprehensive analysis of the voting patterns of women by Ms. Steinem, a column on car repair, and fascinating excerpts from Dr. Mabel Ulrich's "A Doctor's Diary" (which first appeared in the June 1933 issue of *Scribner's*).

Women, women, women—I sat in that meeting thinking I was sick of...hearing their complaints, sick of being with women.... I started wondering whether I had any mail or messages from men down at the "Voice."

It also includes less interesting Women's Lib formula pieces—among them, one with the dopey title: "Integrating Children Into Everyday Life"—plus eighteen pages of advertising. *New York* magazine didn't get that much until many issues had come out. One two-page spread shows the perils (I think) of venturing into the new feminist advertising genre. A plug for Leilani Hawaiian Rum, it poses a question not exactly central to Women's Liberation: "Why shouldn't a woman make a good daiquiri?"

While the July issue is definitely of mixed quality, it is certain to sell well—all 300,000 copies of the sample *Ms.* were sold in eight days. First issues tend to sell well, however, so reader response rather than early sales will determine the magazine's future.

When I asked for expert opinions and prophecies from editors and publishers of other women's magazines, they universally replied that it was too early to predict how *Ms.* would do. All, however, agreed that the $1 million from Warner was enough to keep *Ms.* going for at least a year. And quite a number said that any magazine that had Pat Carbine at the helm—her official title is publisher—would succeed.

How distinct Pat Carbine's contribution will be remains to be seen. She rose fast in the publishing world. *Look* hired her as a researcher when she got out of Rosemont College, in Rosemont, Pennsylvania, in 1952. By the fall of 1970 she was *Look*'s number-two editor. She then switched to *McCall's*, where she became top editor. She enjoyed working at *McCall's* and felt she had begun to change the magazine (Betty Friedan, for instance, now has a regular *McCall's* column). Then, *Ms.* appeared on the scene. It looked like a golden opportunity to invent the kind of journalism Ms. Carbine was convinced American women wanted.

Neither Pat Carbine nor Gloria Steinem considers the *Ms.* organization a pure democracy. The salaries of staff members are *not* equal (several *Ms.* women didn't want to tell me how much they were making—is money still dirty to liberated women?—but Mary Thom, the research woman, receives $12,000 while Gloria Steinem gets $20,000, $5,000 of which she gives to the movement, and I imagine that most salaries range between those two). Also, as previously noted, Mses. Carbine and Steinem are frequently deferred to during editorial discussions. When I asked them separately how serious editorial disputes would be resolved, Ms. Carbine said that she and Ms. Steinem would make final decisions. Ms. Steinem said she just didn't know what would happen, but that all differences of opinion had thus far been resolved in the group editorial meetings.

Both women are vague about *Ms.*'s advertising policy. The magazine put out a newsletter at one point stating that it wouldn't accept ads it considered "offensive to women." When I asked Ms. Carbine what ads she considered offensive to women, she said she was still trying to figure this question out but remarked that the magazine had gotten a surprisingly negative response to an ad for hot trays that ran in the sample issue (The slogan was: "Women: stand up for your right to sit down at dinner time"). On the other hand, the back-page ad in that issue (a Nice 'n Easy hair-color ad that showed a couple kissing rather unenthusiastically and whose caption announce "It lets me be me") had drawn very little negative response; I considered the slogan an insult to any woman's intelligence. And in the July issue, right inside the front cover, is a full-page Coppertone ad with a picture of a woman in a bathing suit, looking as if she did not in the least bid mind being considered a sex object. I asked Ms. Steinem about that one.

"I don't know," she said. "We'll have to think about that. I mean, *I* wear a bathing suit like that when I go to the beach. And *I* like to use sun-tan cream. . . ." Her voice trailed off into inconclusive speculation.

Aside from how it should feel about specific ads, there's a lot *Ms.* still hasn't clarified for itself. At this stage, too, it doesn't know who its readers will be. If

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Ms. is going to be a distinctly "movement" magazine, what will it do if the women's movement fizzles out? Or if it is going to try to create a new feminist journalism, how will this differ from regular old magazine journalism? Will *Ms.* wait to have its voice defined by a constituency, or will it develop a voice all its own and try to win the constituency later? What can *Ms.* tell us that the underground women's newspapers and pamphlets and the *Ladies' Home Journal* and, yes, *McCall's* and *Cosmopolitan* aren't already telling us?

I put these questions to *Ms.* staffers; they told me that they really don't know the answers yet. They do, however, have supreme confidence in the longevity of the women's movement, and Pat Carbine believes that, even if the movement dies, there will be plenty ot related and lasting social changes caused by the movement that the magazine can cover.

"Once the ideas that the movement does embody are truly accepted," Ms. Carbine told me, "society is going to have to work out whole new ways of dealing with our lives, with the world. If we are truly on the threshold of a new phase of human development, I think it's reasonable to assume that a medium reporting on and reflecting that development has to be in business for a long, long time."

That view is shared by all her colleagues on the staff; this is what makes them so optimistic about their project. I fear that, because they may have vastly overrated the national impact of the women's movement, they may be in for a grave disappointment.

If you work cloistered all day in a New York magazine office, you can develop a pretty distorted view of this nation. Vice President Agnew was not entirely wrong when he accused the journalism establishment of talking to itself and writing out of its own prejudices and beliefs. And if you work, not just closeted away with other journalists, but also narrowed down in exposure to *feminist* journalists, some of whom believe, as one *Ms.* editor said to me, that the women's movement can be likened to the Renaissance in significance and scope, you can get a *very* distorted view of this nation.

While I wouldn't pretend to know how great an influence the Women's Liberation movement has out there west of the Hudson, I do know that for a writer, as much as for any other human being, Shakespeare's words hold true: One's nature is subdued to what it works in. And most of the *Ms.* women work and talk and spend their nonworking hours among other feminists. Only one of the several I interviewed was married and living with her husband and liking it. All the rest (and that doesn't, of course, include those staff members I didn't question) were either single or separated or divorced. One of them told me she had given up on men entirely.

It was interesting, too, that when I asked various staffers about their marital status—a standard question put to women *and* men during interviews—they seemed annoyed and frequently told me they thought their marital status wasn't "relevant."

It seems very relevant to me, because it says something about the types of women who were drawn to *Ms.* magazine in the first place. And, although I can understand their *professional* reluctance to be written about as women have been in the past ("Grandmother named Ambassador" is the kind of headline they resent), I believe that they have taken up a cause (or a magazine of a cause) that aims at the very heart of relationships between men and women. Thus I think it's at least fair to ask whether their feminism combined with their private lives will render them good writers and editors of a magazine that they hope will be read by hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, of American women—most of whom get married and have children. (Not that wives and mothers can't be feminists, but they cannot be isolated feminists working out their new identities separate from men.)

Gloria Steinem has said in the past that women have been ghettoized in our society, that they've been shut off together in the secretarial pools and suburban wastelands, while their brothers and husbands and fathers governed and enjoyed the real world, the *world of men.* I agree with her criticism of our society, but it struck me as a peculiar irony that the *Ms.* women had created a ghetto all their own.

By the end of my third day among them their office atmosphere put me in mind of a perpetual girl scout meeting. (Pejorative as that sounds, girl scout meetings *were* productive and cheerful, and I liked them; I just would not have liked going to one every single day of the week.) I couldn't stand it; the *Ms.* staff members obviously can. But their working conditions are not of crucial importance; the quality of their thinking is what matters. And no one can yet say whether they've been mentally ghettoized since they haven't shown us enough of what they can produce.

I just hope—fervently hope—that they don't give us more of the same partial vision we've been getting from feminist writers these last three years. Even when you agree with modern feminist literature, it becomes insufferably boring after the first two paragraphs. Biased, selective, misleading, polemical, and maddeningly repetitive, it pretends that the issues in sexual politics are starkly clear, when they're not. It offers simpleminded solutions to complex problems. And, to me, it reads like the literature of backlash.

I hope the women at *Ms.* don't give us this sort of literature because, if they do, the magazine will die with the movement, or at best become the mouthpiece of a small surviving faction of movement women. And then my friends and I will go back to reading all those magazines the oppressors put out. □

Criminal Case 9373

BY PETER SCHRAG

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—A year ago, while the Supreme Court was deliberating the government's attempt to enjoin the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* from publishing the Pentagon Papers, the Justice Department had Daniel Ellsberg indicted on two criminal counts arising from the case—conversion of government documents ("conversion," in this sense, means using government property for private ends) and violation of the Espionage Act. Ellsberg, a former employee of the State and Defense departments who had worked on the forty-seven-volume history of U.S. decision making in Vietnam, acknowledged that he had leaked the study to the press. Nonetheless, his lawyers argued that the timing of the indictment indicated that the government was trying, unsuccessfully as it turned out, to influence the Supreme Court in the cases of the *Times* and the *Post.* Late last December, in a superseding indictment, Ellsberg and Anthony J. Russo, Jr.—like Ellsberg, a former employee of the Rand Corporation—were charged with fifteen counts, including Espionage Act violations, conversion, and conspiracy. This month, barring further delays, Criminal Case 9373, *The United States of America* v. *Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony J. Russo, Jr.,* will go to trial in a federal court in Los Angeles. It may turn out to be the most important federal trial since Richard M. Nixon became President. It will certainly mark the end of one era and perhaps the beginning of another.

The Justice Department, represented by a team of three lawyers headed by David R. Nissen, is trying to portray the case as a simple criminal matter. Nissen, formerly an army counterintelli-

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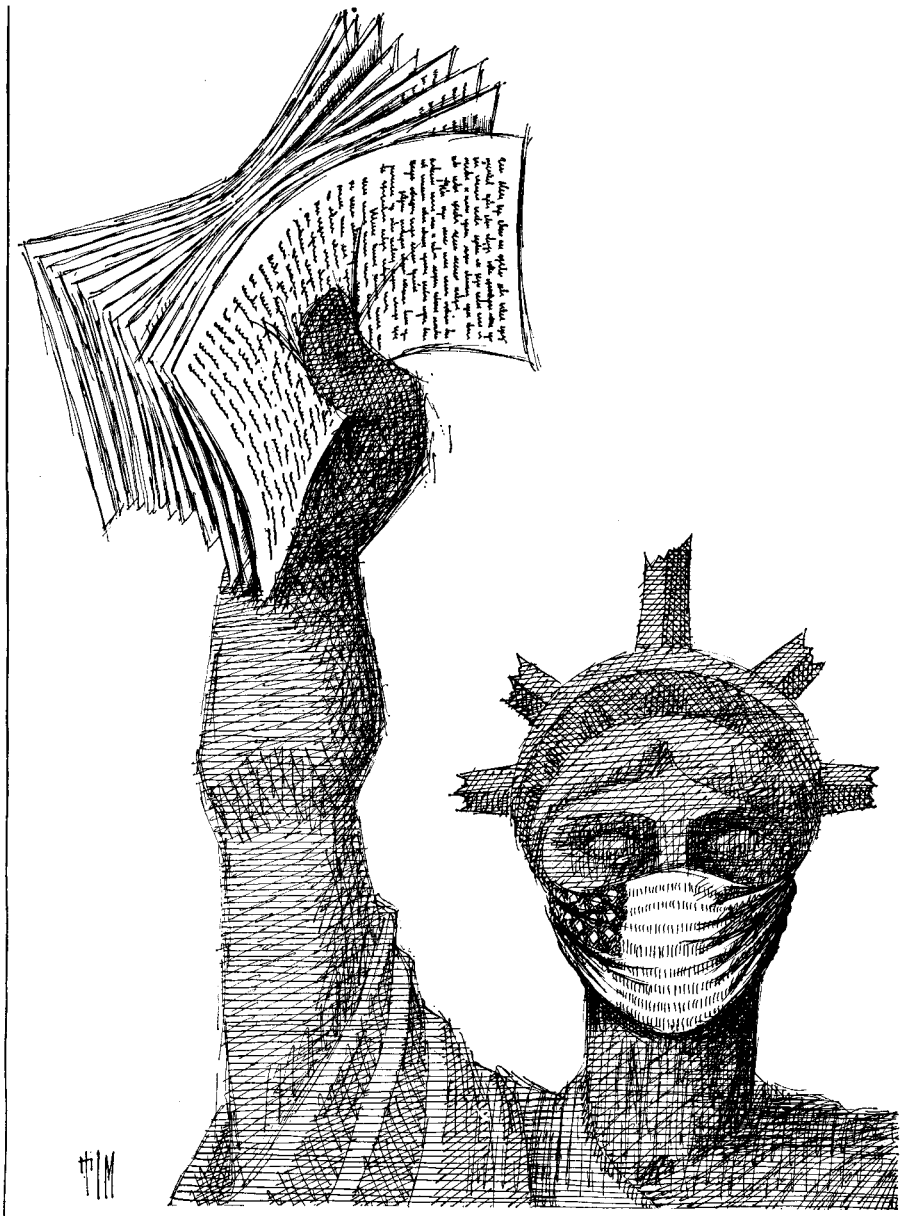

gence agent and a dogged, contentious prosecutor, argued in pretrial motions that the jury's job is simply to determine whether Ellsberg and Russo did what the indictment charges. It does not involve, he said, "United States military involvement in the defense of Vietnam"; it does not involve the publication of the Pentagon Papers in the newspapers; it does not involve "the question of whether the public was entitled to know" about decisions in Washington. Published comments in several national periodicals, Nissen asserted, "portray the defendants as: champions of a free press and [of] a public and congressional 'right to know'; supporters of the Constitution; moral giants who performed acts of conscience at great personal risk and sacrifice; victims of racist attacks, government mistreatment, and harassment; and courageous patriots whose only motive was to achieve peace." So much adulation, Nissen said, has been heaped upon

What seems most portentous about the Ellsberg-Russo trial is that it will determine how secretive government can be in the future.

Ellsberg and Russo by the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post, Harper's, Atlantic, Esquire, Ramparts,* and *Saturday Review* that readers of these periodicals should be excluded from the jury.

Criminal Case 9373 is not as simple as Nissen makes it out to be. In the year since the first grand jury indictment was handed down the issues have escalated time and again. The defense, headed by Leonard B. Boudin, who has been involved in many of the political conspiracy cases in the past decade, among them the Spock and Berrigan trials, is trying to attack the entire government classification procedure, charging that Ellsberg is the only one to be prosecuted of all the thousands of government officials and ex-officials who have borrowed, copied, and leaked documents stamped Top Secret. Executive Order 10501, which constitutes the basis of the federal classification process, "is an inherently violated *ad hoc* order," Boudin said. "This is the first case in which the government has ever proceeded on charges of impairing the government function to disseminate classified data [as charged in the conspiracy count of the indictment]. But this is not a lawful function of government. . . . This is a form of information control." The government, the defense said, would come to a dead stop if the procedures in 10501 were rigidly followed. Case 9373 is, therefore, discriminatory prosecution, which, if successful, would create an official secrets act, something Congress has steadfastly refused to do. It would intimidate every newspaper and magazine and every television network because the publication of any leak might lead to prosecution.

There are other issues. In pretrial motions the defense has argued that the entire jury-selection procedure is inequitable and unconstitutional since it excludes citizens with less than one year of residence in the district where the trial will be conducted and since the percentage of young people empaneled for jury duty is disproportionately low. Judge William "Matt" Byrne, Jr., denied these motions. (If the defendants are convicted, these motions may come up on appeal.) Byrne did, however, order the government to search the records of eight federal agencies, including the FBI, the CIA, and the Defense Department, for evidence derived from wiretaps or other forms of electronic surveillance. If such taps were made, the evidence would probably have to be turned over to the defense. Byrne also ruled that the relationship of the papers to the national defense was an issue in the case, and he ordered the government attorneys to provide the defense with any existing "damage reports"—CIA or Defense Department studies assessing the consequences of disclosure of the papers on the military or diplomatic interests of the United States. These rulings suggest that Vietnam will, at least marginally, become part of Criminal Case 9373.

Early in the course of pretrial arguments the government contended that "like most defendants who consider themselves 'heroes,' [Ellsberg and Russo] aim . . . to thwart any effort to try the issues raised by their indictment, and instead to transform the trial into a form of 'theater' in which the defendants create new issues and new defendants to be tried in their place . . . 'the war in Southeast Asia,' 'the government's classification system,' the practice of information leaks from the Executive Branch, and 'discriminatory prosecution' by the

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government." While that charge is partially justified—the defendants would obviously like to try the war, and they are attempting, as part of their cases, to charge discriminatory prosecution—the result will not be theater. Daniel Ellsberg is not Jerry Rubin, and Matt Byrne—a former staff director for the Scranton Commission on Student Unrest—is not Julius Hoffman. Yet clearly the trial will be charged with a conflict of styles, of tone, and of personality: a tough, aggressive prosecutor from Middle America; a predominantly Jewish defense team from the East; an informal California judge.

Nissen, who began his career as a lawyer in Robert Kennedy's Justice Department and built his reputation as a prosecutor in a fraud and gambling case (a bridge-cheating scandal, in which the culprits used mirrors to fleece a flock of wealthy card players from Beverly Hills), is a man who doesn't allow himself to be sidetracked by philosophical hairsplitting or political subtleties. "Dave," said a lawyer who has known Nissen for many years, "prosecutes every case like a bank robbery." His briefs describe people who allegedly helped copy the papers as "Ellsberg's girl friend" and "Russo's girl friend"—the old Gangbusters' style. Yet Nissen is also meticulous, a man whose gestures are precise and angular, who parts his straight black hair with Euclidean accuracy, who talks fluently yet picks his words with care. He will argue points with Byrne almost to the verge of insolence—at one time they were colleagues here in the U.S. attorney's office, and one wonders whether he has been speaking to Byrne this way ever since they first met. Yet Nissen is rarely, if ever, long-winded. He is just very, very sure of himself. And very bright.

Across from him at the defense table sit six men. Boudin, former Senator Charles Goodell of New York, and Charles Nesson, a young professor of law at Harvard, but a relative novice in litigation, represent Ellsberg. Russo is represented by Leonard Weinglass, who was part of the defense team at the Chicago Conspiracy trial (Julius Hoffman continually got his name wrong, calling him, among other things, Weinruss, Weinrob, Weinstein, and Feinstein), and by two other young lawyers, Jeffrey Kupers and H. Peter Young. None of the six is prone to theatrics. On the contrary. They tend to be soft-spoken, even academic (someone in Harrisburg referred to Boudin's "I-love-you-and-understand-you-totally smile"), often arguing points in a tone of long-suffering tolerance that can seem beyond politics, beyond law. At the same time they have been relentless in their search for constitutional and legal issues. They represent, among them, involvement in almost every major political conspiracy trial in the past decade. To the lawyers for the defense, the issues are personal. They are believers.

Yet, finally, Judge Byrne will set the style in the courtroom. Despite the complexity of the case and the importance of the issues, the atmosphere is likely to be suffused with California informality. The sheer volume of the motions has occasionally overwhelmed Byrne—"Gentlemen," he said at one point, "you've got me outnumbered"—and his easy-going manner can lead to confusion. He seldom issues written orders, and he will, on occasion, leave the lawyers wondering what he said or what he meant. Yet he is consistently well prepared, sometimes better prepared than the lawyers; occasionally he will question them like a professor trying to lead his students to the relevant answer or to the appropriate precedent. For a man who has been on the bench just a little more than a year and who is said to have higher political ambitions, Case 9373 is a crucial and sensitive assignment. Obviously eager to get the trial started—Byrne often glances at the clock, wondering, it seems, whether the motions and arguments will ever end—he has nonetheless listened patiently to nearly two months of debate and has read perhaps 2,000 pages of briefs, replies, and countermotions. It will be difficult for anyone to accuse him of flagrant (or even subtle) bias.

Outside of the court, members of the Pentagon Papers Peace Project, an *ad hoc* Los Angeles organization composed primarily of friends of Russo, are planning a campaign to educate the public on what are, to them, the crucial issues raised by the papers: government deceit, secrecy, and the brutality of the Vietnam War. Project members have even talked about conducting seminars for the press on the contents of the Pentagon study. Here, again, few theatrics can be expected. The problem—the problem posed by the papers themselves—is that most Americans apparently want to forget the war, even if the killing of Vietnamese continues. Thus, to attempt to instruct them about either the war or the papers is to risk boring them. On the other hand, the trial itself will receive extensive national publicity, and, Byrne willing, it will serve as the occasion for a parade of witnesses—former high officials of the Defense Department, the State Department, and other agencies—called up by the defense to testify about the cynical manipulation of classified data by government bureaucrats. If anything will transform this trial into "a form of 'theater,'" it will be this parade.

What seems most portentous about Criminal Case 9373 is that it will profoundly affect the relationship between press and government. Ellsberg's act took some of the awe and mystery out of the classification procedure. It suggested that the words "Top Secret" may be nothing more than the work of a nervous bureaucrat with a promiscuous stamp. If the defendants are convicted, however, and if the conviction is sustained by higher courts, then the classification system and the pattern of official secrecy will have not only the indefinite force of tradition, bureaucratic loyalty, and twenty-five years of conditioning but the very pointed force of law. One way or another, therefore, the vagueness of classification will come to an end. The verdict will produce either an official secrets act or a more open government.

On June 13, three weeks before the trial was scheduled to start, Ellsberg, Russo, and their friends held an "anniversary" party to celebrate the publication of the first installment of the papers by the *Times*. There was champagne, a cake in the shape of a pentagon, and a lot of joking. Yet, admittedly, there wasn't much to celebrate. In Boston a grand jury—repeatedly stalled by legal challenges, yet still in existence—was conducting a round of investigations that could conceivably lead to a new set of indictments related to the distribution of the papers to the press. And in Los Angeles Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo were facing charges that could send one of them to jail for 115 years, the other for 35—while in Vietnam, despite some rumors of peace, the air war, the killing, and the brutality went on. □

Celebration for "A Fussy Man"

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ah, a warm, late-spring Manhattan evening, and in an elegant garden apartment on East Thirty-second Street, a couple of hundred members of the New York literary establishment are jammed together to celebrate the publication of *How to Do Things Right: The Revelations of a Fussy Man* by L. Rust Hills. The occasion, in short, is a more or less typical example of an obligatory ritual of the New York publishing scene—the madhouse cocktail party thrown to launch a new book—and among those on hand are Bruce Jay Friedman, Brendan Gill, Hortense Calisher, Nora Ephron, and Tom Wolfe. Plus a heavy-drinking horde of assorted

Thomas Meehan, a frequent SR *contributor to these pages, came out of literary retirement to cover the Hills rites.*

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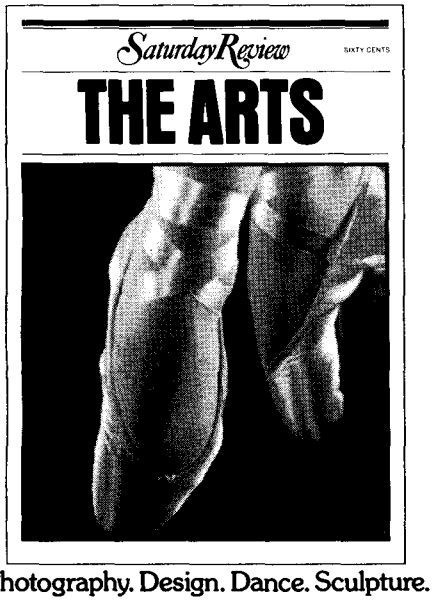

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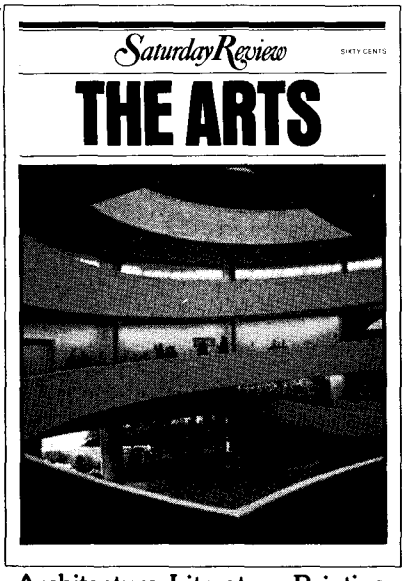

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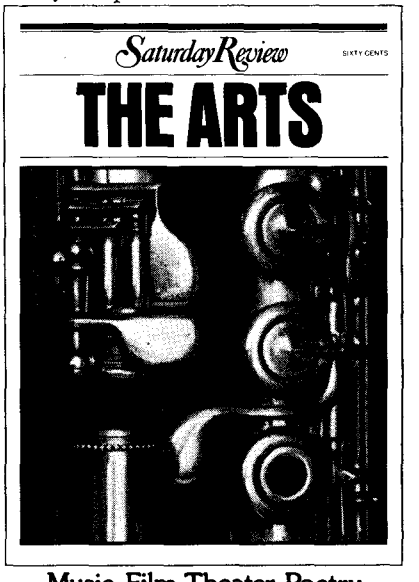

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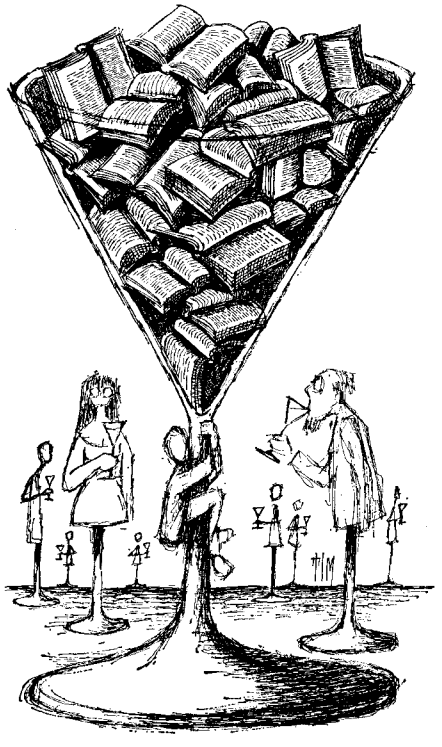
other writers, publishing-house editors, literary agents, magazine editors, wives, and evidently unattached pretty girls. And while the apartment and the shadowed garden in back are crowded, muggy, and growing increasingly noisy, everybody seems to be having a very good time.

Each year some 35,000 books are published in the United States, and yet only a handful of them, such as the novels of Irving Wallace and Philip Roth, or things with titles like *Understanding Human Sexual Inadequacy*, are any more than marginally successful. Still, the publication of just about anything but a technical manual on diesel engines is marked in New York by a cocktail party thrown by somebody or other in honor of the author. But, since everyone knows that almost certain disaster lies ahead for the author and his book, a palpable sense of melancholy often hovers in the air at such bashes—attending them is like going to a *bon voyage* party for someone who is sailing on an ocean liner that has a 98 per cent chance of running into an iceberg and sinking. On this occasion, however, let me hastily add, no such sense of melancholy is in the air, for everyone is convinced that Rust Hills's book—a collection of charmingly offbeat essays with titles like "How to Eat an Ice-cream Cone" and "How to Care For and About Ash Trays"—is going to do very well for itself. After all, it has already got enthusiastic reviews in the *New York Times* and elsewhere. For once, everyone feels he is at a party for a winner, and so the laughter that one hears about the crowded room is genuine rather than triggered by nervous embarrassment. Everyone seems to be happily confident about the book—except, that is, Rust Hills himself, who, though he's looking exceedingly tan and lean in a light-colored summer suit, appears to have a slight case of the jitters. A bad enough case, in fact, to drive a man to drink.

"Even literature is discussed at New York literary cocktail parties, if only in the form of gossip about the sex life of famous authors."



Almost everybody in the New York publishing world knows and admires Rust Hills. For a number of years, beginning in the 1950s, he was the fiction editor of *Esquire*; later, until its demise, he served as the fiction editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Now, coming at least partially out of a premature retirement that he went into a few years ago at the age of forty-one, he's the fiction editor of *Audience*. Not surprisingly, then, the party includes a considerable number of editors who formerly worked on magazines with Rust. Harold Hayes, the editor of *Esquire*, is chatting in his North Carolina drawl with Don McKinney, the managing editor of *McCall's* and a onetime editor on *The Saturday Evening Post*, while nearby stands Tom Congdon, a Doubleday editor who was once also an editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. And Doubleday is the publisher of Rust's book. The New York publishing world, one realizes for the thousandth time, isn't much larger in number than the student body of a medium-sized midwestern high school.

By the doorway leading into the garden, R. V. Cassill, the novelist and teacher of writing at Brown, is talking with a friend about Chekhov, who, he allows, is just about his favorite writer of fiction. Cassill is in town from Providence to confer with his lawyers about trying to extract some money owed to him by the man who published his best-selling novel, *Doctor Cobb's Game*, but then ran into financial difficulties. And, drink in hand, Cassill rambles on from Chekhov to talk sardonically about the financial dealings of his former publisher. At parties of this sort the talk almost always turns to sad stories of how one author or another has lately been swindled, shortchanged, or otherwise done in by some publisher, and it turns, too, to the professional writer's obsessively favorite topic of conversation—money. At this fete, amid a montage of chitchat about Bantam-Dell-Holt-Viking-Book-of-the-Month-Random-World, one overhears mention of no figure less than $35,000, although most of the writers in the room probably haven't even got the price of a taxicab home in their pockets. The mass of New York writers live on dreams of Clifford Irving-sized advances, $325,000 paperback sales to New American Library, and $465,000 movie-rights deals with Paramount rather than actually on money itself.

Across the room from Cassill, his buxom, blonde, and debonaire wife, Kay, who is also a writer, of nonfiction, is talking with Bob Strozier, the youthful managing editor of *Audience*, about possibly writing an article for him on the Singer sewing machines as part of a series of pieces that the magazine is running on various American industrial companies. Strozier is interested. At parties like this a good deal of business is often accomplished—magazine-article assignments made, job leads picked up, and author-editor luncheon dates arranged that sometimes lead to the signing of book contracts.

The party grows even more crowded. Judith Rascoe, a wan and lovely young writer of poetry, short stories, and articles, is here, and so is Joy Williams, another strikingly attractive young short-story writer. Paul Brodeur, of *The New Yorker*, whose collection of short stories, *Downstream*, was recently published by Atheneum, is on hand with his movie-star-pretty blonde wife, Margie. Near the bar one of New York's most witty conversationalists (who would probably prefer here to remain anonymous) tells a friend a wickedly obscene and hilarious anecdote about Somerset Maugham's last orgasm, which the friend, a male, is encouraged to learn, took place when Maugham was ninety years old. Even literature is discussed at New York literary cocktail parties, if only in the form of gossip about the sex life of famous authors.

Rust Hills's case of the jitters doesn't seem to be getting much better, but he is battling it manfully with what appears to be gin. Cocktail parties follow the pattern of human life—that is, they start small, grow larger, reach their prime, then slowly fade away. This evening's party began at 5:00 p.m., with a handful of people in the room, and while scheduled to last only two hours, it didn't reach its peak until about 8:00 p.m. Now, at shortly after 10:00 p.m., it's breaking up. People are getting together to share cabs to go downtown to have dinner in Greenwich Village in groups of six or eight. Finally, even Rust Hills is leaving, in company with Joy Williams and Gene Lichtenstein and Rusty Gutwillig and Lael Scott, on their way to an Italian restaurant with a French name on Carmine Street. The lights are going out in the *Audience* offices. The bar is closed. The party is over. □

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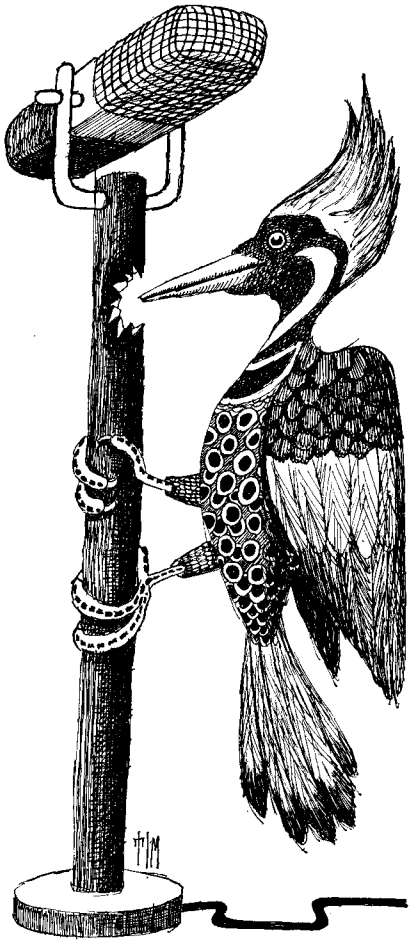

Eavesdropping on Snails (Crunch), Dung Beetles (Chomp), and Other Fauna

BY ROY BONGARTZ

LONDON, England—Under a great, sparkling chandelier in a private dining room of the May Fair Hotel in London some fifty convivial luncheoners seated at half a dozen round tables finish off a pleasant repast of *terrine truffée, bouchée à la reine,* and *coupe Chantilly,* all accompanied by champagne from glasses continually refilled by solicitous waiters. The luncheoners could be almost any group of business conventioneers, except for the fact that a few of the middle-aged gentlemen appear unusually ruddy and tweedy, and that some of them are clearly tweeting, or snorting, or snuffling.

At a signal from the head table the company rises and files into an adjoining room to take seats on rows of folding chairs facing a pair of imposing stereo loudspeakers. The babbling dies down as the master of ceremonies warns that the first entry in the competition will now be heard. A churchlike silence fills the room, and sudden nervous tension visibly stiffens the necks of the younger and more flappable guests—mod types who are members of the English press covering the event. One young reporter helplessly turns a scarlet, half-grinning face from side to side, searching for some compatible soul with whom to share his suppressed but excruciating mirth. Then, like thunder, the first entry booms out of the loudspeakers: *c-r-r-r-unch, c-r-r-r-unch!* A heavy silence, not a man or woman present draws a breath. *C-r-r-runch! C-r-r-runch!*

The silence between crunches becomes even more unbearable than the crunches themselves. A witless, miniskirted secretary with wide doll's eyes cracks up and giggles in one uncontrollable burst until stares from all sides shame her into gasping silence. *C-r-r-runch, c-r-r-runch!* the speakers explode for a full two minutes, as half the assemblage sits in reverent absorption and the other half longs to fling itself upon the floor to let loose volleys of mad and rollicking laughter.

At last the crunching stops. "That was a Roman snail eating a lettuce leaf," the emcee explains. This tape is the winner of the prize for most original entry here in the second annual Wildlife Sound Recording Contest. Ray Goodwin, a robust Gloucestershire dairy farmer who taped the winning snail sounds, stands up to receive his prize—a microphone with a parabolic reflector to go with it—as his colleagues applaud. They have come in today from all over England to hear these recordings of snail, blue tit, nightjar, hedgehog, toads, crickets, and a fallow deer in rut, to name but a few of the subjects recorded. One contestant, Bill Sinclair, the lapwing man, flew in this morning all the way from Inverness, Scotland, for an honorable mention and a consolation prize of a reel of recording tape. Now Ray Goodwin accepts still another prize, for his tape of a corn bunting—a $400 bird-watching vacation called an Ornitholiday. It is clearly Goodwin's day.

The next morning, however, Goodwin is back in Gloucestershire again, milking his cows. The meadowland where they browse here in a narrow, steep-sided valley of the Cotswolds makes ideal stalking grounds for Goodwin and his tape recorder. He uses whatever comes to hand; last year he won a contest prize with a tape of dung beetles at work. He simply placed a cardboard box upside down over some fresh cow manure, cut a small hole in the box, and dropped in his microphone and turned up the volume. Playing his tape for me, Goodwin points out two distinct kinds of sounds. One is a businesslike cutting, chomping sound—"Sounds like they're eating, right?" he says. This is followed by a mysterious whirring, vaguely like the starter on an old Ford. "Not too much is known about dung beetles, but it's my guess they're sort of combing each other," Goodwin says with enthusiasm.

For such taping masterpieces as his munching snail Goodwin used a miniature studio, complete with soundproof walls and a glass window of double thickness, about a foot square. He pops in the subjects, tunes in his microphone to the desired level, and the recording session is under way. Goodwin prefers stalking wildlife in their natural lairs, though, and to this end he has built himself a modest control room in a hedgerow at the top of a field overlooking his house and barn. This control room consists of half a dozen bales of hay arranged to form a little bunker just big enough for Goodwin to crouch down inside with his recorder. There is also an automobile storage battery to operate it, and lead-in cables from two microphones some fifty yards away. One of these mikes has been cleverly inserted into a badger's hole, the other into a fox's den. Goodwin managed to bug these animals' homes without arousing their suspicion by approaching the holes after dark, when the beasts go out for the night. Then he sank a length of water pipe down three feet through the roof of the den, making a hole just big enough to drop a microphone through. (He rubbed cow manure on the mike to allay the wild animals' fear of human scent—apparently they are not worried about being bugged by the local cows.) Thus the working end of the mike hangs just even with the top of the roof of the den. "Hear him breathe," Goodwin says, handing over the big earphones. I hear a soft hum of background sounds, wind in trees, distant traffic rumbles, and then—*shhhhhhhhh! Shhhhhhh!* The badger is actually breathing! "Do you ever see him?" I ask. "No! He goes out every night at ten o'clock. I know that. I can hear him waking up and grooming himself before he goes out, scratching and rubbing himself. It's too dark for me to see him. The same with the foxes—there's a vixen and some little ones, and I can hear them waking up every night and crawling out to run around and play outside. I can hear them; I don't need to see them."

During the long winter nights, when it gets dark early and there isn't all that

Roy Bongartz, just returned from a trip around the world, has been looking into some of the odder international pastimes.

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much else to record, Goodwin will spend three to four hours, after supper, tuning in on the badger and the foxes from his hay-bale hideout. He is ready at any instant to record them if they should do anything especially interesting, but he seems content just to listen to their ordinary breathing sounds. Meanwhile his wife and three school-aged children watch television in the stone farmhouse below. "What does your wife think of this?" I asked Goodwin. "She is right behind me all the way," he proudly replied.

There is a certain excitement and camaraderie among members of the Wildlife Sound Recording Society. "We may discover some new scientific fact," says Goodwin. "We want to let animal experts listen to our tapes and draw their own conclusions. Right now the fox books say that the vixen screams and that the dog—the male fox—barks. But this is not so; I can prove that the dog screams also. What this clearly means is that our knowledge of the vocalization of the fox is incomplete." Two other society members are studying marsh tits and willow tits—birds difficult to distinguish except by their songs. Here, again, the sound recordist steps in to set the record straight. There may be various dialects among the songs of blackbirds in different parts of the country, according to one of these enthusiasts; comparisons of tapes may clear up this question.

Goodwin uses two techniques in recording birds. In one, the "open mike" system, he keeps his eye on various spots the birds pick to sing from—song posts, these are called—and then eventually sets up his mike near one of them and runs a cable from it to the recording machine hidden some distance away. (For his prize-winning corn bunting tape he merely hung his mike in a hawthorn bush, then hid with his machine behind a stone wall for several hours every day until finally the bunting sang.) The other system uses the reflector, which has a hole in it so that Goodwin can sight through it, as with a rifle, to the top of a tree where a wanted bird may be singing. The reflector draws the sound into the mike from one direction at a time and can bring in recordable chirps from as far as a quarter-mile away.

Most of the 170 members of the society send samples of their recording work to their organization's tape editor, a Warwickshire civil servant named Richard Margoschis, who served on the jury that awarded Goodwin high honors this year. Margoschis says it is a moot point whether it is harder to start in recording nature with only a background of recording knowledge, or with only a naturalist's experience, but suspects that it's more difficult for the sound technician: He needs to absorb a vast amount of the nature lore. (Goodwin's fascination with wildlife dates from a few years back when, struggling to raise his own young brood on $20 a week on a Norfolk farmstead, he poached pheasants on neighboring estates.) A technical man, Margoschis is a specialist on problems the recordist faces as he eavesdrops on grasshoppers, cormorants, and moles. From contributors' tapes he dubs together a regular round-robin anthology that gets mailed to all members in turn—there are two or three different collections each year that let everyone compare his own work with others'.

Recording animal sounds is not as easy as one might think. Margoschis advises: "As you walk along, you will, of course, be keeping eyes and ears alert. As soon as a likely subject presents itself, stop just where you are and make your first attempt at a recording. With patience, you may well find that you can work yourself into a more favorable position, either by creeping nearer to the subject or waiting for it to come nearer to you. The latter is generally the more successful. Identification can be a real problem and often it will be necessary to use binoculars. It is just possible, with practice, to use a small pair of binoculars whilst holding them in one hand, even when a reflector is held in the other hand and a recording is being made. The practice is not to be recommended, however." If one takes a friend along to help out, Margoschis adds, "Silence must, of course, be maintained; your companion must communicate with you by pre-arranged sign language only."

Margoschis also advises that "it can pay to stay in one place as long as possible. Find a convenient spot at which partly to conceal yourself; leaning against a tree, or even a gate post, you become much less conspicuous than standing in the open." This enforced motionlessness takes some recordists into pleasantly restful periods that look to outsiders like trances. Douglas Bower, a picture framer of Southampton who won an honorable mention this year for his tape of a nightjar making rare wing-cutting sounds (a kind of special courting racket), takes long walks in New Forest, where he sits for hours, simply listening. "You can get pleasure from wildlife sounds even without a tape recorder," says Bower. "Sitting under a tree, just listening, can be very pleasant." Bower spent eighteen days on that nightjar tape.

There are tricks to this trade, as with any other, but contest rules forbid the use of most of them. "All recordings must be of creatures wild and free" is the basic tenet. An exception is granted for the recording of insects, which cannot be expected to sit still for a recording session unless confined to a studio; and Goodwin's snail was also in captivity at the time of his famous lettuce-eating recording. Sounds recorded at different times are not supposed to be spliced together to make a single marvelous recording, but traffic noises and microphone bumpings may be excised legally. A doubtful technique is that of "calling down"—playing back an animal's own call in order to stir him up and get some sound out of him. Comments Margoschis: "This will often stimulate him to sing even better than before." But the danger, with a bird, for example, is that "he may become very agitated and, instead of singing, start emitting his alarm call. Once this happens you should cease the practice immediately, to prevent any further distress."

While trapping an animal in order to tape it is not allowed, the animal may be lured into the vicinity of a microphone without disqualification for the contest. This year a seventy-year-old underwear salesman, Arthur Acland, from Kent, won the mammals-class prize this way, with a tape described as "a humorous recording of a hedgehog barking to warn off other spiny members of his tribe as he sipped a bowl of milk." The prize was a watercolor of a hedgehog. Other winners that regaled the little crowd at the May Fair included some "atmosphere" recordings that could easily be used in a pinch as background sound for a Tarzan movie.

The winning entry, the work of a Bristol doctor named Philip Radford, "captured the sounds of a red-breasted merganser guarding her crèche of twenty-two young, various marsh and river birds—including lapwings, oystercatchers, curlews and redshanks—calling and feeding, the sounds of sheep and cattle grazing on adjoining pastureland, and the burble of the river in the background." It was the opinion of several listeners that the successful taping of that elusive burble was a high point of the program.

The English are the only people in the world to have a Wildlife Sound Recording Society, and they are also fortunate in having, as a sort of national patrimony, a wild bird discography that goes back to Ludwig Koch's epochal first birdsong recording, made in 1898 on an old Edison cylinder Gramophone record. (Koch, a German who emigrated to England in the 1930s, is known as the Father of Wildlife Sound Recording.) Enthusiasts who want to check the identities of strange birds they may have taped can find help at the British Library of Wildlife Sound (BLOWS for short) in London, where there are such rarities as "Nightingales, with Beatrice Harrison playing 'Chant Hindou,' recorded in garden, Oxted, June 1927"; and a BBC record entitled "Nightingales and Bombers, 1942." □

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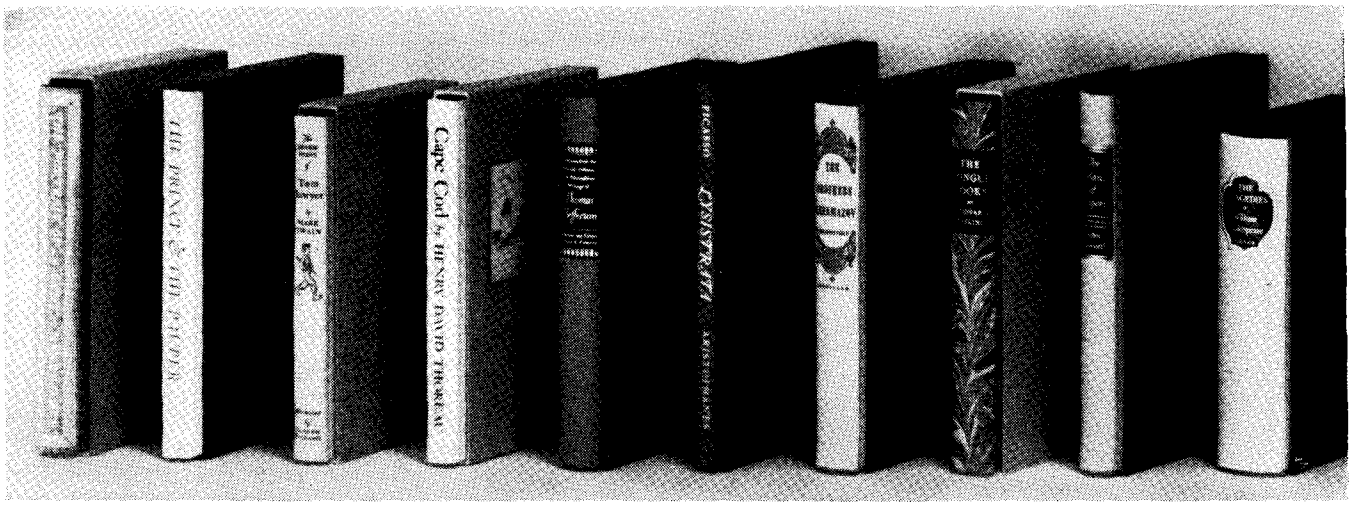

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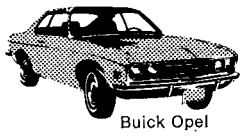
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Travel

Europe in Style on a Budget

BY DICK HUBERT

Most people already know that charter flights are the cheapest and fastest way to get to Europe. But you can have a luxury vacation on a shoestring budget by taking a second charter flight originating in Europe. For example, a two-week vacation for two from Amsterdam to Split, Yugoslavia, can cost just $370. This includes round-trip jet fare from Amsterdam, a first-class hotel room, all meals, and all transfers to and from the airport.

For years, hundreds of thousands of middle-class Europeans have been vacationing at resorts in the Mediterranean for less than it costs to stay in a hotel room in New York for fourteen days (without going anywhere or eating anything). Like most people in this country who are familiar with these intra-European charter vacations, I found out about them by accident. Three years ago my wife and I decided to visit her family in Holland for a week and then somehow get to Greece. We thought that, short of hitchhiking, the cheapest way to reach Greece was on a second-class train. Bracing ourselves for a long, miserable, but potentially interesting trip, we wrote to a Dutch travel agency.

In the return mail came a brief note saying that, if we really wanted to go to Greece by train, that could be arranged; but how would we like to fly by DC-9 jet from Amsterdam, stay at luxury hotels (meals included), and have ground transportation taken care of, all for less than $500? Eventually, my wife and I decided to fly to the island of Corfu for the first week and then fly to Athens for the second week, before returning to Amsterdam. The trip included superb hotel rooms, breakfast and lunch (or dinner), transportation from airport to hotel and back, and all air transportation.

This year I'm taking my wife and two children (ages four-and-one-half, two-and-one-half) from Amsterdam to the resort island of Rab in Yugoslavia. With three plane seats (baby on the lap), two hotel rooms, all meals, and ground transfers, the two-week package will come in under $700.

We happen to use Amsterdam as a takeoff point, but London, Copenhagen, Brussels, Stockholm, or Frankfurt are also leading gateway cities for the now well-established European holiday business. What started in a small way years ago has now turned into a booming industry, with charter airlines and countless resort hotels growing to meet the demand. Very simply, northern Europeans love the sun of the Mediterranean, and so many want to take their vacations in Spain, Yugoslavia, Greece, Italy, and Morocco that it pays for hotel owners and charter airlines to bring them down en masse.

These trips take you to one spot (two if you ask and if they're available) and plunk you down, period. If you want to leave the hotel and tour the countryside, that's your business (and your additional expense). For those who want to get to know one little island or one town very well, very cheaply, and in the company of northern Europeans or citizens from the host country, then the intra-European charter vacation is the answer.

Here are a few examples picked at random. Note that all prices include air and ground transportation, full pension (i.e., all meals), the best hotel rooms (usually bath and sea-view balcony), and that they are *high season* prices for *two persons* for *two weeks*. It costs less in May, June, and September. It is possible to stay for less in cheaper hotels, but if you can afford the following prices, you know you're going first class. Incidentally, the dollar figures quoted are approximate. I'm taking the latest dollar exchange rate for the Dutch guilder and dividing it into the 1972 Dutch guilder prices. It may be cheaper or more expensive in other countries of embarkation.

Hotel Golden Beach in Rhodes, Greece	$600
Hotel Marco Polo in Ibiza, Spain	$400
Hotel El Fuerte, Costa del Sol, Marbella, Spain	$560
Hotel Corcyra Beach in Corfu, Greece (two meals daily)	$600
Hotel Adriatic in Vbroska, Island of Hvar, Yugoslavia	$360

In the past knowledgeable U.S. tour agencies with European contacts sold these packages "under the table," and

Dick Hubert is an executive producer of Westinghouse Broadcasting Company.

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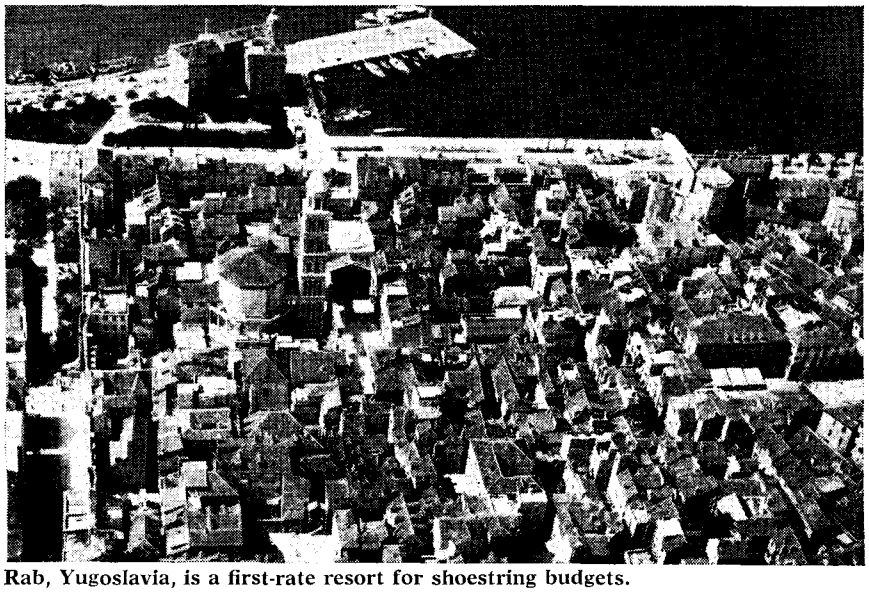
travelers bought them from agents in Europe. Now, thanks to a new International Air Transport Association ruling, scheduled transatlantic airlines will be allowed to sell these charter trips to Americans. The catch is that the airline requires you to buy a GIT (Group Inclusive Tour) package that necessitates staying on the ground in northern Europe for a few days before boarding the intra-European vacation charter. The airline that won the IATA argument is BOAC, but other airlines will soon get into the act.

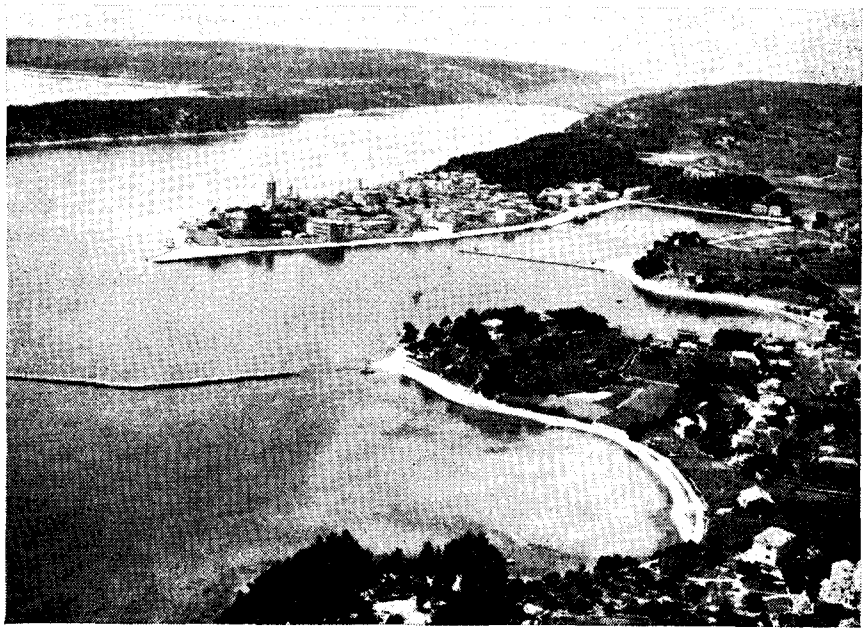
Only two travel wholesalers now sell these tours in the United States. Henk Guitjens of New York City's Continental Royal Services, who previously followed IATA rules and did not sell intra-European charters in this country, now feels the lid is off but will sell the trips only through travel agents, using Amsterdam as a takeoff point. Yugotours, the Yugoslav travel agency with New York offices, will sell the tours on either a wholesale or retail basis. They'll put you on a charter package to Yugoslavia out of London, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, or any of several other gateway cities. They may be sold out for July and August, but September is always open, and there's always hope for cancellations.

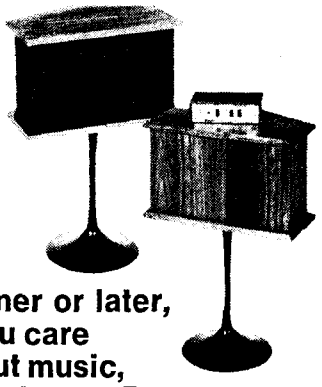
There may be other outfits that have been, or are, selling intra-European charters in this country, but up until now I've been unable to find them. By next year the situation should be entirely different. You can keep a good bargain a secret only so long, and now the secret is out. I'm just astonished that it's taken this long. □

A two-week vacation for two in Split, Yugoslavia, can cost you just $370.



Rab, Yugoslavia, is a first-rate resort for shoestring budgets.





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Letters

The "Pietà"

Richard Atcheson's editorial "Night Thoughts on the *Pietà*" [*SR*, June 17] is perhaps the best piece of comment on the bizarre and shocking "incident" that has been written. It is high time we come to realize and admit the violence, the loneliness, and the rage latent within ourselves and in our culture that make such incidents possible—and more and more likely. Somehow every time the bullet strikes or the hammer falls, a deeper wound infects the human heart. And it is a wound that calls for healing—a renewal and a revival of that which is deepest and most noble in man. It is at this point that I would disagree with Mr. Atcheson's opinion that "the *Pietà* should not be restored." It is the Laszlo Toth in me that cries out for healing. And it is this healing that is so desperately needed in our society today. To admit and to face the illness will always be the first step on the road toward recovery and health.

The Rev. Richard Weber
Abbey of Gethsemani
Trappist, Ky.

Laszlo Toth's act may have been political, but mightn't society have decided that Charles Whitman's act, too, was politically inspired—until it was discovered that he suffered from a brain tumor that drove him to his act of madness? Without knowing what, if any, mental characteristics Oswald, Bremer, Sirhan, et al. might or might not share with Whitman, how can the social critics continue to assert that the assassins' violent acts were "a symptom of society's sickness" or "a symbol of our spiritually destructive society"? Could not these acts have been regarded as isolated acts of psychosis in any other society less introspective than ours, and couldn't they have gone relatively unnoticed in ours if not for the greatness of their victims?

In the critic's unceasing search for symbols, metaphor, and broad concepts, isn't Richard Atcheson overreaching the mark by attaching to isolated acts a significance and, indeed, a political and religious romance far removed from their true meanings? If Laszlo Toth had smashed a store window or a common pigeon statue, he would have been treated individually, not by the world's press. But because he happened to damage a great work of art, the critic's instincts are aroused and he rushes to explain the act in terms of religious, political, and artistic profundities. But more than just an excuse, the modern critical attitude can provide an encouragement. This smashing of a statue discussed in *SR* in terms of Christ, esthetics, and great revolutionary movements! If any borderline psychotic has been wavering for the past few years on the brink of some horrible act, the endless mass-media analysis of the motives of a man such as Toth might very well convince him that what he plans to do is the act of a great mind rather than that of a disturbed one.

Michael R. Antman
Chicago, Ill.

A lion claws a little boy at the zoo; the pretty face of a teen-aged girl is smashed in an automobile accident. Should not the plastic surgeon work overtime to correct these tragedies? A building is gutted by fire; a town is inundated by flood waters; a country is ravaged by war. Should we not rebuild, restructure, rehabilitate?

Is "art" a special category in the mind of the editorialist? Is the *Pietà* so unspecial that, if damaged, it must remain in such condition forever, testimony to the eternalness of the act of a self-proclaimed Christ and hammerer?

Daniel H. Greene
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Atcheson, in interpreting the "meaning" of Laszlo Toth's assault on the *Pietà*, goes much too far.

In my experience as a physician and a human observer, I find that such spectacular actings-out against public objects rather than people usually are not the deed of a psychotic. They are usually the deed of a sociopath (the old designation "psychopath" was more vivid and more appropriately contemptuous). It will usually be found that the perpetrator of the deed acted simply to attract attention because his previous ploys of manipulating people to obtain his ends had not succeeded.

I predict that he will end up in the hands of the civil authorities, whom he will effectively con into referring him to a helpful psychosocial organization. He will probably be loaned money by the judge. This psychosocial organization will see to it (a) that he gets some form of goodie that he could not possibly earn, in either the form of a sinecure or an outright grant, and (b) that all charges against him will be dropped. In the meantime whatever problems he had will somehow be solved —his marriage, previous pending charges, a stack of unpaid bills, or whatever.

This is so typical of the sociopath that it can hardly be missed. The only important thing is to educate society sufficiently so that people do not allow the crude drama of such an event to manipulate them either in their sensibilities or in their possessions. The sociopath does not deserve it. Neither does he deserve to be the topic of maudlin metaphysicians.

J. W. Wiggs, M.D.
Great Bend, Kan.

Recalled Cars

Re: "What Went Wrong With Tom Fox's Shiny New Ford Torino" by Margaret

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Bresnahan [*SR*, June 17]. My heart sorely bleeds for "poor" Mr. Blanken, who faults the customers who are price shopping instead of placing the blame squarely where it belongs, namely, on the Ford Motor Company. If Mr. Blanken's servicemen hate to do recall work, we the customers despise it even more, for we realize that, if the cars had been inspected carefully on the assembly line and if Ford hadn't cheapened parts for the sake of a few more hundreds of thousands of dollars in profit, that obscene word "recall" would never be necessary. Furthermore, if all the Mr. Blankens want pay work, it might be a rather good idea to perform the repairs and recall work quickly and efficiently. If they do not, or cannot, or will not, once the warranty period is over, most of us prefer to bring our cars to an independent mechanic with a "heart," rather than pay out money to a dealership whose indifferent treatment insults the intelligence of the bilked public.

Shirley Wittenberg
San Diego, Calif.

Wood Craftsmen

Jack Fincher's article "Learning the Way of Wood" [*SR*, June 17] was a welcome addition to the Arts (issue). Such craftsmen as Michael Bock, George Nakashima, Arthur Espenet Carpenter, et al. deserve far greater publicity for their efforts than is afforded in the rather limited circulation of crafts and art magazines.

In this technological age with its constricting approach to the problems of design and construction, consumers should be more aware of the fact that there is a dedicated nucleus of craftsmen who are continuing and enriching the tradition of fine American cabinetmaking that witnessed its golden age during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The men who made the Shaker washstand, Boston Chippendale lowboy, Pennsylvania German kas, or Spanish mission chair were faced with the same problems as are craftsmen today. Given certain tools and existing woods, how does one soundly construct an object that best serves its function and is simultaneously pleasing to the eye? Michael Bock and his colleagues are solving the problem in a unique and a refreshing manner.

Ben F. Olena
Chairman, Industrial Arts Dept.
Derry Township Schools
Hershey, Pa.

The article about woodworking is a "must read" for every high school student and for all well-intentioned parents. Success and happiness have been too long equated with the college degree.

Phil Fangman
Los Angeles, Calif.

The popularity of our current exhibition, *Woodenworks*, at the Renwick Gallery has shown us that many of our museum visitors are unaware of the fine wood craftsmanship available in the United States today. The fifty pieces by Wendell Castle, Arthur Espenet Carpenter, George Nakashima, Sam Maloof, and the late Wharton Esherick, which Mr. Fincher mentioned, have proved to be a delight and surprise to our public; we have now extended the exhibition until September 11.

In addition to the names and addresses of craftsmen and dealers in high-quality handcrafted furniture that accompanied the article, mention ought to have been made that the American Crafts Council, 44 West 53rd Street, New York, New York 10019, maintains a photographic reference file on the work of American craftsmen that potential consumers of craft objects of all types may consult. The ACC represents a majority of committed professional craftsmen in the United States. It is very helpful also to interior designers and architects in locating just the right craftsman for a particular commission.

Lloyd E. Herman
Smithsonian Institution
Washington, D.C.

Music Festivals

Re: "American Summer Music Festivals" by Hedy Jellinek [*SR*, June 17]. It has been brought to my attention that your list did not include our own Mozart Festival. We are about to present our second season on August 3, 4, 5, and 6, and we expect that the San Luis Obispo Mozart Festival will become a familiar program within the next few years. Anyone wishing more information may write to the Mozart Festival Association, P.O. Box 322, San Luis Obispo, California 93401.

Clifton Swanson
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

I was appalled to note that the Aspen Music Festival was not listed. The Aspen Festival is in its twenty-third year of operation and is known and respected throughout the United States.

Linda J. Hargrave
Carbondale, Colo.

Interesting

Re: Paul Hoffman's "About Those Land Hustlers" [*SR*, June 17]. Mr. Hoffman states that the purchase of a lot for $5,010 —$505 down and $67 a month for eighty-nine months—results in an interest rate of 22.5 per cent. On an *annual* basis, the rate is approximately 7.5 per cent per year —an average mortgage interest rate to pay in these times.

Marshal J. Richter, CPA
New York, N. Y.

Weaving

Re: Mimi Shorr's "Fiber Sculpture" [*SR*, May 20]. I wish to correct Ms. Shorr's conception of the word "weaving." A spider "weaves" its web without the help of a loom. Most weavers find it is not always practical for the warp and weft to cross at vertical angles. Plaiting and wrapping are techniques that were employed by weavers centuries ago. The "new fiber sculpture" is only one of the limitless aspects of weaving on or off the loom. For the moment it is the form gaining most attention.

Gloria Underdal
New York Guild of Handweavers
New York, N.Y.

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Editorial

Poor George, It Looks as if He's Got It

Barring the most unlikely kind of upset, South Dakota's Senator George McGovern should be anointed as the Democratic party's presidential candidate this week. Poor George. Prairie politics may be rough, and primary politics rougher yet, but both are Sunday school outings compared with what follows. For, over the next four months he is likely to be pulled, pushed, stomped, and thoroughly shredded by the factions within his party.

McGovern's victories in the primaries were surprising enough, especially considering that only a few months ago he was running at 5 per cent or 6 per cent in the popularity polls. More surprising is the possibility that he might even be able to win in November—unless, of course, some of his supporters make it impossible for him. And they just might. Only a few days ago, for example, a spokeswoman for the crowd that still wears those MS FOR CHIS FOR PRES buttons was about as grudging as she could be in announcing that, well, if we *must* support a man, we suppose he's as good as we can expect, but *really*. . . .

So far the senator's chief support has come from a coalition of the young, blacks, and women. That's fine for the primaries, when a minority of Democratic voters (who themselves constitute a minority) is voting. It's also fine for the November election, since women may comprise more than half of the voters, the young will account for as much as 12 per cent of the total, and blacks are turning out in ever increasing numbers. It just doesn't happen to be enough.

The point was convincingly made by Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg, who maintained in *The Real Majority* that our elections are still decided by "the unyoung, the unpoor, and the unblack." As the authors pointed out: "The young and the poor are unmonolithic in their presidential voting behavior. Six in seven voters are over thirty. Nine out of ten are unpoor. Nine out of ten are white. A fair guess is to say that seven of ten American voters are neither young, nor poor, nor black." As for women, they simply don't vote *en bloc*; in 1960 they gave 54 per cent of their votes to Richard Nixon and only 46 per cent to John Kennedy.

A case is sometimes made that, though it is barely two years old, the Scammon-Wattenberg thesis is already outdated. According to this argument, Nixon's failure to end the Vietnam War, the sluggish state of the economy, and, most important, the average citizen's growing feeling of alienation from all levels of government have combined to create a new center of gravity for the Democratic party. Certainly, the old center is shifting, and the FDR coalition of blue-collar workers, blacks, and intellectuals was coming unstuck as long ago as the mid-1960s. What holds the emerging coalition together, so the argument goes, is a kind of anti-Establishment glue.

The problem is that this admittedly sizable bloc of voters simply is not a coalition—not the kind that will elect a President anyway. It includes Republicans who are angry about property taxes and rising crime rates, Democrats who are angry about the war and rising food prices, Wallaceites who are angry about blacks and inflation. Anger is the common denominator, and no candidate is going to be the sole beneficiary—or target—of that anger.

Fred Dutton, a onetime aide to both John and Robert Kennedy, author of *Changing Sources of Power: American Politics in the 1970s*, and now a key strategist for McGovern, argues that in this fluid situation the young may represent "the determining margin of difference" in such pivotal states as California, Illinois, New York, and Ohio. He might be right—if they vote. Dutton is urging McGovern to sponsor a campaign to register at least eighteen million of these potential voters (there are some twenty-five million in the 18-to-24 category). Most analysts, however, think that no more than ten million or twelve million actually will cast ballots. Dutton himself, in a recent interview with the editors of the French weekly *L'Express*, conceded: "The United States has long had one of the poorer voting turnouts among the Western democracies. Every indication is that the turnout will slip further this time—that over one in three adult Americans will not bother to go to the polls this November."

McGovern's problem is that, when he reaches for the votes he absolutely must attract from the center—from what Scammon and Wattenberg call the "middle-aged, middle-class, middle-minded"—some of his early supporters will try to cut his hands off. The Democrats, after all, have a long pathology of self-destructive tendencies. If, in order to capture the center, he significantly modifies some of the courageous positions he has staked out, he will run the risk of appearing, as James Reston wrote in the *New York Times*, "as wobbly and expedient as the man in the White House."

Some modifications are doubtless needed. A number of economists—and not just conservative ones—argue, for example, that his tax reform program would dry up investment capital at a time when vast funds are going to be needed for such basic things as transportation, hospitals, power systems, and schools. His proposal to whack $32 billion from the defense budget is immensely appealing, but the idea of bringing half our troops back from Europe at once might wreak havoc on the Continent and deserves restudy.

None of these alterations need hurt McGovern too badly, unless his more radical backers accuse him of selling out and turn to a third- or even fourth-party candidate. That would be too bad, for it is still possible for a candidate to win votes from the center without being mired in the middle of the road. It is still possible, moreover, for a candidate to shift the center if he is sufficiently persuasive. At least, so I like to believe. Otherwise, there is no hope of reform, and Kevin Phillips's prophecy in *The Emerging Republican Majority* may well be borne out. He predicted that, if the Democratic party comes under the control of its radical wing, it would prove "too innovative to win a presidential race" and its only role would be to inject "a needed leavening of humanism into the middle-class *Realpolitik*" of a Republican administration. If George McGovern's early supporters give him the room he needs, he may be able to play a larger role than that.

Ronald P. Kriss

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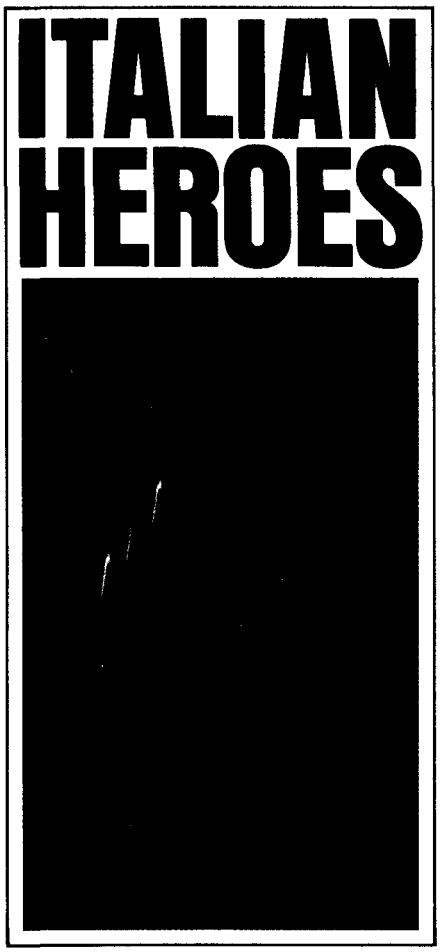

Empty rhetoric, mini-interiors, gorgeous objects—all characterize the big new exhibition of Italian design.

BY PETER BLAKE

Any time New York's Museum of Modern Art launches one of its supershows, it's like Oscar Night at the Movies: Rolls-Royces bumper to bumper, flashbulbs, rather lengthy speeches in which all the foreign names are mispronounced, and black ties versus turtlenecks. It's great fun, and any show that can survive this sort of launch has got to be pretty good. The latest one, entitled "Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," is.

There are at least four distinct ways in which to look at the Italian Supershow: first, as an assembly of more or less gorgeous objects; second, as a display of more or less hilarious "environments"; third, as an unusual piece of exhibition design, conceived by Emilio Ambasz, the Argentinean architect who was the director of the exhibition; and fourth, as a manifesto.

First, the more or less gorgeous objects. They range from the imitative to the extraordinarily inventive; and while I am reasonably aware of the complicated rationalizations that support the selection of this object or that, I am not entirely convinced the choices were always wise. There are, for example, some stupefyingly boring marble ash trays and plastic vases that look like fugitives from a customs-free gift shop; there are some objects derived from American Pop Art, like a baseball-glove chair and a giant, seven-and-a-half-foot-tall and nine-and-a-half-foot-wide desk lamp, both of them absolutely wonderful and virtually unusable; there are a number of chairs and couches and so on that must be a chiropractor's dream, or Mussolini's revenge; and, finally, there are a few mass-produced pieces of equipment, like a radio and a TV set, both manufactured by Brionvega and both designed by Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper—and these are of such dazzling beauty that I, for one, would have settled for a Zanuso and Sapper exhibition, or a Brionvega and Olivetti exhibition, and to hell with the rest.

What has made Italian design so fascinating for something close to twenty years is that it is really custom design of more or less mass-produced products. In the United States a product destined for mass production is first paraded in front of a committee of cementheads, who are in charge of sales. They then proceed to louse it up "design-wise." After which we get a mass-production run of several hundred thousand mid-cult objects, bland, invisible things priced to sell on the installment plan.

In Italy (and elsewhere) industrial production is still small enough so that a product can be made, economically, in small quantities, and then refined and polished during the production run so that, in the end, there will be absolute perfection. It may not pay terribly well; but when Pinin-Farina built its first *Cisitalia* automobile, Ford was busy making its Edsel. And automobile design, anywhere on earth, has been dramatically redirected by that wonderful little *Cisitalia*—a piece of sculptured aluminum that MOMA should be proud to own. And the Edsel—the dreamboat of the cementheads—isn't even good for a laugh anymore.

What I am trying to say, really, is that the Italians have out-Americanized us Americans. Their standard, mass-produced products, like Zanuso's bathroom scale, or Manzù's battery clock, or that typewriter by Sottsass, or Mario and Dario Bellini's hi-fi set make their American competitors look sick. Those Italian products are not Good Design—they are Inspired Design; and I guess I might as well confess that Zanuso, a pal of mine of several years' standing, seems to me, really, to be *the* hero of this show.

Why MOMA had to incorporate all that peculiar stuff in the "objects division" of the Italian show is beyond me. Some of those chiropractors' delights, and those snorkel lamps, and all those hideous bags (chairs) filled with beans—well, I can understand they were intended to be comments on our trashy society, but they just aren't in the same league with Brionvega.

What Italy is doing better than any other country is perfecting the most common industrial product. It is really quite difficult to find a mid-cult industrial object in Italy: The mass-produced objects are either grotesquely ugly—so much so that they appear to be satirical commentaries on the current bourgeois scene; or they are so beautiful that you hardly dare to touch them. My feeling is that MOMA went out of its way to find unrepresentative

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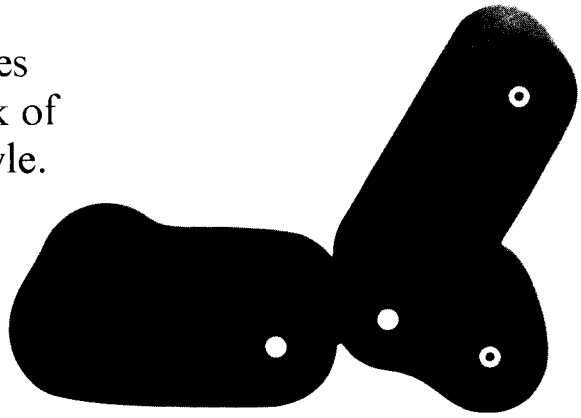
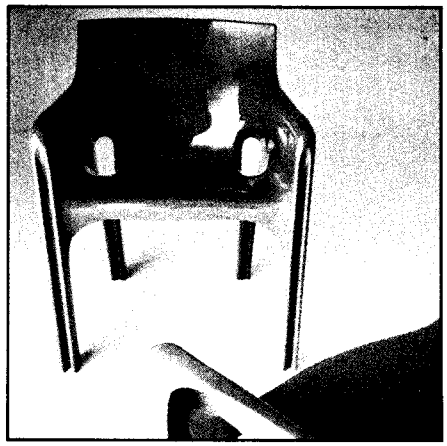
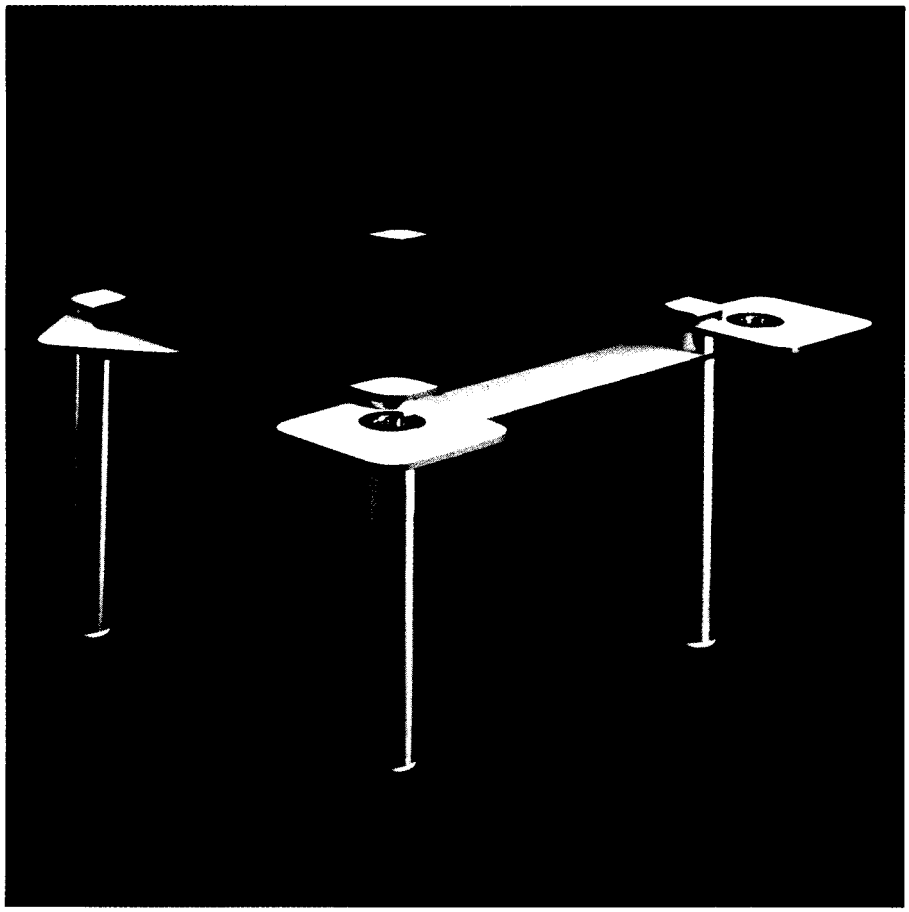
Sleek lines and gleaming surfaces are the hallmark of the Milanese style.



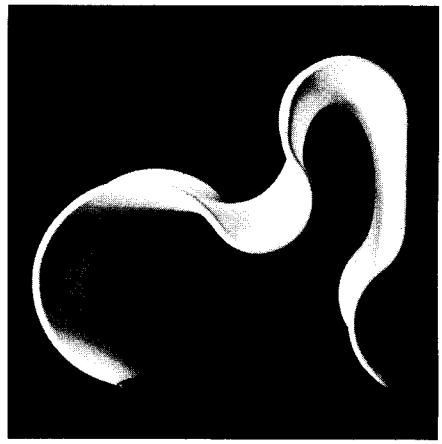
This adjustable chair, designed by Joe Colombo in 1969, can assume many shapes and can be opened up into a chaise loungue.



Vico Magistretti: armchair, 1970.

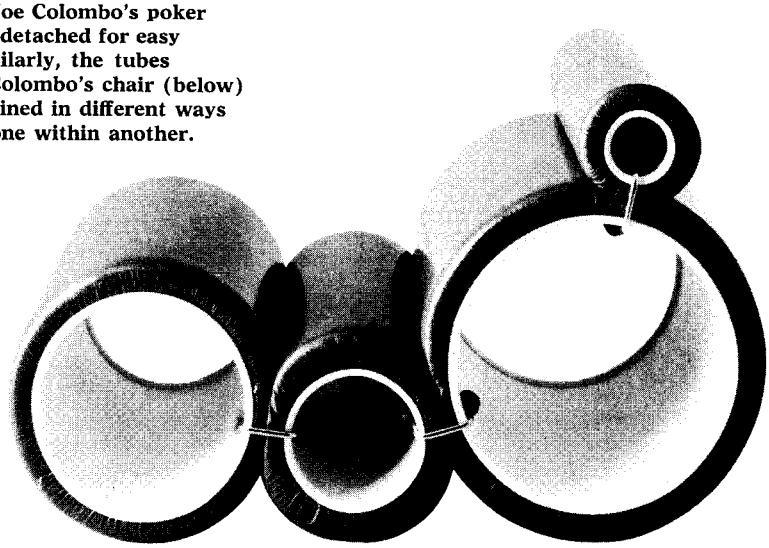


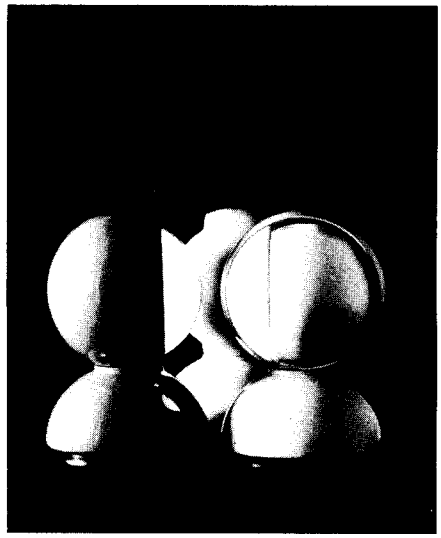
The legs of Joe Colombo's poker table can be detached for easy storage. Similarly, the tubes composing Colombo's chair (below) can be combined in different ways and nested one within another.



Group G 14: armchair, 1970.

Marco Zanuso: bathroom scale, 1969.





Vico Magistretti: lamp, 1965.

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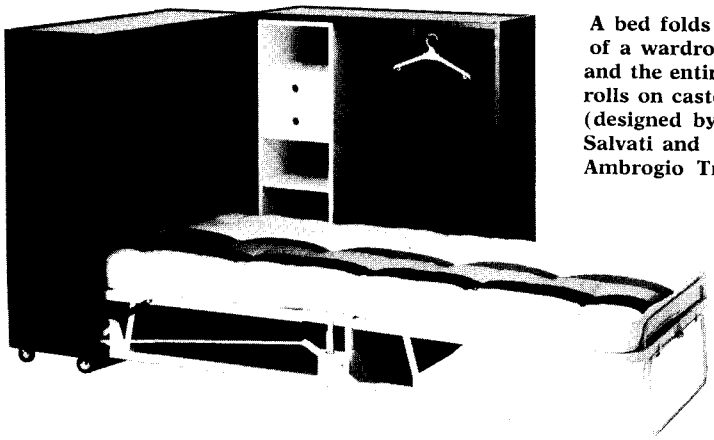
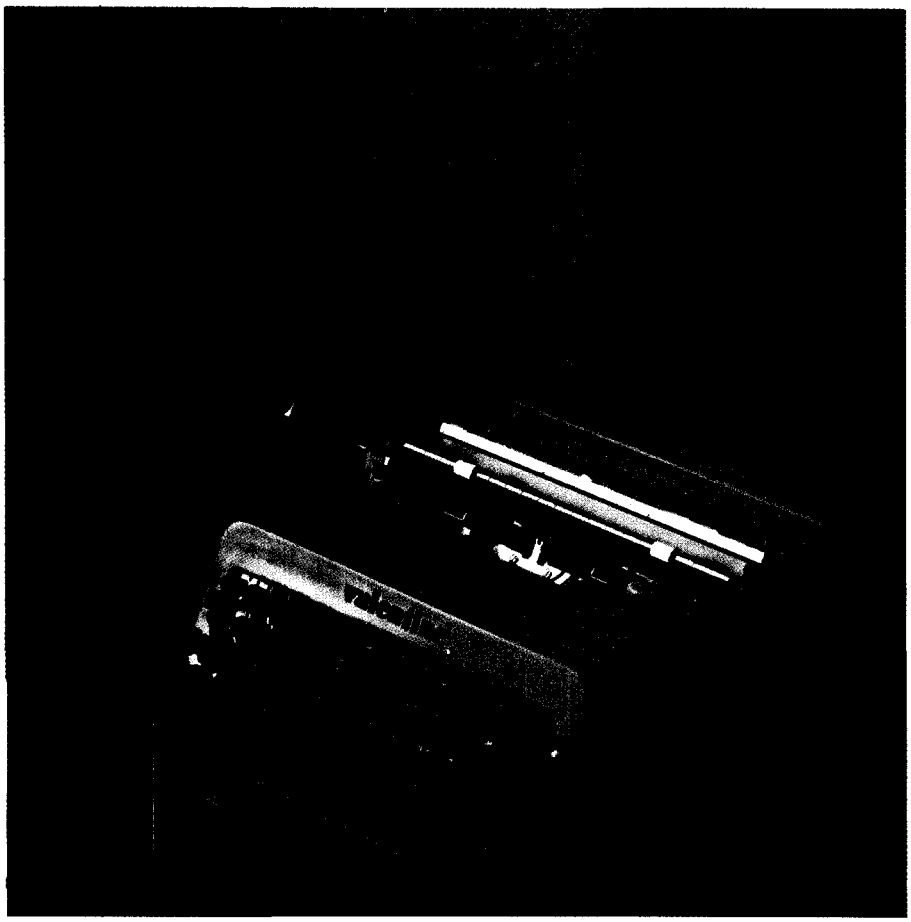
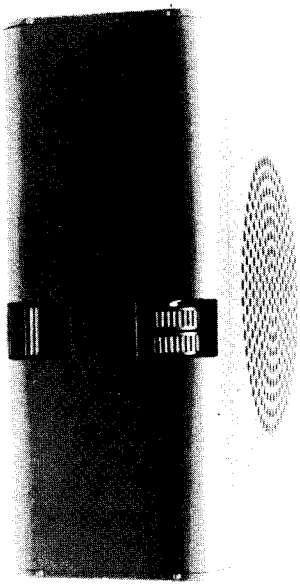


A bed folds out of a wardrobe, and the entire unit rolls on casters (designed by Alberto Salvati and Ambrogio Tresoldi).

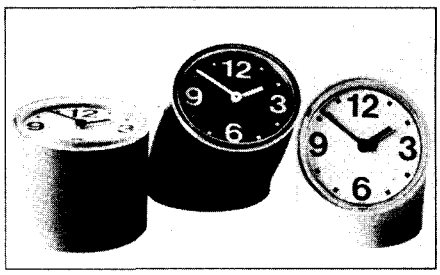


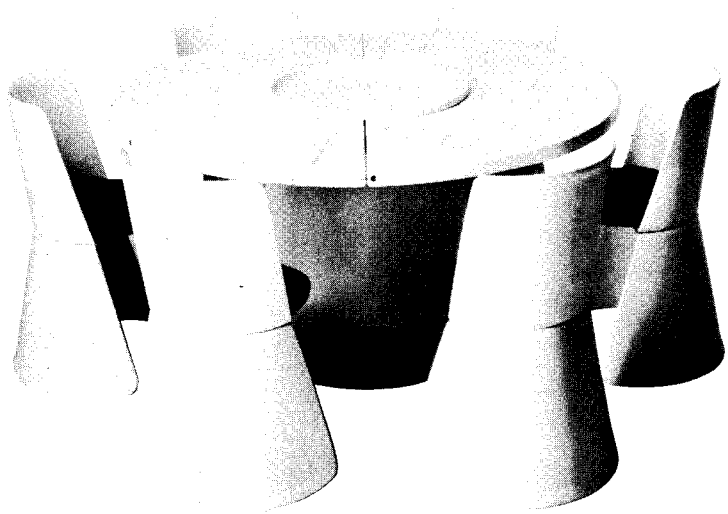
Ettore Sottsass: portable typewriter, 1969.



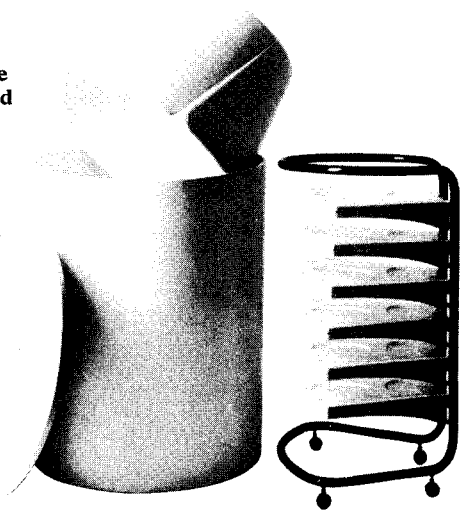
Mario Bellini: record player, 1968.

Pio Manzù: battery clock, 1968.





Fabio Lenci's table and chair set (1970) can be disassembled and stored in the central cylinder and a cart.



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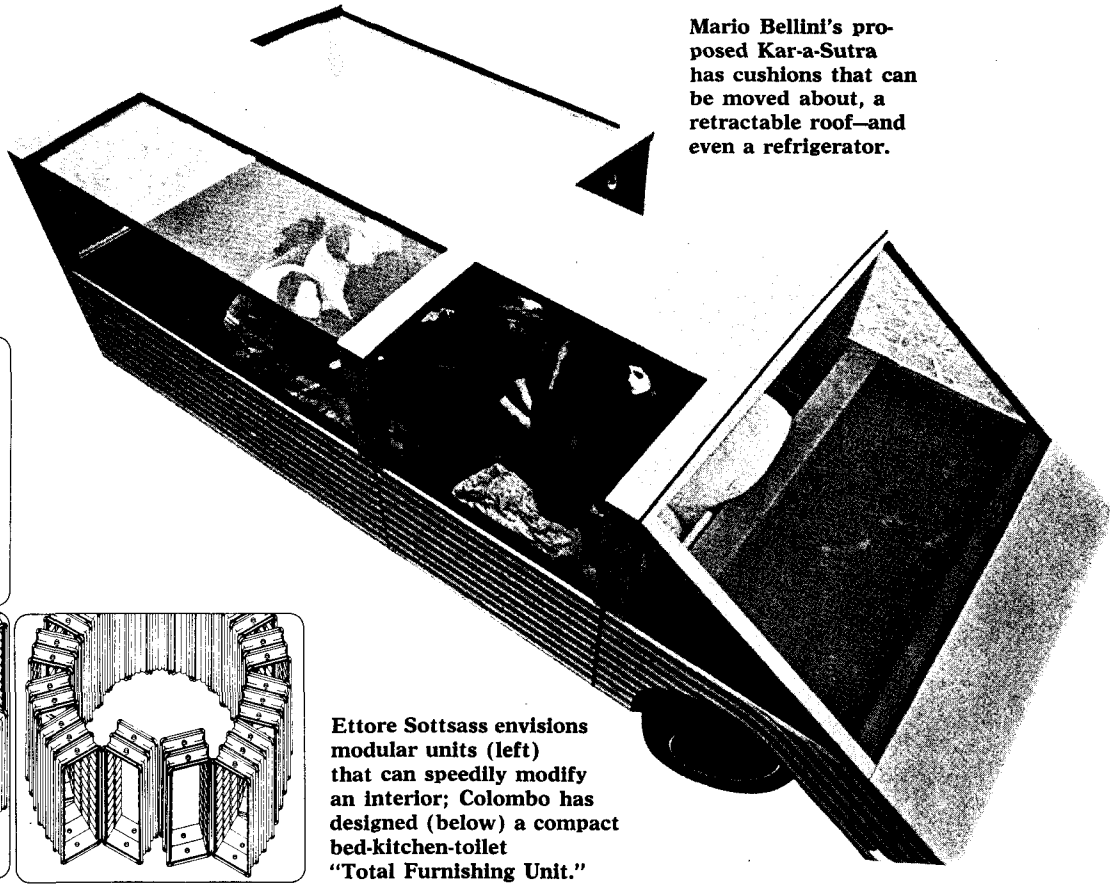
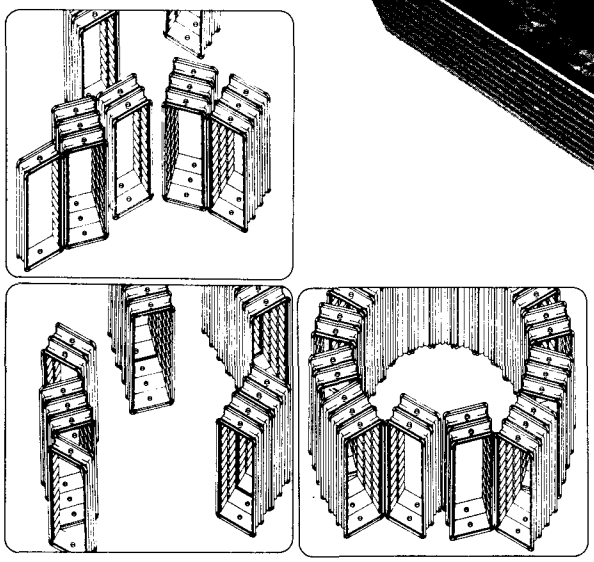
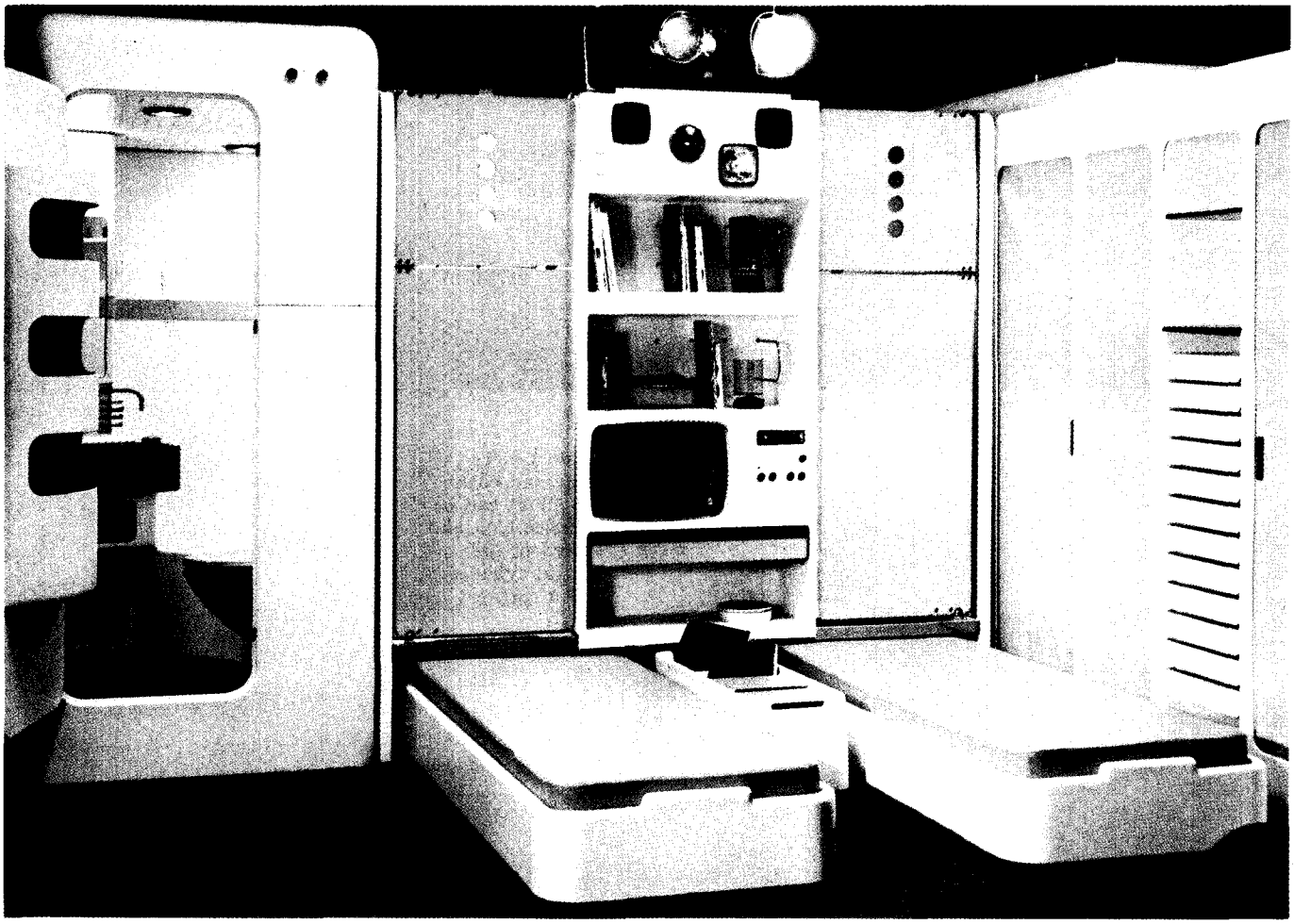


Mario Bellini's proposed Kar-a-Sutra has cushions that can be moved about, a retractable roof—and even a refrigerator.



Ettore Sottsass envisions modular units (left) that can speedily modify an interior; Colombo has designed (below) a compact bed-kitchen-toilet "Total Furnishing Unit."



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objects that fall outside these two mainstreams of Italian design today.

Second, the more or less hilarious "environments." I don't think it is made sufficiently clear in the exhibition that each of these is a prototype and that none is in production. This is important because, despite all the hoopla, there just isn't anything very new about any of those environments to anyone who is in touch with the international design scene. Every one of them was drawn up, more or less, in considerable detail by such designers as that group of certifiable British lunatics, Archigram, at least ten years ago; and the April 1972 issue of *Design* contains a lengthy article on "France Now" that makes some of those Italian environments look very *déjà*. . . .

Except in two respects. First, the fact that the best of those environments—the Zanuso & Sapper fold-and-pop-out trailer, the accordion-pleated, pull-out assemblage by Ettore Sottsass, and the curious slide-out space capsule by the late and much lamented Joe Colombo—the fact, to repeat, that the best of these environments are rendered with such sure elegance, such sure style. And second, the vast difference between what Archigram drew up ten years ago and what these Italian Heroes produced for MOMA is that perfectly rational, money-grabbing cartels like Fiat and Pirelli were willing to cough up the cash to build these zany prototypes. There aren't very many U.S. corporate giants that would have the imagination or the plain guts to help finance a "Kar-a-Sutra," a mobile environment that, according to its designer, Mario Bellini, is "intended for human and not automotive rites: a mobile space into which one may enter and sit down, stretch out, sleep, smile, . . . carry children and play with them, make love in a manner not conditioned by the automobile, . . . completely empty, with only the two of us and some cushions; on the way we'll buy a horse or a piano." Well, GM sure as hell wouldn't finance any fornication or horse trading—how would *that* look in the annual report? But Pirelli did, and so did Cassina, and C & B Italia, and Citroën.

There are several other environments, of which the less said the better. If an environment designer wishes to drop out and present an empty room as his declaration of noninvolvement, I reserve the right to drop out and refuse to comment. No offense meant, and none taken. And if a designer wants to make a rather unattractive subterranean cave with petrified people squished into the walls, I'd like to think that he has something profound to say. But, alas, my attention span isn't quite up to snuff, and so I will leave the commentary to the shrinks. Still, it is refreshing and unusual for an exhibition to contain, within its own boundaries, the seeds of its own destruction. That is indeed a very considerable act of courage on the part of Emilio Ambasz. Except that those seeds didn't bear all that much fruit.

One aspect of these assorted environments, however, that does call for a comment or a question is this: They are, all of them really, space capsules in scale. Everything is compacted into the mini-module of a washroom on a 747. Miniaturization is, of course, a very popular preoccupation with avant-garde designers, but it is really no more valid in the design of the human habitat than the streamlining of pencil sharpeners and can openers was in the 1930s. I wish that Joe Colombo were still alive and that I could ask him why his "Total Furnishing Unit"—a kind of 1970s *wagon-lit* with push buttons—has everything sliding or collapsing into everything else, like a Chinese puzzle. The descriptive text accompanying Colombo's Chinese puzzle says that it is "a dwelling unit . . . that is . . . less restricting." Baloney. Rats would go starkers in that environment in twenty-four hours flat, and so would I.

We now come to Point Three, the Italian Supershow seen as a piece of exhibition design, and I am booking a one-way ticket to Pago Pago, because I am very fond of Emilio Ambasz and of everybody else at MOMA, and I don't want to have to face them after this.

But honestly, kids, has there ever been an exhibition that is more regimented, more Germanic than this one? You enter at Point A and are handed a map; you are then presented with a mini-manifesto, which says that this show is a sort of antishow; next you walk into a briefing room (like those places where they brief bomber pilots on the carrier *LBJ* off Vietnam), and they give you this twelve-minute movie that describes the aims and premises of the exhibition all over again; next forward march, left turn, and into the museum garden. If it's raining, the map can be twisted into a hat. Out there among the marble cliffs Ambasz has built a plywood skyscraper-city maquette, on a gridiron plan. The streets are not marked, but they are there—it's Midtown Manhattan, with store windows lit up. The crates are supposed to be shippable, and they probably are; but the secret intent is Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. Next down the up ramp, forward march, left turn, and another briefing down below the flight deck: this one four minutes only, describing the intellectual background to environments. After that, relative free-for-all among the space capsules—but not for long: Point D (I am rapidly losing track of all this) leads you into "Counter Design as Postulation," whatever that may mean—after which there are printed mini-manifestoes. Finally: Mission Completed! Debriefing in Dr. Caligari's Cabinet, with a twelve-minute audio-visual brainwash!

Ambasz is, of course, a sensitive and bright and talented designer. But this exhibit, as design, is a satire of a satire, though perhaps an unintentional one. As if the close-order drill required of the innocent MOMA visitor were not enough, there is a gorgeous, 431-page book put together by Ambasz, containing plenty of manifestoes, and the idea that after all that briefing and debriefing by audio-visual means and subliminal sneakiness you still need a 431-page book to comment on what you have just seen—come on, now, MOMA; you know better than that!

Which brings me to my final point—the Italian Supershow as a manifesto. The entire history of Italy, I suspect, can be told in a succession of manifestoes; no people is more talented than the Italians in turning a political or cultural movement into a poem. The Futurist Manifesto of 1914, for example, was a marvelously impassioned call for a new "plastic dynamism"—and much of what is being shown at the MOMA today can be traced back to that manifesto.

The 431-page manifesto that accompanies this show was written by more than two dozen designers, critics, and historians, and it makes me feel homesick for those marvelous parties in Milan at which the conversation turns, invariably, to the intricate philosophical tendencies implied in the design of, let us say, a soup spoon. Do its design and manufacture, in fact, contribute to the obviously unjust sociopolitical situation encountered in today's fascist/capitalist world? Does this soup spoon thereby become an accomplice in the Vietnam War? Is its designer's ethical position therefore compromised for all time? Should one not organize a workers' and artists' strike to protest this act of aggression on the part of the soup-spoon industry and those in its pay? Well, you get the drift: The Venice Biennale is closed down, as it was in 1968 by Italian leftists, and all the art schools are struck. I have had a love affair with Italy all my life, and I was happy as a clam to see all the familiar slogans in the MOMAfesto: "Design as postulation"; "Counterdesign as postulation"; "Cosmic-mechanistic kitsch"; "Large microclimatized plans"; and much more.

Staggering under the weight of such verbiage, occasionally suffocating in a breath-taking exhibition design, the Italian Supershow emerges, in the end, as a thing of great beauty—because most of those who contributed to it did what they are best at doing: design. □

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ON "HAVING" A POEM

The world's leading behaviorist argues that a poet can no more take credit for a poem he writes than a goose can for the golden egg it lays.

BY B. F. SKINNER

What I am going to say has the curious property of illustrating itself. The quotation marks in my title are intended to suggest that there is a sense in which having a poem is like having a baby, and in that sense I am in labor; I am having a lecture. In it I intend to raise the questions of whether I am actually originating anything and to what extent I deserve credit or blame. That is one issue in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, but since I am having a verbal baby, the argument goes back to an earlier book.

In his review of *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* in the *New York Times* last September, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt began with two sentences dear to the hearts of my publishers, who have not allowed them to become hidden under a bushel. But later in the review, unhappy about some of my implications, he tries to fault me. "Well, then," he writes, "what about the most serious (and best advertised) attack that has been leveled against behaviorism in recent years—namely, Noam Chomsky's attempts to demonstrate man's innate linguistic powers, which began with Chomsky's famous review of Skinner's book *Verbal Behavior*? Skinner says nothing explicit on the matter in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. Indeed, Chomsky's name is never brought up (which seems disingenuous on Skinner's part). Have we got him there?"

Let me tell you about Chomsky. I published *Verbal Behavior* in 1957. In 1958 I received a fifty-five-page typewritten review by someone I had never heard of named Noam Chomsky. I read half a dozen pages, saw that it missed the point of my book, and went no further. In 1959 I received a reprint from the journal *Language*. It was the review I had already seen, now reduced to thirty-two pages of type, and again I put it aside. But then, of course, Chomsky's star began to rise. Generative grammar became the thing —and a very big thing it seemed to be. Linguists have always managed to make their discoveries earthshaking. In one decade everything seems to hinge on semantics, in another decade on the analysis of the phoneme. In the Sixties it was grammar and syntax, and Chomsky's review began to be widely cited and reprinted and became, in fact, much better known than my book.

Eventually, the question was asked, Why had I not answered Chomsky? My reasons, I am afraid, show a lack of character. In the first place I should have had to read the review, and I found its tone distasteful. It was not really a review of my book but of what Chomsky took, erroneously, to be my position. I should also have had to bone up on generative grammar, which was not my field, and to do a good job I should have had to go into structuralism, a theory that Chomsky, like Claude Lévi-Strauss, acquired from Roman Jakobson. According to the structuralists, we are to explain human behavior by discovering its organizing principles, paying little or no attention to the circumstances under which it occurs. If anything beyond structure is needed by way of explanation, it is to be found in a creative mind—Lévi-Strauss's savage mind or Chomsky's innate rules of grammar. No doubt I was shirking a responsibility in not replying to Chomsky, and I am glad a reply was supplied in 1970 by Kenneth MacCorquodale in the *Journal of the Experimental Analysis of Behavior*.

A few years ago *Newsweek* magazine carried the disagreement further, going beyond linguistics and structuralism to the philosophy of the seventeenth century. I was said to be a modern disciple of John Locke, for whom the mind began as a *tabula rasa* or clean slate and who thought that knowledge was acquired only from experience. Chomsky was said to represent Descartes, the rationalist, who was not sure he existed until he thought about it. *Newsweek* suggested that the battle was going my way, and the reaction by the generative grammarians was so violent that the magazine found it necessary to publish four pro-Chomsky letters. One of these advised *Newsweek* to "Locke up Skinner and give Chomsky Descartes blanche." (But Chomsky cannot use a *carte blanche*, of course; it is too much like a *tabula rasa*.)

Ironically, Chomsky was later invited to give the John Locke Lectures at Oxford. I was at Cambridge University at the time, and the BBC thought it would be interesting if we were to discuss our differences on television. I don't know what excuse Chomsky gave, but I agreed to participate if the moderator could guarantee equal time. I suggested that we use

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B. F. Skinner is Edgar Pierce Professor of Psychology at Harvard. His theories, expressed in scientific papers and popular works such as *Walden Two* and last year's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, have generated increasing controversy. This article is adapted from a lecture presented at the New York Poetry Center.

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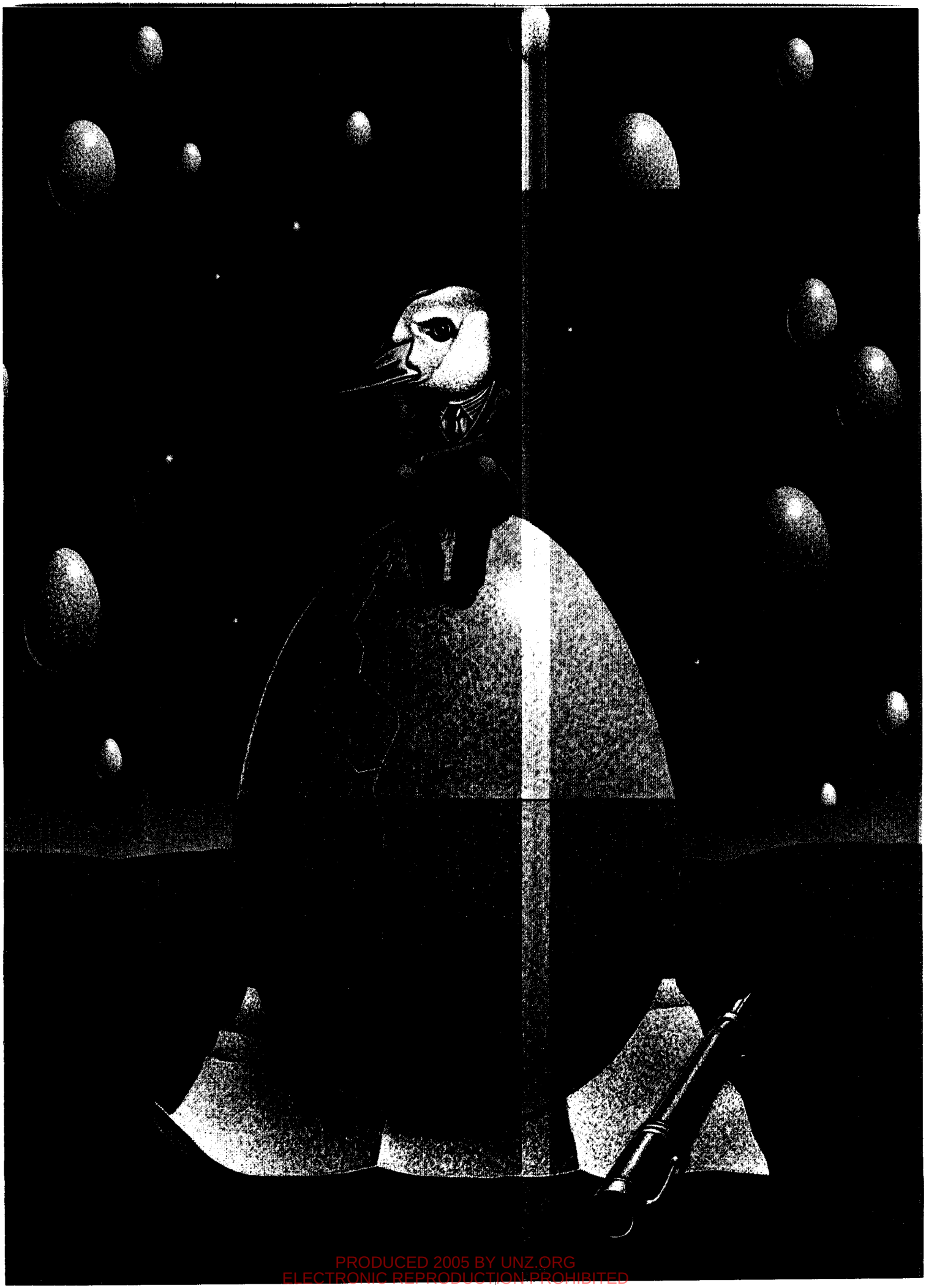

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chess clocks. My clock would be running when I was talking, and Chomsky's when he was talking, and in that way I planned to have the last fifteen or twenty minutes to myself. The BBC thought that my suggestion would not make for a very interesting program.

Verbal Behavior was criticized in a different way by an old friend, I. A. Richards, whose interest in the field goes back, of course, to *The Meaning of Meaning*. For nearly forty years Ivor Richards and I have respected each other while disagreeing rather violently. I have never been able to understand why he feels that Coleridge made an important contribution to our understanding of human behavior, and he has never been able to understand why I feel the same way about pigeons. He has at times been deeply distressed. He once asked me to lecture to his freshman course in general education. I turned up at the appointed hour, he made a few announcements, and then he said, "I now present the Devil," and sat down. And I had not yet published *Verbal Behavior*, that outrageous invasion of Richards's territory, which might indeed have borne the subtitle, *The Meaninglessness of Meaning*.

When my book appeared, and in turn Chomsky's review, Ivor Richards sent me a poem. It was prefaced by two quotations, one from my book and one from the review, and it proceeded to document the extraordinary extent to which each of us believed that he was absolutely right.

A few months later I received a second poem. It was called "Verbal Behaviour" and began as follows:

No sense in fretting to be off the ground,
There's never hurry whither we are bound,
Where all's behaviour—and the rest is naught,
Not even rest, but void beyond all thought.

It went on to argue that behaviorism will mean the death of the individual, the end of man's divine image of himself. The behaviorist contends that:

The Angels are a sketch
They *made long since to comfort the sore wretch*
Cast out of Paradise he knew not why
To start his long climb back into the sky.

But he will never reach Paradise again because the behaviorist will tear off his wings, crying, to set him free:

These gleaming sails are but the flattering means,
(Theologic gear, Pythagorean beans!)
Whereby grubs flit and feed and lay their eggs,
By metaphor, beyond the reach of legs.
No psyche more! Homunculus-theory, out!
Verbal behaviour's all it's all about.

It seemed to me that this had gone far enough, and so I replied—in kind—as follows:

For Ivor Richards

Yes, "all's behaviour—and the rest is naught."

And thus compressed
Into "the rest
Of all,"
A thought
Is surely neither bad nor wrong.

Or right or good?
No, no.
Define
And thus expunge
The ought
The should!
Nothing is so
(See History.)
Let not the strong
Be cozened
By Is *and* Isn't,
Was *and* Wasn't.
Truth's to be sought
In Does *and* Doesn't.

Decline
To be.

And call
Him neither best
Not Blessed
Who wrought
That silly jest,
The Fall.

(It was a Plunge.)

A few days later Ivor Richards phoned. Why not publish our poems? I had no objection, and so he sent them to Stephen Spender, and they were eventually published in *Encounter*.

Whether or not that short poem establishes my competence to discuss poetry, I cannot say. If not, I must fall back upon that stock reply of the critic when the playwright who has received a bad review points out that the critic has never written a play, and the critic replies, "Neither have I laid an egg, but I am a better judge of an omelet than any hen." It is a stale and musty joke, and I should not allow it to injure the tone of my lecture if it did not serve the important function of bringing me to my point. I am to compare having a poem with having a baby, and it will do no harm to start with a lower class of living things. Samuel Butler suggested the comparison years ago, when he said that a poet writes a poem as a hen lays an egg, and both feel better afterward.

But there are other points of similarity, and on one of them Butler built a whole philosophy of purposive evolution. The statement was current in early post-Darwinism days that "a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg." It is not, of course, a question of which comes first, though that is not entirely irrelevant. The issue is who *does* what, who *acts* to produce something and therefore deserves credit. Must we give the hen credit for the egg or the egg for the hen? Possibly it does not matter, since no one is seriously interested in defending the rights of hen or egg, but something of the same sort can be said about a poet, and then it does matter. Does the poet create, originate, initiate the thing called a poem, or is his behavior merely the product of his genetic and environmental histories?

I raised that question a number of years ago with a distinguished poet at a conference at Columbia University. I was just finishing *Verbal Behavior* and could not resist summarizing my position. I thought it was possible to account for verbal behavior in terms of the history of the speaker, without reference to ideas, meanings, propositions, and the like. The poet stopped me at once. He could not agree. "That leaves no place for me as a poet," he said and would not discuss the matter further. It was a casual remark, which I am sure he has forgotten, and I should hesitate to identify him if he had not recently published something along the same lines.

When Jerome Wiesner was inaugurated last October as president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Archibald MacLeish read a poem. He praised Dr. Wiesner as:

. . . a good man in a time when men are scarce, when the intelligent foregather, follow each other around in the fog like sheep, bleat in the rain, complain because Godot never comes, because all life is a tragic absurdity—Sisyphus sweating away at his rock and the rock won't; because freedom and dignity . . .
Oh, weep, they say, for freedom and dignity!
You're not free; it's your grandfather's itch you're scratching.
You have no dignity: you're not a man, you're a rat in a vat of rewards and punishments,
you think you've chosen the rewards: you haven't:
the rewards have chosen you.
Aye! Weep! . . .

I am just paranoid enough to believe that he is alluding to *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. In any case, he sums up the main issue rather effectively: "You think you've chosen the rewards: you haven't. The rewards have chosen you." George Eliot glimpsed the issue: "Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds," although she did not understand *how* we are determined by our deeds. Something does seem to be taken away from the poet when his behavior is traced to his genetic and personal histories.

The issue will be clearer if we turn to a biological parallel—moving from the oviparous hen to the viviparous

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human mother. We say that a woman "has" a baby, where "has" means little more than possess. To have a baby is to come into possession of it. The woman who does so is then a mother, and the child is her child. But what is the nature of her contribution? She is not responsible for the skin color, eye color, strength, size, intelligence, talents, or any other feature of her baby. She gave it half its genes, but she got those from *her* parents. She could, of course, have damaged the baby. She could have aborted it. She could have caught rubella at the wrong time or taken drugs, and as a result the baby would have been defective. *But she made no positive contribution.*

A biologist has no difficulty in describing the role of the mother. She is a place, a locus in which a very important biological process takes place. She supplies protection, warmth, and nourishment, but she does not design the baby who profits from them. The poet is also a locus, a place in which certain genetic and environmental causes come together to have a common effect. Unlike a mother, the poet has access to his poem during gestation. He may tinker with it. A poem seldom makes its appearance in completed form. Bits and pieces *occur* to the poet, who rejects or allows them to stand, and who puts them together to *compose* a poem. But they come from his past history, verbal and otherwise, and he has had to learn how to put them together.

But can this interpretation be correct if a poem is unquestionably new? Certainly the plays of Shakespeare did not exist until he wrote them. Possibly all their parts could be traced by an omniscient scholar to Shakespeare's verbal and nonverbal histories, but Shakespeare must have served some additional function. How otherwise are we to explain the creation of something new?

The answer is again to be found in biology. A little more than a hundred years ago the act of creation was debated in a very different field. The living things on the surface of the earth show a fantastic variety—far beyond the variety in the works of Shakespeare—and they had long been attributed to a creative Mind. (Curiously enough, the creative behavior invoked by way of explanation was itself verbal: "In the beginning was the Word, . . . " supplemented no doubt by a *generative* grammar.)

The key term in Darwin's title is "Origin." Novelty could be explained without appeal to prior design if random changes in structure were selected by their consequences. It was the contingencies of survival that created new forms. Selection is a special kind of causality, much less conspicuous than the push-pull causality of nineteenth-century physics, and Darwin's discovery may have appeared so late in the history of human thought for that reason. The selective action of the consequences of behavior was also overlooked for a long time.

The poet often knows that some part of his history is contributing to the poem he is writing. He may, for example, reject a phrase because he sees that he has borrowed it from something he has read. But it is quite impossible for him to be aware of all his history, and it is in this sense that he does not know where his behavior comes from. Having a poem, like having a baby, is in large part a matter of exploration and discovery, and both poet and mother are often surprised by what they produce. And because the poet is not aware of the origins of his behavior, he is likely to attribute it to a creative mind, an "unconscious" mind, perhaps, or a mind belonging to someone else—to a muse, for example, whom he has invoked to come and write his poem for him.

Writing a poem is the sort of thing men and women do as men and women, having a baby is the sort of thing a woman does as a woman, and laying an egg is the sort of thing a hen does as a hen. To deny a creative contribution does not destroy man qua man or woman qua woman any more than Butler's phrase destroys hen qua hen. There is no threat to the essential humanity of man, the muliebrity of woman, or the gallity of *Gallus gallus*.

What is threatened, of course, is the autonomy of the poet. The autonomous is the uncaused, and the uncaused is miraculous, and the miraculous is God. For the second time in little more than a century a theory of selection by consequences is threatening a traditional belief in a creative mind. And is it not rather strange that although we have abandoned that belief with respect to the creation of the world, we fight so desperately to preserve it with respect to the creation of a poem?

But is there anything wrong with a supportive myth? Why not continue to believe in our creative powers if the belief gives us satisfaction? The answer lies in the future of poetry. To accept a wrong explanation because it flatters us is to run the risk of missing a right one—one that in the long run may offer more by way of "satisfaction." Poets know all too well how long a sheet of paper remains a *carte blanche*. To wait for genius or a genie is to make a virtue of ignorance. If poetry is a good thing, if we want more of it and better, and if writing poems is a rewarding experience, then we should look afresh at its sources.

Perhaps the future of poetry is not that important, but I have been using a poem simply as an example. I could have developed the same theme in art, music, fiction, scholarship, science, invention—in short, wherever we speak of *original* behavior. We say that we "have" ideas, again in the simple sense of coming into possession of them. An idea "occurs to us" or "comes to mind." And if for "idea" we read "the behavior said to express an idea," we come no closer to an act of creation. By analyzing the genetic and individual histories responsible for our behavior, we may learn how to be more original. The task is not to think of new forms of behavior but to create an environment in which they are likely to occur.

Something of the sort has happened in the evolution of cultures. Over the centuries men and women have built a world in which they behave much more effectively than they could in a natural environment, but they have not done much of this by deliberate design. A culture evolves when new practices arise that make it more likely to survive. We have reached a stage in which our culture induces some of its members to be concerned for its survival. A kind of deliberate design is thus possible, and a scientific analysis is obviously helpful. We can build a world in which men and women will be better poets, better artists, better composers, better novelists, better scholars, scientists—in a word, better people. We can, in short, "have" a better world.

And that is why I am not much disturbed by the question with which George Kateb concluded his review of *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is attacking my utopianism, and he asks, "Does Skinner not see that only silly geese lay golden eggs?" The question brings us back to the oviparous again, but that does not matter, for the essential issue is raised by all living things. It is characteristic of the evolution of a species, as it is of the acquisition of behavior and of the evolution of a culture, that ineffective forms give rise to effective. Perhaps a goose is silly if, because she lays a golden egg, she gets the ax; but, silly or not, she has laid a golden egg. And what if that egg hatches a golden goose? There, in an eggshell, is the great promise of evolutionary theory. A silly goose, like Butler's hen, is simply the way in which an egg produces a *better* egg.

And now my labor is over. I have had my lecture. I have no sense of fatherhood. If my genetic and personal histories had been different, I should have come into possession of a different lecture. If I deserve any credit at all, it is simply for having served as a place in which certain processes could take place. I shall interpret your polite applause in that light. □

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The Challenging Art of Roberto Gerhard

Gerhard: Symphony No. 4 ("New York"); Concerto for Violin. Yfrah Neaman, violin; with the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis. Argo stereo, ZRG 701, $5.95.

Though the New York Philharmonic may claim a share of the credit for the creation by Gerhard of the symphony that has now acquired the subtitle noted above, it has remained for the British Council to provide the impulse for its recording. One of a wide variety of works commissioned by the Philharmonic to celebrate the 125th anniversary of its founding, it was first performed in 1967 under the direction of William Steinberg.

How it relates to the objectives toward which the Spanish-born Gerhard was striving late in life remains to be clarified. He died in 1970, and nothing created later in his life (in England, to which he migrated in 1938 and where he became known as "Gerard"), has yet been performed here. But, as the vivid performance under the direction of Davis makes evident, the symphony continues the pattern of evolution that had carried Gerhard far from his background in Catalonia through studies with Arnold Schoenberg into involvements with influences as eclectic as the electronic.

Perhaps the best guarantee of an eventual understanding of the content of the "New York" Symphony is the immediate appeal, now, of the concerto created in a period from 1942 to 1945. Certainly a composer who had so clear a vision of his purpose as Gerhard conveys through this expressive work would tend to consider communication as a basic premise of creation, no matter how much his idiom might alter. It is superbly performed by the gifted Mr. Neaman, who matches physical to mental capabilities on the exacting level of both that Gerhard demands. London is responsible for the sound, and it has not failed its trust.

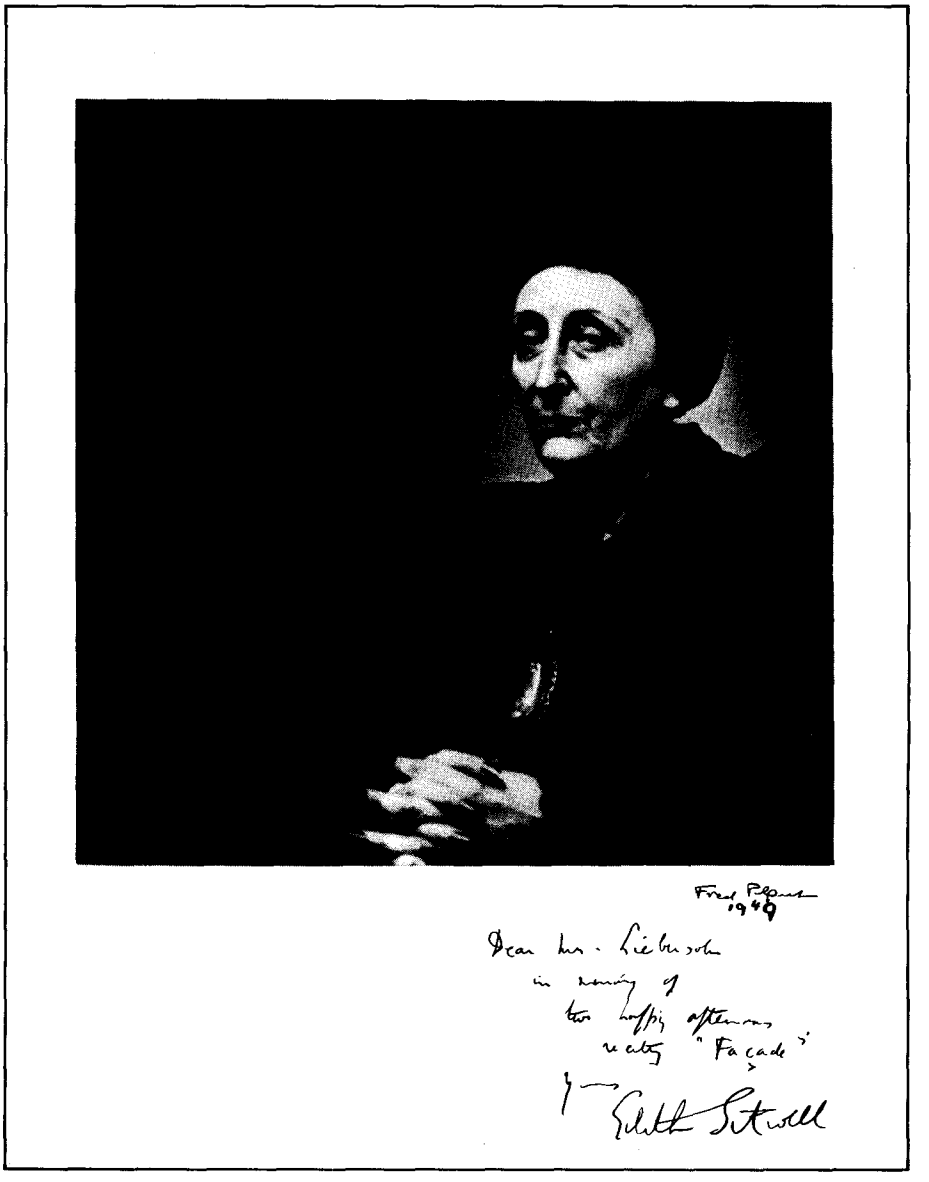
"Façade" With, and Without, Walton

Walton: *Façade* (Nos. 1-21). Neville Marriner conducting members of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, with Fenella Fielding and Michael Flanders, narrators. Angel stereo, S-36637, $5.98. Sir William Walton conducting the London Sinfonietta; with Peggy Ashcroft and Paul Scofield, narrators. Argo stereo, ZRG 649, $5.95.

In its transformations over a period of nearly forty years, William Walton's setting of the satiric verses of Edith Sitwell provides the paradigm for the evolution of a masterpiece. At first (June 12, 1923, was the date of its London premiere), *Façade* was an esoteric enthusiasm for the very "in" of that, and the next, decade. It became something like a privileged enticement for a larger number when Goddard Lieberson persuaded the poetess (by then Dame Edith) to blend her verbal talents with the musical ones of Frederick Prausnitz in a memorable recording of 1949. This coincided, broadly speaking, with the presentations by the Sadler's Wells (or Royal) Ballet of Ashton's staging. It took hardly a decade more —forty years or so from the act of creation—until *Façade* became a part of the pop concert repertory, achieving the rank of being both accessible and inimitable.

The current versions, which lay out the total score in the formal "uncut" completeness of which any masterpiece, even a satiric one, is deserving, have much going for them. On the one side is the musical objectivity of Neville Marriner, with the talented tongues of Fenella Fielding and Michael Flanders to untwist the vowels and consonants of the Sitwell imagery. On the other is the creative subjectivity of Sir William himself, whose verbal companions are Peggy Ashcroft and Paul Scofield.

In the interest of fairness, listening priority was awarded to the Angel version. It has musical clarity, a mettlesome endeavor at verbal precision, and



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a rather constant sense of interpretative strain. Only a few tracks of the Walton-directed alternative were required to establish the verdict as: No contest. In place of Marriner's clarity, Walton offers a composer's illumination; for Fielding and Flanders's diligence and sense of strain, Ashcroft and Scofield substitute total competence and easygoing fluency. Something (like a reference to the still fine-sounding version of Sitwell and Prausnitz) tells me that neither is the absolute answer to the best of all possible *Façades*. But those who attach importance to a composer's conception, at seventy-one, of a work he created at twenty-one will find Sir William's view of "Willie" Walton's invention affectionate not sentimental, searching not self-indulgent.

Fischer-Dieskau and the "Neuen Wiener"

Schoenberg: "Erwartung" (Op. 2, No. 1); "Die Aufgeregten" (Op. 3, No. 2); "Geübtes Herz" (Op. 3, No. 5); "Verlassen" (Op. 6, No. 4); "Der verlorene Haufen" (Op. 12, No. 2); "Ich darf nicht danken" (Op. 14, No. 1); "Sommermüd" (Op. 48, No. 1); and "Tot" (Op. 48, No. 2). **Webern:** "Vorfrühling" (1899); "Gefunden" (1904); "Bild der Liebe" (1904); "Am Ufer" (1908); "Dies ist ein lied" (Op. 3, No. 1); "An baches ranft (Op. 3, No. 3); "Noch zwingt mich treue" (Op. 4, No. 2); "So ich traurig bin" (Op. 4, No. 4); "Ihr tratet zu dem herde" (Op. 4, No. 5). **Berg:** "Schlafen, schlafen" (Op. 2, No. 1); "Schlafend trägt man mich" (Op. 2, No. 2); "Nun ich der Riesen stärksten überwand" (Op. 2, No. 3); and "Warm die Lüfte" (Op. 2, No. 4). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Aribert Reimann, piano. DGG stereo, 2530 107, $6.98.

Even were Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's identity with the "new" part of the so-called New Vienna School of composers not already well established through his recording of Berg's *Wozzeck* under the direction of Karl Böhm, we need not have forebodings that he may have involved himself with idioms foreign to his best vocal interests. As the opus numbers indicate, virtually all the materials date from the years in which the famous trio was conforming to old traditions rather than creating new ones. Even in the songs of Schoenberg identified as Opus 48, the implication is misleading. There are no notes per se for the album, but Josef Rufer, in his *The Works of Arnold Schoenberg*, states that "the high opus number" was "added many years after the songs were composed."

If, in consequence, Fischer-Dieskau takes kindly to the opportunities they afford him, the songs, in turn, take no less kindly to the means with which he disposes. Beautifully clear enunciation of the German texts (English translations are provided), richly vibrant articulation of the vocal line, a positive attitude toward the possibility of involving the listener in what he is doing, are no less contributory to quality results in Fischer-Dieskau's singing of Berg than of Brahms.

As annotations of any kind are absent, there is nothing to be offered by way of identification for Aribert Reimann, a pianist new to me. What he has to offer is appropriate to the requirements of this repertory and could very well qualify him for high rank in general partnership with Fischer-Dieskau.

Berliner Mozart by Salzburger Karajan

Mozart: *Sinfonia concertante* (K. 297b); Concerto in A (K. 622); Concerto in C (K. 314); Concerto in G (K. 313); Concerto in C (K. 299); and Concerto in B-flat (K. 191). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic and soloists. Angel stereo, SC-3783, $17.98 (three discs).

Back "when"—when Herbert von Karajan was a conductor of high promise but not yet identified as a stage director, lighting expert, *u.s.w.*—his releases with the Philharmonia Orchestra included a version of Mozart's *Sinfonia concertante* in which the late Dennis Brain was the unforgettable horn player and a group of equally able collaborators made memorable music.

Here, on the other side of the hill of identity that he has since surmounted, is the same work but with a rather different Karajan and a certainly different cast of collaborators. As of the Fifties, when the prior version was made, Karajan still retained, in his Mozart, some of the Salzburg flavor appropriate to the birthplace he shared with the composer. Now it is much more business and efficiency, appropriate to the Berlin he has adopted as his music-making center.

Every one of these works is, by the light of the Kurfürstendamm, beautifully played. But it is almost as ambiguous a kind of "beautiful" as the city itself. All of the participants do their work with high efficiency but with a guarded commitment that suggests men not quite sure how far they should go in committing themselves, especially to "Berlin Phil" Mozart, made in Switzerland.

In pure performance quality, this *Sinfonia concertante*—with Karl Steins, oboe; Herbert Stähr, clarinet; Manfred Braun (bassoon); and Norbert Hauptmann, horn, as the excellent soloists—is perhaps the high point of the six sides. Elsewhere the difference between efficiency and involvement depends more on the soloist than on the conductor. Lothar Koch brings something of his own to K. 314 as its oboe soloist, as does Günter Piesk to K. 191, in which he is the bassoonist. There is, otherwise, more of the surface than the depths in K. 622, for which Karl Leister is the clarinetist, also in K. 313, for which Andreas Blau is the flutist. In K. 299 this instrument is played by James Galway, with Fritz Helmis, harpist. Cool, clean, impersonal sound.

Giuseppe Verdi and "The Theater of the Mind"

Verdi: *I Lombardi.* Cristina Deutekom (Giselda), Desdemona Malvisi (Viclinda), Placido Domingo (Oronte), Jerome Lo Monaco (Arvino), and Ruggero Raimondi (Pagano); with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Ambrosian Singers conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. Philips stereo, 6703 032, $20.94 (three discs).

Of the thousands of words in the generous brochure Philips is offering with this stimulating performance, the most meaningful are a few by producer Erik Smith. In them, he characterizes *I Lombardi* "as an ideal opera for the gramophone record, for the theater of the mnid."

Nothing could so succinctly sum up the gap betwen the vacuity of the libretto and the vitality of the music that Verdi nevertheless produced for it. As of 1843, when Verdi was not yet thirty and just established as the new idol of the Italian public with *Nabucco,* he was already capable of writing music uniquely his own. But it would take him more than one decade before he could recognize a worthy from an unworthy subject, or, at least, have the position of power from which to dictate his preference.

In this prime example of not merely "early" but almost earliest Verdi, the melodic formulations, the choral involvements, the emotional accumulations are exceptional for fervor, for strength, for eloquence. They are all but futilized, for present-day stage purposes, by a plot that begins in Milan and ends up in the Holy Land, having visited a harem en route.

Taken that way, *I Lombardi* (or "The Lombards at the First Crusade") has intimations of a whole file of Verdi works to come, as well as brilliant summations of his early inclinations. All the performers surpass the levels of accomplishment associated with their American efforts at the Met and elsewhere, which means merely that, from conductor Gardelli on, they have had an opportunity for preparation and fulfillment not readily available in the crowded schedule of a repertory theater.

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RECENT AND RECOMMENDED

CHAMBER MUSIC

Bartók: Quartets (Nos. 1 and 2, 3 and 4, 5 and 6). Juilliard Quartet. Columbia stereo, 31996/8, $5.98 each.

This is not the first time around this track for the group headed by Robert Mann, though the present team of "horses" differs in important respects from those whom he led in this recording (Isidore Cohen, second violin, and Raphael Hillyer, viola, have since been replaced). However, the frame provided by Mann and his long-time associate Claus Adam, cello, is one that disciplines, controls, and displays the values of Bartók's music to great advantage. Whatever the career phase embodied in a particular pairing, it is cleanly, clearly reflected in Mann's leadership.

Beethoven: Trios (Op. 70, Nos. 1 and 2). Henryk Szeryng, violin; Wilhelm Kempff, piano; and Pierre Fournier, cello. DGG stereo, 2530 207, $6.98.

Those who were able to curb their impatience when these performances were originally issued as part of a many-sided set months ago are rewarded now with a single disc that is choice in many ways. The ensemble is beautifully balanced, both works performed with a consistency and strength that give them top rating among available versions. The recorded sound rates equally high for its lows, as well.

Telemann: Trio Sonata in A minor. **Bach, C. P. E.:** Duet in G. **Beethoven:** Serenade in D (Op. 25). Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Michael Tree, viola; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. Columbia stereo, M-31309, $5.98.

This sequence of works is not only an instructive, entertaining outline in the development of chamber music over a period of decades but a beautiful instance of the musicianship commanded by a new generation of "virtuosi." For those otherwise unacquainted with their affiliations, it will introduce the high standard of musicmaking that prevails with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, of which Wadsworth is artistic director and with which the Zukermans and Tree are frequent collaborators. Indeed, the only blemish on the issue is the attribution of the serenade to 1812. An obvious misprint for 1802, when it was published, it further misrepresents the eighteenth-century concepts that Beethoven was practicing in the late 1790s, when it was probably written.

INSTRUMENTAL

Satie: *Mercure.* The Orchestre de Paris conducted by Pierre Dervaux. *Socrate.* Dervaux conducting the Orchestre de Paris with Mady Mesplé, Andréa Guiot, and Andrée Esposito, sopranos; and Danielle Millet, mezzo-soprano. Angel stereo, S-36846, $5.98.

As addenda to the sequence of records on which Aldo Ciccolini has performed, eloquently, the piano literature of Satie, this disc may be described as a suffix almost more memorable than the book to which it is attached. But it is characteristic of the aristocratic, idiosyncratic Satie that his Socratic thoughts should have a place of their own no less, no greater, than the wholly different *Mercure.* It is to the credit of Dervaux that he has found not only an emotional tone in his conducting suitable to the materials but, in Mady Mesplé, a soprano with the musical tone to match the prolonged discourse (twenty-two minutes) descriptive of Socrates' death. A rare, triumphant effort by all.

OPERATIC

Bellini: "Sorgete; è in me dover . . . Lo sognai ferito . . . Sventurata anch'io deliro" (*Il Pirata*). Maria Callas, soprano; with Alexander Young, tenor; Monica Sinclair, mezzo-soprano; and Antonio Tonini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. **Verdi:** "Liberamente or piangi . . . Oh! nel fuggente nuvolo" (*Attila*); "Arrigo! ah parli a un core" (*I Vespri Siciliani*); "O madre, dal cielo . . . Se vano è il pregare" (*I Lombardi*); "Ecco l'orrido campo . . . Ma dall'arido stelo divulsa" (*Un ballo in maschera*); "Ritorna vincitor!" (*Aïda*). Callas; with Nicola Rescigno conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. Angel stereo, S-36852, $5.98.

Whether in the unfamiliar Bellini and Verdi or in the thrice familiar "Ritorna vincitor!" there is no interpreter to challenge Callas, even at her second or third vocal best. All these, of course, are products of sessions going back to 1960 (for the Bellini) and 1964 (for the remainder). Aside from the *Pirata* excerpt, which makes an admirable come-on for the others, there is vocal strain and a sense of effort, not to mention a pitch blemish here and there, which might have reserved the whole project until it is definitely determined whether she will, as she vows, sing again, or consider this a fond memento of bygone days. Inimitable in any case.

Verdi: "E strano! . . . Ah! fors' é lui . . . Sempre libera" (*La Traviata*). Leontyne Price, soprano; with Ryland Davies, tenor; and orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. **Tchaikovsky:** "Tatiana's Letter Scene" (*Eugene Onegin*). **Verdi:** "Tu che le vanità conoscesti del mondo" (*Don Carlo*). **Strauss:** "Es gibt ein Reich" (*Ariadne auf Naxos*). **Beethoven:** "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?" (*Fidelio*). Price, soprano; with orchestra conducted by Cleva. RCA stereo, LSC 3218, $5.98.

Those to whom the Price voice is one of the precious possessions of our time will be heartened to hear it in such excellent aural condition as it is throughout these varied matters. Indeed, it has a luster and gleam, at the top (she extends herself to an E-flat at the end of "Sempre libera"), that give her greater freedom and ease in "Tatiana's Letter Scene" and in the *Fidelio* excerpt than she commanded when she performed them at, respectively, the old Met and Carnegie Hall years ago. So much for the plus side. It is marginally possible for her to sing a creditable "E strano," etc., for she is an extremely adept technician. But the lower register is heavy and earthbound for the bubbly content of this music, the whole something of an exercise in going the wrong way through difficult traffic. Disappointingly, too, Price doesn't do more than deal with the physical outlines of "Tu che le vanità" and "Es gibt ein Reich," substituting *portamento* for emotion all too often. Cleva's contribution is skillful at all times, a memento to his memory.

Verdi: "Pace, pace," "La Vergine degli angeli" (*La Forza del destino*); "Qui Radamès verrà! . . . O patria mia," "Ritorna vincitor!" (*Aïda*); "Sleepwalking Scene"* (*Macbeth*); "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria"** (*Otello*). Montserrat Caballé, soprano; with * **Elizabeth Bainbridge, mezzo-soprano, and *Thomas Allen, baritone. Anton Guadagno conducting the Royal Philharmonic. Angel stereo, S-36830, $5.98.

With the exception of the material from *Otello,* which she sings exquisitely, Caballé is overweighted by the dramatic challenges inherent in the personalities of Leonora in *Forza,* Aïda, and, most of all, Lady Macbeth. There are, of course, ways of dissembling such disadvantage, and she uses them, with Guadagno's assistance, very skillfully. But essentially the voice lacks the thrust to transform a beautiful sound, for Verdi, into meaningful characterization. Understandably, Angel is aiming to identify Caballé with salable repertory. They might do better by identifying her with material no one else could sell or sing as well. □

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POEMS

THE PHOSPHORESCENT MAN

The smell of roast beef and browning potatoes
grew stronger, caught in the dimness of the stairwell
between the street door's stained glass and
the climb to the dining room, where my father
was a black and white unrecognizable child
with a collie above the sideboard,
and the old woman who lived alone with a brass bedstead,
huddled in her furniture—
all that was left after time and death.

Her face was a blurred baked apple
surrounded by the canaries' fluff—
dandelions of song wired in the window's sun.
Under the table her black shoes hid
with her eye level arthritic legs
that swelled above the laces
into bloated pastry bags of pain.

But I never knew him because he died
before I was two, before my memory
could arrange him to the trophy of a grandpa,
as she became grandma with a foreign voice,
canaries, a silver creamer, and crippled legs.

Grandma and Grandpa,
one sound and one silence,
as light is to shadow, presence to absence,
conscious to unconscious,
fact to the dark nimbus that is not knowledge,
but is fishhooked with questions,
always they divide.
She is visible.
He is the phosphorescent man.

In the Brooklyn house where I first found
I wanted to find him, her silver
was behind my glass face on the corner cupboard.
His books hung in their black bindings
cracking in the steam heat—
Kierkegaard, Schopenhauer, Swedenborg—
behind my breath on the bookcase's glass doors.

To see, to touch, that is all I know of him.
The rest is photographs, a wedding mustache
and a man holding my father for a Sunday photograph
in velvet lapels, his hat somewhere else,
a dustless curling brim beyond the frame.
Beyond that there are other people's stories.

My father remembers his father,
a man who preferred Brooklyn to his patrimony
of acres by the Baltic Sea,
eating the roast beef in silence,
choosing a black volume in silence,
walking down to the basement
past the banistered angles
while his wife played the piano.

He read before the furnace's open door—
alone with the flames and the page.

The piano far away, compartment by compartment
of floors and ceilings, sang to the wired yellow wings
as the coal settled into ash and clinkers
until she rang him to bed with a silver knife on the radiator.

She snuffed out the canaries
with hoods made from left over bits of curtain
and covered the keys of her music.
He banked the fire, closed the furnace door.

The clang of embers followed his finger
in its place in the book,
up the banister's barred shadows as he
put out the lights landing by landing.

I see him as my father tells it,
but I know him the way the artist knows Plato's Ideal—
a second removed remembrance—
a picture of a man,
a story of a man.

Some people have graves but some have only stones
and you cannot bring them the ransom
of flowers or flags on appropriate days
because you do not know where they died.

Someone walked alone in his own where,
after the music was over
and the coals caught their burnt out stones in the grate,
he extinguished the shadows lamp by lamp that
clung to the stair obstinate as salt.

Karen Swenson

MARIE-CLAIRE'S SPRING

"Have you noticed?" she asks,
"They're selling seeds in the stores."
She lists pleasantly unfamiliar
Annuals: *cosmos, lobelia, alyssum,*
Salvia, verbena, and sweet William.
Marie-Claire is proprietary about spring
And freely dispenses her account of it.
"Today in the park I saw the pink quince
Playing at its color clavier, fleshing out
Harmonies in several shades of rose . . . and
Narcissus has sprung up, too, since last Sunday,
Rubbery quills beside blue puddles.
Those star-petals have the purity
Of a loveliness improvised under pressure—
Water-solids of beaded cells and sap,
Ready to melt like snowflakes after meeting
This morning's deadline. They remind me
Of crisp salad onions, but chaste ones,
With a clear, thoughtless perfume. Narcissus
Has his rain-mirror and doesn't need me,
But I admire him anyway." And I admire
Marie-Claire's smile, framed in morning light.

She has an ideal room to experience spring
Indoors—a loft all in windows. The lordly sun
Comes down the fire-escape, past metal shadows—
Deus ex machina, whose first and final act
Delivers the fragrant mint and peppered fern
From winter doldrums at the sill. They cast palms
Under the feet of the god, leaf-crowds clamoring
In green tongues around the window-seat . . . .

Cold wind rattling at loosened panes snaps
Me out of all this. I invented Marie-Claire
To replace tonight's oppressive winter.
Her room, the spring she owns, are meantime provisions
For a hungry imagination. And yet,
I would rather drown than freeze.
Contemplating the steady diet of icy weeks
To come, I insist on another course . . . .

The window, yes, the plants; their smell,
Marie-Claire's moss perfume, the bouquet
Of narcissus, all infuse into the brilliant
Water of morning, become a shining scent,
Tinctured now with pink-glow
As she offers a bowl of raspberry ice
Rosy as the petals we know
To be falling through kindred air outside.
Smiling I tell Marie-Claire I feel
As though I'm steeping in some amazing spring
Tisana after her own receipt, who laughing
Says I'm not to be believed.

Alfred Corn

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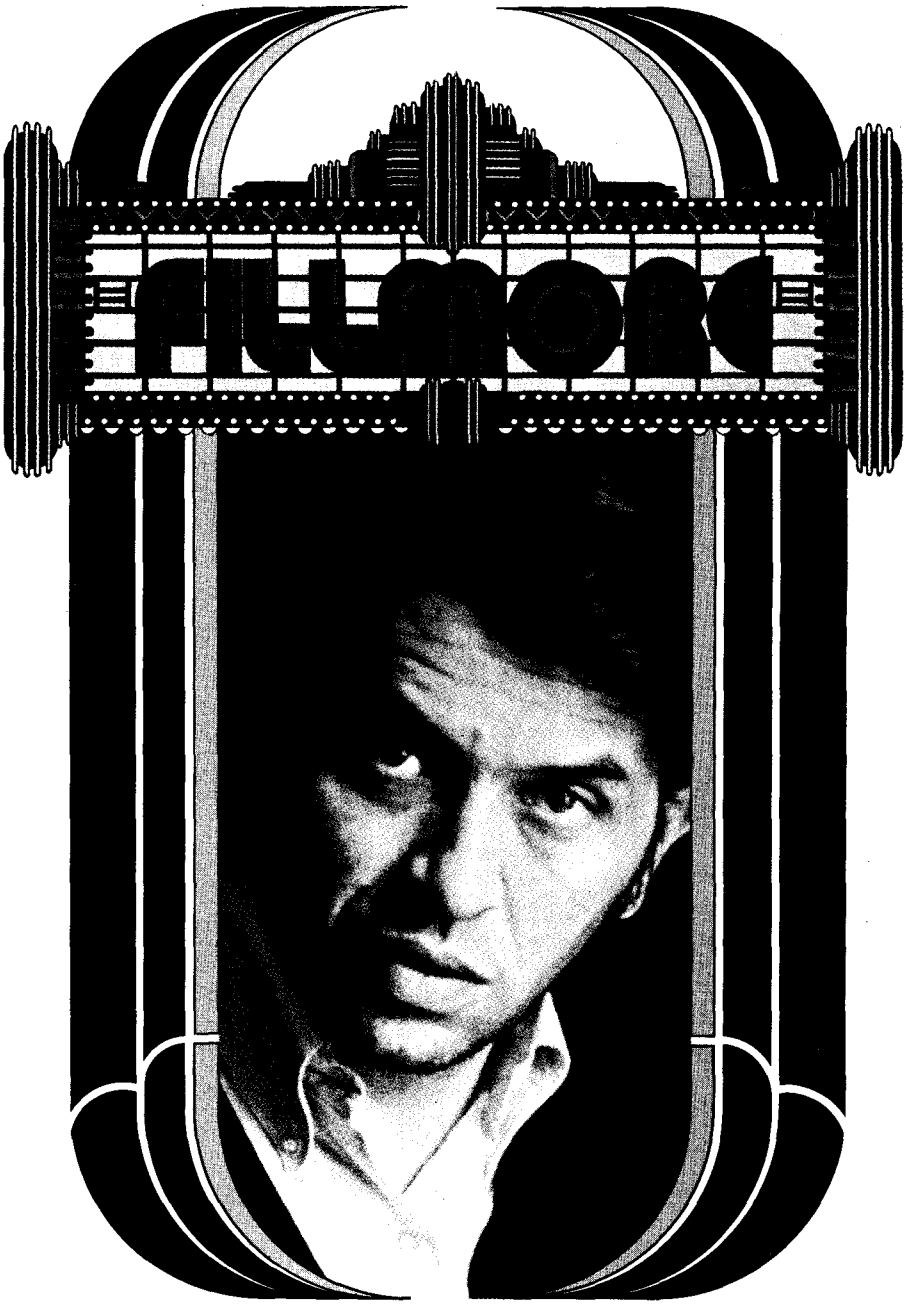

FILLMORE BILL IN THE MOVIES

The great California rock palace closed a year ago. Now, here's a film about the Fillmore's last week, and who's that we see up front?

BY JOHN L. WASSERMAN

David Graham, the three-year-old son of rock producer Bill Graham, stood outside the Trident restaurant on the Sausalito water front and proudly displayed his newest creation—a yellow crayon rendering of the common telephone. It was not a bad likeness, which may be related to the fact that David's mother, Bonnie, is a painter. But the real subject was his old man. The picture had a caption: "Daddy's Favorite Toy," it said.

Indeed, the telephone has hovered like a hot-air balloon over the last six years of Graham's life, which is to say the period of his absolute dominance in the field of rock music presentation. He has lived by it and, spiritually, sometimes nearly died by it. Over it, he has wagered millions of dollars on the tastes of the American public; it has dutifully carried screaming tirades to their distant victims.

Bill Graham is an effect-cause, a Chang-Eng, a mirror in which one may watch the coverage of news become the creation of news. Appropriately, he dominates *Fillmore*, the new film documentary in which he began as one of many costars and wound up with billing—symbolically—above the title.

With a preproduction time of seventy-two hours, billing was the last thing on anyone's mind. But director Richard Heffron now says that "when I started, I had visions of a film that would be much more personal than it turned out to be." And producer Bert Decker concedes that "initially, we didn't think Graham would play such a large role, but that's what worked best. He's so strong . . . he's the major thread." Decker paused and smiled a bit ruefully, an expression not uncommon to those who have been subjected to Graham's powers of persuasion. "I'm sure he thinks he's as good a filmmaker as he is a rock producer. I don't think that's true. He was very important to us in communicating with the groups, both during shooting and in later negotiations, but he had no creative control"

Graham himself, when asked about his off-camera role in *Fillmore*, merely adopts one of the distinctive Graham expressions—combining tolerance for the unenlightened, affection for the self-deluded, and the pacific knowledge that truth is truth and the Great Amplifier in the Sky understands completely. When asked what sort of artistic influence he had, he merely shrugs and says "Ask them," meaning Decker and Heffron, loath to strum his own guitar, secure with history.

John Wasserman writes about pop music and films for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

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Fillmore features virtually all the major and historic San Francisco bands—the Grateful Dead, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Hot Tuna, Boz Scaggs, Elvin Bishop, It's a Beautiful Day, Cold Blood, and Santana. All of them played the closing week. The only major groups missing are Jefferson Airplane, which was inactive at the time due to a Grace Slick car accident but which is represented by some older footage, and Creedence Clearwater Revival, which made its first appearance as a trio on the last night but demurred from appearing in the film.

This is the most recent in a procession of films that have ranged from pure concert pictures such as *The Concert for Bangladesh*, *Woodstock*, and *Monterey Pop* to such roving documentaries as *Gimme Shelter*, *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, and *Don't Look Back*. With the death of the old Hollywood, the superficial tinsel of the star system has been replaced by the more profound tinsel of contemporary pop music. Not only are hordes of young people willing to pay to see their idols on screen, they will buy the sound-track record as well. (The Beatles's *A Hard Day's Night* secured financing only because investors were certain they would recover their money through album sales, regardless of the success of the film itself.)

The concert or event films have been content to appeal only to fans. The documentaries have, at their best, endeavored to scrape clean some contemporary mythology. And none in that group has cut through so many levels as *Fillmore*. It is a profile of the *sui generis* Graham, it is an anthology of San Francisco rock, it sniffs about the mystique of Fillmore West, it flirts with the short-lived idyll of the Haight-Ashbury, it touches on the relationship between creativity, ego, and dollars, and it tries to spot both the beginning and end of a period when the streets were paved with flowers.

A measure of its swath is that the principals don't even agree about what it's saying. Heffron, a mild and thoughtful forty-one-year-old who directed more than fifty short documentaries and political-campaign films before *Fillmore*, sees the picture as romantic, historic, and nostalgic "What I set out to do was to try to capture the last moment of a place that seemed to me to symbolize a real change in American style. For me, I guess because I'm older, the Fillmore represented a real turnaround in the way we thought about ourselves and what we thought important. In a period of five years some music and some people started to redeem this culture, to alter the puritanical and tyrannical nature that seemed to have become the normal lot of the American citizen. And I just thought it would make a terrific movie, especially with this paradoxical figure of Graham; a traditional American figure but dressed in motley and blowing these crazy songs and weird noises."

Graham, who started the San Francisco Fillmore in early 1966 and opened Fillmore East in 1968, is also a thoughtful forty-one-year-old, if not exactly mild. His feelings about the era itself are similar to Heffron's; his thoughts about *Fillmore* are rather different. "My subtitle," he says wryly, "is 'So you want to be in show business, eh?' And I got a subtitle to the subtitle: 'America wins. . . .' "

Fillmore West was scheduled to close the week of June 30–July 4, 1971, not quite a week after the end of Fillmore East. On Thursday morning, June 24, Decker called Graham in New York to ask if Medion Films, the San Francisco company he heads with Heffron and executive producer Claude Jarman, could shoot it.

"He said," Decker recalls fondly, "we should get lost. But he added that we could talk to Keeva Kristal [Graham's right-hand man in San Francisco]. We did so on Thursday afternoon. By Friday morning we had thirty thousand of the fifty thousand dollars we figured we'd need. We met with Keeva around noon and ironed out the final details. We got the production together over the weekend and by Monday morning had a fifty-man crew. We started shooting Monday afternoon; we finished the following Sunday."

That part was, it would soon become evident, a rest cure compared to what would follow in the next eight months. Such had been the last-minute nature of the entire project that even permission to film a group was sometimes granted only minutes before it went onstage, leaving the far more complex questions of billing, percentages, and artistic control to be determined later. And later, of course, Medion was over a barrel. The investment had already exceeded the initial $50,000 budget, and without the groups' okay, Medion had nothing more than a rather expensive home movie.

There are few big businesses that admit the sort of eccentricity, ego tripping, and generally aberrant behavior that are common to both film-making and the rock industry. Combining the two is like being hung by the neck until unwell, then garroted. "The pony and dog shows for the investors, distributors, and groups were rather time consuming and complicated," Heffron says with characteristic understatement. "We had to edit for the groups, we had to re-edit for Twentieth Century-Fox. For example, it took us eight months just to get Santana's release. We could never get them all together at the same time. One guy would come in and like one number, then another would come in and reject it. No one was being malicious, it's just that their world is not exactly tuned to delivering the milk."

Graham, naturally, sees it differently. It simply took him that long to weave his artistic web. Or, as he defines producing: "The creative utilization of people for large audiences."

Medion's problems were made yet more difficult by the fact that at least one group, again Santana, suspected that the film was a Graham ripoff and that Medion was just a contractor. "If we had known what we were getting into," testifies executive producer Jarman, "we never would have tried."

Whatever the details, no one disputes Graham's pre-eminent position in the finished product. Whether raging about what he considers group lunacy as he books the last week ("You're not dealing with normal species!"), juggling the billing ("Okay, make it 'B. Scaggs and C. Blood' "), peering out his office window at the afternoon waiting line ("I got people standing in front of the theater right now. . . ." [Pause] "I don't know exactly, but they're 489"), mollifying the unhappy ("Pray tell . . . what should I do?"), howling at unreason ("You want me to be nice to you, they want me to be nice to them, and I gotta burp somebody else"), summarizing the era ("It was a fantasy, but it was nice, it was healthy, and nobody lost"), coming near tears of frustration, demanding "my rights," throwing somebody out of his office, or playing with son David at San Francisco's Palace of Fine Arts, Graham holds it together. *Fillmore* is Graham's Fillmore. He was a spokesman, he pronounced last rites.

It is a proper tribute to Graham's presence that one early reviewer of *Fillmore* became quite unhinged at the mere sight of him. "There isn't much music in *Fillmore*," he grumbled darkly, "but there's a great deal of Bill Graham . . . at least half the one-hundred-and-ten-minute film is taken up with endless, repetitive shots of Graham hassling on the phone, throwing people out of his office, strong-arming bands, and generally bumming out everyone in sight."

In point of fact, the film is 105 minutes long. Seventy-six minutes are music. Twenty-nine minutes are not. □

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CHIC BLEAK IN FANTASY FICTION

Why do science fiction writers scare themselves with visions of a brutal future? A leftist critic dismisses such Chicken Little visions as mere capitalist despair and sees a bright future in which workers—and writers—are heroes.

BY BRUCE FRANKLIN

Since shortly before the Russian Revolution, some literati in the capitalist world have been amusing themselves with their own despair by making up grotesque stories about the end of the world. Now these doomsday tales are being widely popularized by the publishing and film industries, TV and radio, and professors of literature and the sciences.

If you go to the movies for your night out, you may be entertained by images of the earth overwhelmed by insects (*The Hellstrom Chronicle*), by plague (*The Omega Man*), by pollution (*No Blade of Grass*), or by people (*Z.P.G.*). Or you may experience nightmare societies of either ultraviolence (*A Clockwork Orange*) or mechanical law and order (*THX 1138*) or a mixture of the two (*1984*). If it's not bugs that are going to replace people, then it's apes, who are also wiped out, as in that series of involuted catastrophes *The Planet of the Apes* and its sequels. Our only hope lies in some extraterrestrial power (like God) that may, as in the millennial *2001: A Space Odyssey*, transform us into something other than human.

The various prophets of doom would seem a bit more rational if they could agree on what it is that threatens our existence, or if their fears were at all shared by the culture of socialist countries. Take the peoples of the revolutionary areas of Indochina, who have been subjected to the most intense bombing in human history. From Ho Chi Minh's *Prison Diary* to the songs and tales composed on the battlefields and in the caves under the bombing, their culture radiates confidence in a bright future for themselves and the people of the world. Why then the profound pessimism of capitalist writers?

People probably have been imagining the end of the world ever since they became conscious that the world exists. Visions of doom have been particularly widespread in societies in crisis. Whenever a new mode of production arises, like the transition from hunting and gathering to herding and reaping, it shatters the social and political structure of a society. Old forms become less and less rational, and new productive forces seem more and more uncontrollable until a social revolution creates a new society appropriate to the technological revolution. The fall of outdated social systems, and of great empires based on them, makes some people imagine that the world is coming to a catastrophic end, and their terrified visions often take the form of art. The development of capitalism, with its constant revolutionizing of the means of production and its unending crises, has brought new forms to these fantasies and has given them new importance.

When emerging mercantile capitalism was destroying European feudalism during the fifteenth through seventeenth centuries, it caused a great wave of doomsday literature. Typical was the first American best seller, Michael Wigglesworth's *The Day of Doom* (1662), which describes the gory details of that fatal day. The new materialism seemed so diabolical that by the last decade of the seventeenth century in America the end of the world appeared scheduled for the year 1700, and many Christian intellectuals argued that only a merciless slaughter of all anti-Christians, such as witches and the Indian "savages," could prevent a global reign of fire. But by the middle of the next century a leading American best seller was Benjamin Franklin's *The Way to Wealth.*

By the end of the eighteenth century, mercantile capitalism was itself being replaced by industrial capitalism. The Industrial Revolution in England, rising at the close of the American and French revolutions, struck terror in the hearts of many English intellectuals. This revolution in technology and science forced the new wave of doomsday visions to take a materialistic, rather than a religious, form; writers got their scary imaginative materials from science or pseudo science rather than Scripture. Thus arose the gothic literature and culture of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, including the Reverend Thomas Malthus's 1798 "scientific" fantasy of a disastrously overpopulated planet. Malthus, of course, was dead wrong: Under capitalism population does not grow faster than production but quite the reverse. In point of fact, capitalism was soon to generate a kind of crisis so irrational that even the name is absurd—overproduction.

Capitalism also produced another new phenomenon—the professional writer who made a living by selling printed stories in quantity to a large audience, mostly composed of ladies and gentlemen with the leisure and education to read them. By the end of the nineteenth century, these literary artists, like other small business people, began to feel equally alienated from their masters, the great insensitive captains of industry and finance, and from their social inferiors, the degraded and brutalized masses of poor and working people, whom they viewed with pity or

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Bruce Franklin was a professor of literature at Stanford until January, when he was dismissed for "urging and inciting students and others to disrupt university functions." Before winning his Ph.D. from Stanford in 1961, he served three years in Strategic Air Command intelligence. His most recent book is *From the Movement: Toward Revolution*, published last year by Van Nostrand Reinhold.

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terror or both. As the professional writers sensed their alienation from the main business of society, their theory of art became antiutilitarian and their vision of the future became nightmarish. The basic modes of our present doomsday culture developed in the nineteenth century, and there we find the prototypes of the myths that now bombard us from books and lectures and viewing screens.

Early in the century, just as industrial capitalism was winning its historic victory in England, Mary Shelley envisioned two of these myths: *Frankenstein, or, the Modern Prometheus* (1818) and *The Last Man* (1826). We all know that Frankenstein created a monster, but the modern movie versions revealingly omit the Promethean part of the fantasy. Mary Shelley sensed the creativity of science even as it made new alien forces: Frankenstein's original creation was not a leaden brute but a very rational being with his own needs and desires, contrary to those of his creator. In less than a decade, however, she saw catastrophe as global. The title character of *The Last Man,* one of the first science fiction versions of doomsday, wanders over a plague-struck world, sampling the useless achievements of all human society. Mary Shelley set this now familiar imaginary scene in the year 2100.

Dostoevsky's *Notes From Underground* (1864) expresses a second major mode of the current mythology of despair. As a self-conscious reactionary, Dostoevsky explicitly attacked the glowing vision of the great socialist future imagined in Chernyshevsky's *What Is to Be Done?* (1863). Finding no rational way to refute Chernyshevsky and socialism, Dostoevsky put forth through his narrator a now common reactionary idea: Human nature is irrational and evil; therefore a rational and just society would be inhuman. Dostoevsky's loathsome underground man, whose vision is so congenial to many of our literati, thinks that all people, like himself, are stupid, perverse, and incorrigible, and will therefore find that "future age of reason" to be so "deadly boring" that one man with a "retrogressive smirk" could lead them to "send all this reason to hell."

At the end of the century, H. G. Wells, who vacillated between several versions of the future, wrote a fantasy that still stands as a perfect expression of the world view of the bourgeois intellectual in capitalist society, *The Time Machine* (1895). Its hero is the uniquely brilliant Time Traveller, who invents and builds—without the aid of workers, finance capital, corporations, or the government—an ingenious machine that allows him to conquer time by moving at his own personal will through it. The Time Traveller is the ideal bourgeois intellectual. His freedom is to be a pure individual, free from any society and superior to all, limited only by his own will. The Time Traveller, who of course is really Wells himself, journeys into the future and finds a society best understood as a nightmare version of the intellectual's view of his own society. There are two social classes—or rather species—of beings like humans. One consists of childlike caricatures of ladies and gentlemen of pure leisure, harmless, effete parasites who don't even wonder, much less know, who works to provide their necessities of life. The great scientist-philosopher-inventor (the Time Traveller) has contempt for this upper class as a group but does have a tragic love affair with one of these "beautiful people," an ultrarefined "little doll of a creature." The other species are the workers—vicious, loathsome beasts who live underground, run the machinery, and come out at night to prey on the pretty little hedonists on the surface. The only qualitative difference between Wells's image of the workers and the picture of working-class youth to be found in Anthony Burgess's and Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* is that Wells's monsters have a rational need for their predatory violence, since they are cannibals.

As writers sensed their alienation from the mainstream of society, their art became "useless," and their visions of the future nightmarish.

The Time Traveller leaves this alien world and journeys even farther into the future. There he finds the last recognizable life forms, apparent descendants of the two species he has just lived with. One is "a thing like a huge white butterfly," the other "a monstrous crab-like creature" feeding upon it. Beyond this in time lies a world of ultraviolence in which the only beings are grotesque unimaginable shapes eating each other on a dying planet. So the brilliant intellectual who journeys into the future in a marvelous machine created by his own imagination finds himself alienated from all times and societies.

These nineteenth-century elements are combined and recombined throughout a rapidly growing literature of doom in the twentieth century. In Russia the explicitly antisocialist tradition of Dostoevsky developed right through the Civil War. In *The Republic of the Southern Cross* (1905) Valery Bryusov envisioned a future society in which all life is laid out geometrically, and the ostensible rule of the proletariat is really a perfected tyranny of profit making. Law and order reign supreme, with an omnipresent secret police force backing up a strict curfew. This conformist world is reduced to anarchy and chaos by an epidemic of a strange psychological disease known as *mania contradicens*, in which "the speech of the patient becomes unintelligible and his actions absurd." Cold War critics (such as Robert Milch) claim that the work was published in 1919 and that it parodies actual communist society, which even then did not exist. The same kind of maneuver provides the standard interpretation of Evgeny Zamyatin's extremely influential *We*, presenting it as an accurate picture of socialist society, when it was actually written in 1920 during the Civil War. *We* (recently reissued in a new translation by Mirra Ginsburg) also describes a geometrical society in which all citizens have numbers for names, the secret police run the state, and an anarchist revolt prompts the rulers to subject everyone to lobotomies. Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, and Ayn Rand were all heavily influenced by *We*, as was E. M. Forster, whose *The Machine Stops* (1928) is apparently the model for *THX 1138.*

Science fiction as it developed in the "pulp" magazines (so-called because of the quality of the paper, not necessarily of the fiction) tended to be much more optimistic than "literary" fiction. In fact, literary works of science fiction such as *We, Brave New World, 1984,* Gore Vidal's *Messiah,* Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Player Piano,* and Burroughs's *Nova Express* were not acknowledged as part of the genre until the 1960s, precisely when the tide of pessimism penetrated the science fiction magazines in the self-consciously literary mode known as the New Wave. Typical of the Sixties' science fiction of the wasteland are J. G. Ballard's *The Wind From Nowhere* (1961) and *The Drowned World* (1962), and John Brunner's excursion into the current neo-Malthusian fantasies of overpopulation, *Stand on Zanzibar* (1968).

A similar process took place in science fiction films. Doomsday visions were long excluded from these films, even from such relatively avant-garde works as Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1926). Most of the earlier films were in the mode of the Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers series, and when modern science fiction films began in the 1950s, they almost invariably had happy endings. Either man was the universe-conquering hero, overcoming the dangers of the natural world (*Destination Moon*) and his own primitive fears and

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jealousies (*Forbidden Planet*), or humanity was the ultimate victor in an uphill fight against alien forces and monsters invading our own planet, as in *The Thing, It Came From Outer Space, The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms,* the adaptation of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds,* and *Them.*

Among the few exceptions was a film that hinted of what was next, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956). This thinly veiled allegory describes the transformation of people into living zombies as their bodies are taken over by vegetable beings grown in giant pods seeded from an alien world. The film seems to end with the hero standing on a freeway hysterically and futilely waving for the zombielike commuters and truck drivers to stop so he can tell them about the menace to the world. The message is clear: Only the isolated intellectual understands that the common people have become inhuman, passive, unfeeling, vegetablelike beings. Then after this ending comes another, obviously tacked on, in which the hero awakens in a hospital, his warning is taken seriously, and the army is sent to destroy the pods and the people taken over by them. The "happy" ending is merely a concession to the popular audience, who were probably not ready to pay to see the intellectuals' pessimism in the form of doomsday visions.

These monster movies of the 1950s help us understand the doomsday culture of the 1970s. For instance, *The Hellstrom Chronicle* (1971) presents as serious "scientific" speculation the totally preposterous notion of insects conquering and replacing people. Are we really more threatened by insects in the 1970s than ever before, or somehow better able to perceive that insects have always threatened our survival? The plain truth is that insects have never posed a threat to man's existence, and we now have unprecedented means for controlling them. The speculative part of *The Hellstrom Chronicle* comes from the same irrational source —and is just about as scientific—as *Them,* the 1950s film fantasy about giant ants threatening human survival.

When you get down to it, we are dealing with a ridiculous question: Is the world really coming to an end?

To comprehend the irrationality of these visions, consider the actual history of pestilence alongside doomsday fantasies about it. In the very period when science was conquering plague, intellectuals imagined plague destroying humanity. The first known literary fantasy of universal plague, Mary Shelley's *The Last Man,* appeared in 1796, thirty years after the first successful vaccination against smallpox. Then, almost a century after bubonic plague had been virtually eliminated, came *The Omega Man.*

When you get right down to it, we are dealing with a ridiculous question: Is the world really coming to an end? This is not the place to argue fully theories of ecology and population. But we should be aware that scientists throughout the noncapitalist world recognize that there is now *more* food and available resources per capita in the world than ever before, that the average standard of living is rapidly *rising,* and that the means of production are developing tremendously *faster* than the rate of consumption. People starve to death in the streets of India, as they did in China before the revolution, not because of natural disaster or overpopulation, but because of capitalism; capitalists in India and elsewhere now discuss the "menace" posed by India's huge wheat and rice surpluses. The physical misery of Latin America and Africa is certainly not caused by overpopulation; these enormously rich continents have a population density less than one-fortieth that of Western Europe, which is relatively poor in natural resources. Unfortunately for those who profit from European, Russian, and U.S. capitalism, the peoples of the world are becoming very well aware of how to solve their problems. They are destroying the empires that oppress them. Thus our doomsday culture. It is not the world that is coming to an end, merely the empires of the world.

An empire carefully nurtures a cultural elite, trained to think of both themselves and the dominant culture as innately superior. As the empire's economic and social relations collapse, some of these cultured people create fictions projecting the sickness they feel and their illusion that the decay and violence around them are an eternal part of the human condition. These alienated intellectuals rightfully scorn the glowing forecasts churned out by those intellectuals who remain loyal apologists for the dying system. Unlike *Markets of the Seventies,* by the editors of *Fortune,* and *Here Comes Tomorrow! Living and Working in the Year 2000,* by the *Wall Street Journal* staff, the prophets of doom at least acknowledge the obvious material and moral decay in every major capitalist city.

The typical "artists" in decaying capitalist society are displayed like rare butterflies and asked to exhibit a unique "creativity." They respond by creating art that seems "true" to bourgeois critics and professors. In this sophisticated swamp, the absurd seems the highest truth, and any work showing people as normal, healthy, unselfish, cheerful, and kind would seem not only unrealistic but downright silly (as well as boring, the most deadly sin in the ethics of bourgeois critics, who can't conceive of anything interesting to do in a decent society). The alienated intellectuals show nothing but pity or terror or contempt for most other people, particularly those spending their lives working to produce their cars, typewriters, clothes, movie cameras, houses, and bourbon. These highly cultured people are not interested in the actual lives or thoughts of the workers, whom they can imagine only looking at TV, drinking beer, brutalizing their wives (all workers are men), telling racist jokes (all workers are white), and ranting about young long hairs (all workers are over thirty and have crew cuts).

But, of course, all culture reflects objective reality, and in the real world the people are winning, from Vietnam to Lordstown, Ohio. Some artists are beginning to see this. Unlike the Burgess-Kubrick view of working-class youth, Newsreel's documentary film of the Young Lords shows a Puerto Rican street gang transformed into a revolutionary party, setting up a drug program and a medical clinic, and organizing and educating their people to win. Art once again begins to serve the people, reflecting and inspiring their struggle for a liberated future, free from the alien forces that now oppress us and fill us with infantile terrors.

Common people have long understood this. The folk story of Chicken Little warns our children not to listen either to the hysterical birds who mistake an act of creation (the fall of an acorn) for cosmic destruction (the fall of the sky) or to the foxy predator who offers to show them the way to get their message to the king. One original title of this people's tale was "The End of the World."

Writers inside the empire can choose. They can identify with a doomed system and ruling class and then imagine the possible forms of their own doom. Or they can take the side of a rising class and system, helping, through their use of art, to create a better future. In the capitalist world, the relations between the fox and the barnyard fowl may seem natural, but they are not human. The principal thing distinguishing people from animals is that we have a consciousness deriving from reality and giving us the potential to change that reality to meet human needs and desires. That is, we are capable of freedom. □

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BALANCHINE: THE END OF A REIGN?

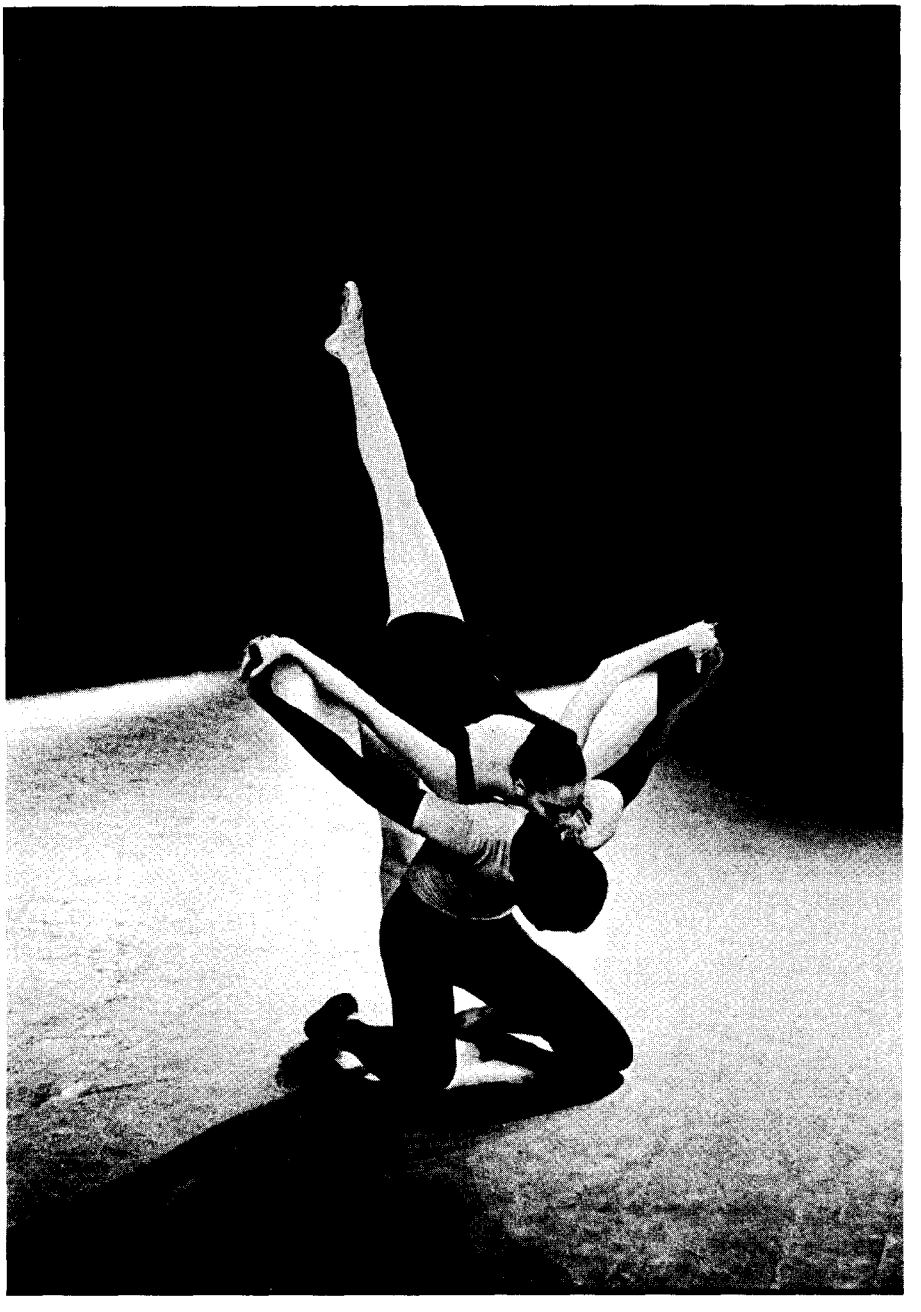
Some "cultural commentators" would like to persuade us the great choreographer's talent has run out. But genius can't be pushed aside so easily.

BY DALE HARRIS

For some time now George Balanchine has been getting a bad press. The man whose career entitles him to be called the most prestigious and influential creator of ballets in America is currently being cut down to size. Not so much by ballet critics—by those, in other words, with a certain amount of specialized knowledge and with some dedication to the art of dance—as by music journalists. These are men like Alan Rich and Harold C. Schonberg, who are really cultural commentators. Their chief interest is good (that is, eye-catching) copy. Music journalists, when they turn their attention to dance, are essentially trend spotters. They latch on to the gossip of ballet politics as if it constituted an esthetic judgment. They scent out trouble. They chastise. They propose remedies. A single choreographic failure is enough to alert them to the possibility of artistic collapse. A couple of failures make them campaign actively for changes in command. Between 1970 and 1971 Balanchine's *Suite Number Three*, *Firebird*, and *PAMTGG* all miscarried and so did his company's productions of works by other choreographers (Jerome Robbins excepted) during this time. Since then hardly a month has passed without some denigrating survey of Balanchine's recent career, usually accompanied by demands that the New York City Ballet replace him with a younger and more vital figure.

Balanchine is probably used to critical disapproval. His first years in America (he came here in 1933) were full of it. His brief, unhappy leadership of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet (1935–38) earned him little but dispraise. Even as late as 1948, when Balanchine had begun to command wholesale respect, John Martin of the *New York Times*, at that juncture our most influential writer on dance, could greet Balanchine's still-touching *Symphony in C* as the work of a tiresomely persistent novice: "Mr. Balanchine has once again given us that ballet of his, this time for some inscrutable reason to the Bizet Symphony." But in the end the success of Balanchine and of the New York City Ballet, the company he and Lincoln Kirstein formed, was inevitable. The nature and variety of Balanchine's genius could not fail to make their effect. Martin, like so many others, became an advocate. The years Balanchine's company spent at the shabby and uncomfortable City Center Theater (1948–1964) were marked by constantly expanding approval. Enthusiastic audiences and favorable reviews gave expression to a widespread feeling of gratitude for the New York City Ballet's heroic efforts to create art in the teeth of disadvantage. The Ford Foundation grant of almost $6 million in 1963 and the triumphant move to Philip Johnson's handsomely efficient New York State Theater in 1964 were, in effect, acts of recognition, reparation, and homage.

Since the transfer of operations to Lincoln Center, however, the atmosphere has been rather different. Joining the Establishment is like leaving home and fending for yourself. During the 1950s Balanchine was immune to a lot of criticism because he was financially underprivileged and kept ahead of middle-brow balletic taste. Now that his company has prospered through middle-brow approval, he is more vul-



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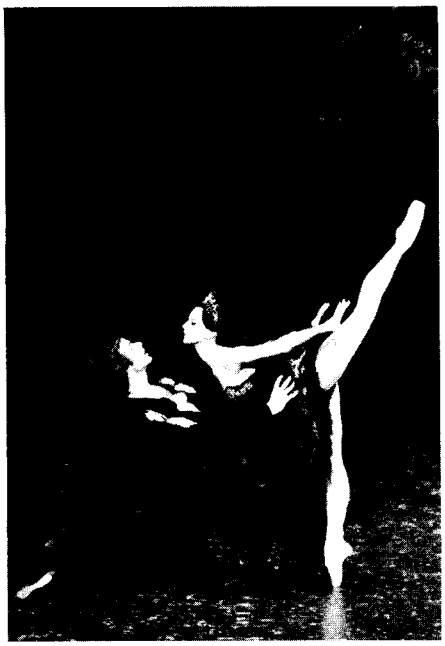
nerable. Shortcomings previously indulged as stages in Balanchine's development are now being taken as signs of failure. At New York State Theater artistic disasters like *PAMTGG* and *Chopiniana* look more threatening to the company's well-being than similar ventures at City Center ever did. The old audiences were partisan. They had opinions, but they were essentially supportive. They felt implicated in the company's welfare. They had an aggressive sense of mission that made them both demanding and appreciative. They were informed. Now that subscribers have largely taken over, the audience is more homogeneous, less committed. Once they decide to sign up for subscriptions, they abdicate responsibility for what they attend. They simply take what the management gives them. They clap for dancers they have come to know through other media, such as Jacques D'Amboise and Edward Villella. Otherwise they do not exercise their options. They are never inspired to enthusiasm or hostility. They enjoy everything to pretty much the same degree, wretched works like *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, masterpieces like *Serenade*. The poets and painters whose support and critical judgments gave such excitement to the old days at City Center—not to mention a sense of artistic community—seem to have disappeared. Only a core of balletomanes, who still become elated and downcast, who discuss what they have seen, who choose carefully among the season's programs, act as a leavening agent. In the present atmosphere of subscriber acquiescence, the reforming journalist flourishes. He feels that he is the only truthteller, the only upholder of values. In the midst of indifference he alone can discern the appalling quality of a *PAMTGG* or a *Chopiniana*, and he must do his duty by so alerting the public. Whenever Balanchine's name catches the attention of a cultural journalist out for a good story, the result is a demand for the choreographer's scalp.

The choreographic lineage from Marius Petipa to George Balanchine: the pas de deux from Balanchine's "Agon," 1957 (left), Apollo and the Muses from his "Apollo," 1928 (below), Odile and Prince Siegfried from Petipa's "Swan Lake," Act Three, 1895 (bottom).



Truth to tell, in the past few years Balanchine has not made it easy for his admirers to defend him, either as a choreographer or as a codirector. The subscribers are still content, but reviews of few recent ballets have been flattering, even those from well-disposed critics, and at premieres booing is often to be heard. *PAMTGG* was loudly booed, so was Richard Tanner's *Octandre*, so was Lorca Massine's *Printemps*, so was Jerome Robbins's *Watermill*. Most of the dissatisfaction engendered by these works has collected around Balanchine. With the exception of Robbins's pieces, Balanchine is held accountable for the quality of all ballets performed by his company and for the manner in which they are danced. *PAMTGG* (the acronym of Pan Am Makes the Going Great) is really an unimportant failure, however. To judge by the lavishness with which it was staged, it must have cost a great deal of money, and that fact clearly angered a lot of people. Anything so clearly expensive, they felt, ought to justify itself more readily. The ballet was an attempt to use elements of pop culture—throwaway advertising music, rock and roll dance, hippie clothes—and transmute them into something ceremonious yet frolicsome. But all the ballet did was further trivialize the unimportant and, worst of all, it was robbed of fun. No wonder it was booed.

But there have been failures like this all through Balanchine's career: *Jones Beach, Trumpet Concerto, A la Françaix, Native Dancers, The Figure in the Carpet, Electronics, Clarinade* —these are works in which Balanchine's inventiveness and inspiration ran dry, formulaic pieces, ballets for a season. Some of them, such as *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue, Western Symphony, Stars and Stripes*, and *Firebird*, are held to be crowd pleasers and maintain a place in the repertory. Others, such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Don Quixote*, though still officially alive, gave the impression the last time they were seen of being marked for abandonment. Choreographers, especially fecund ones, create lots of ephemeral ballets without necessarily intending to do so. Time weeds out most of them quickly. Sir Frederick Ashton, as we can already see, will be remembered for a *Fille Mal Gardeé*, not a *Jazz Calendar*, Anthony Tudor for a *Romeo and Juliet*, not an *Echoing of Trumpets*. Marius Petipa, the great nineteenth-century choreographer, who worked in St. Petersburg from 1847 to 1903, made more than sixty ballets during that period. Only a handful survive, but these include *Swan Lake*, Acts One and Three, *Raymonda*, and *The Sleeping Beauty*, and on them rests Petipa's enduring fame. During his lifetime, however, his importance also lay in his ability to meet specific choreographic needs at specific times, in finding ways to deploy the dancers under his command and keep the Imperial Company active. Balanchine, similarly, will be judged by his masterpieces and not by his fail-

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The best of Balanchine's achievements will remain a permanent part of our culture.

ures, especially since the latter have been part of the necessary task of keeping an important company going.

Balanchine is more to be blamed for the version of Michael Fokine's *Chopiniana* presented earlier this year by the New York City Ballet. *Chopiniana*, according to the program, was offered as a "recension" of a classic originally seen in 1908. Under the more familiar title of *Les Sylphides*, this is the cornerstone of twentieth-century ballet, the first important work to dispense with story in favor of mood, atmosphere, and style. In *Chopiniana-Sylphides* we see a dreaming youth dancing in the moonlight near a ruined chapel with evanescent creatures, melancholy wraiths, sylphs. The dances and groupings project a dream of ideal beauty, unattainable yet perpetually tantalizing. That, at any rate, is what Fokine intended. Balanchine seems to have been attracted to the ballet but only in so far as its shape went, not its atmosphere. He saw it as a clean, spare dance ritual, devoid of all overt emotion, a great abstract visualization of Chopin's music. This view of the ballet is especially odd, coming from the creator of so romantic and atmospheric a vision as *Liebeslieder Waltzer*. Under Balanchine's supervision off came Fokine's filmy dresses; away went his moonlight. An air of efficiency took the place of poetry. The production was without mood and, for that reason, without feeling. It richly deserved its largely hostile press.

Every choreographer walks on the heels of his predecessors, including his earlier selves, and ought therefore to refrain from stabbing them in the back while doing so. But Balanchine knows very well that the past is extended, not superseded, that most advanced balletic experiments are built on old foundations, that consolidation invariably precedes development. *Agon, Monumentum Pro Gesualdo, Four Temperaments* are major Balanchine works that extend the range, the scope, and the style of formal expressive movement, and therefore of feeling, of knowledge, and of pleasure. None of these works could have come into existence without Balanchine's earlier ballets, or without the ballets of his predecessors. His entire career confirms his commitment to his art. *Chopiniana* is a lapse, not insignificant, not without culpable arrogance, but hardly terminal. In *Apollo*, a youthful work that Balanchine created for the Diaghilev company in 1928 when he was only twenty-four, the choreographer pays perpetual tribute to Petipa, not the least part of which tribute is the fact that he extends the scope of Petipa's style to embrace a whole new range of feelings and relationships. Like all of Balanchine's essential works, *Apollo* is not as much *about* something as it is a *demonstration* of something—in this case of the human capacity to achieve a condition of beauty, and, since the ballet's subject is the education of a god, to aspire thus to metaphysical truth. *Agon* nearly thirty years later pays tribute to Petipa and also to *Apollo*. Though it goes beyond *Apollo* in formal daring, *Agon* does not supplant it. *Agon* is a different demonstration to different music in different rhythms of different truths. After fifteen years of existence the *pas de deux* is still surprising in its acrobatic dislocations of classical harmony: For a large part of it the girl's leg is cocked up over her head, and at one point the man crouches on the floor to support her in sustained adagio. This sequence enlarges our knowledge of beauty, of physical relationships, and of the human will. It is for intimations of such incorporeal truth that we return over and over again to the physical experience of ballet. There is as much subject matter in *Agon* or in Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* (which simply consists of two girls, a man, and a small *corps de ballet* dancing to the Bach Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra in D-Minor) as there is in any story piece, whether about sleeping beauties, swan queens, betrayed peasant girls, star-crossed lovers, shrews who need taming, or sailors on shore leave.

Most of Balanchine's *oeuvre* is inescapably about dancing. He has created ballets with a story line—*The Prodigal Son* and *The Nutcracker*, for example—but his primary artistic instinct is to make his subject nothing less than the movement of dancers in space and time. This has proved to be the chief objection for those who want him dethroned. In *New York* magazine Alan Rich made recent reference to Balanchine's mastery of the abstract as merely a gift for the "decorative"—thus implying the exclusion of feeling and meaning from his work. And in *Harper's* magazine not long ago, Harold C. Schonberg of the *New York Times* accused Balanchine of being "content to move figures around the stage in objective patterns," thereby revealing a "lack of contact with human feeling that has finally made critics restive." As the careers of all great choreographers have demonstrated, whether Balanchine, Ashton, Tudor, Nijinska, Fokine, Petipa, or Merce Cunningham, the most important and meaningful feature of dance is, not surprisingly, dance. Whatever expressivity a choreographer achieves, he does so only by virtue of his success as a dance inventor. However touching and complex the story he has to tell, however weighty the theme he wishes to deliver himself of, his final recourse is nothing but the disposition of bodies in space to measured time. His skill in that particular craft is what enables him to touch the heart.

Balanchine is certainly maddening. He invents terrible ballets, his company puts on other terrible ballets, his pictorial instincts are garish (a lot of his works seem to have been designed at Fortunoff's), his *corps de ballet* can't keep together, most of his artists seem to have been trained only from the waist down, he promotes poor dancers like Karin von Aroldingen and Lynda Yourth to leading roles, and, in general, he shows an often sublime disregard for appropriate casting.

But, at the same time, he is, with Lincoln Kirstein, the director of one of the most significant companies in the history of dance, a company that presently includes such artists as Patricia McBride, Gelsey Kirkland, and Allegra Kent. And even if, as Schonberg remarks, he hasn't produced a significant ballet in some time (a point that might be disputed by admirers of *Who Cares?*), he has still created a great deal more than most choreographers. Schonberg finishes his article by saying of Balanchine: "Within his world he was perfect, but it was a limited world. And now his reign is over." It is hard to believe in the limitations of a world that encompasses both the courtliness of *Divertimento No. 15* and the moonlit terrors of *Night Shadow*, both the heavy-scented intimacy of *Liebeslieder Waltzer* and the bracing austerity of *Momentum Pro Gesualdo*, both the heartbreak of *Serenade* and the nostalgic wit of *Who Cares?* It is harder still to believe that the reign of such ballets is over—for that in the end is what Schonberg must be saying. Genius is at best a rare commodity. Choreographic genius is one of the rarest species. Even if Balanchine never produced another single work of merit, the best of what he has achieved in the past forty-five years or so will remain a permanent part of our culture. There is nothing he could possibly do now, either as choreographer or codirector, to nullify the value of that achievement. □

(For a review of the opening of the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival at Lincoln Center, see Walter Terry's dance column on page 66.)

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A prison photography course is encouraging inmates to communicate their deepest feelings.

SING SING PHOTOGRAPHERS

BY JIM GAINES

"Smile."

"You don't smile when you're in jail, brother."

Gallows humor has always been common at Sing Sing. What made this exchange noteworthy was the occasion: A convict was taking pictures of his cellmate. Until recently, cameras were forbidden anywhere near the prison grounds. Even tourists would be accosted, their film exposed, and themselves sent away. Now, Sing Sing, with its colorful and violent past, has become primarily a sedate "reception center" for prisoners on their way to other institutions. Because of this transition, the atmosphere has eased and has even become exciting at times for those prisoners enrolled in the prison's new photography course.

Why were cameras interdicted for so long? The New York State Department of Correction never exactly formulated a policy; custom merely sanctioned an old practice. Was it because of dismal prison conditions? Were bureaucrats and prison officials afraid of publicity? "We began asking ourselves these questions," Sing Sing's recently appointed warden Theodore Schubin told me, "and we realized that the only rational threat was to the prisoners—some of whom wanted no one to know they were in prison and others who didn't want to be reminded of it later."

The photography course, in fact, started almost by accident when a private organization, The Floating Foundation of Photography, requested permission to bring a photographic exhibit entitled *The People, Yes* to the prison library. The Floating Foundation (so called because its home is a purple houseboat in New York harbor) had been a center, and its boat a museum, for some of the finest photographers

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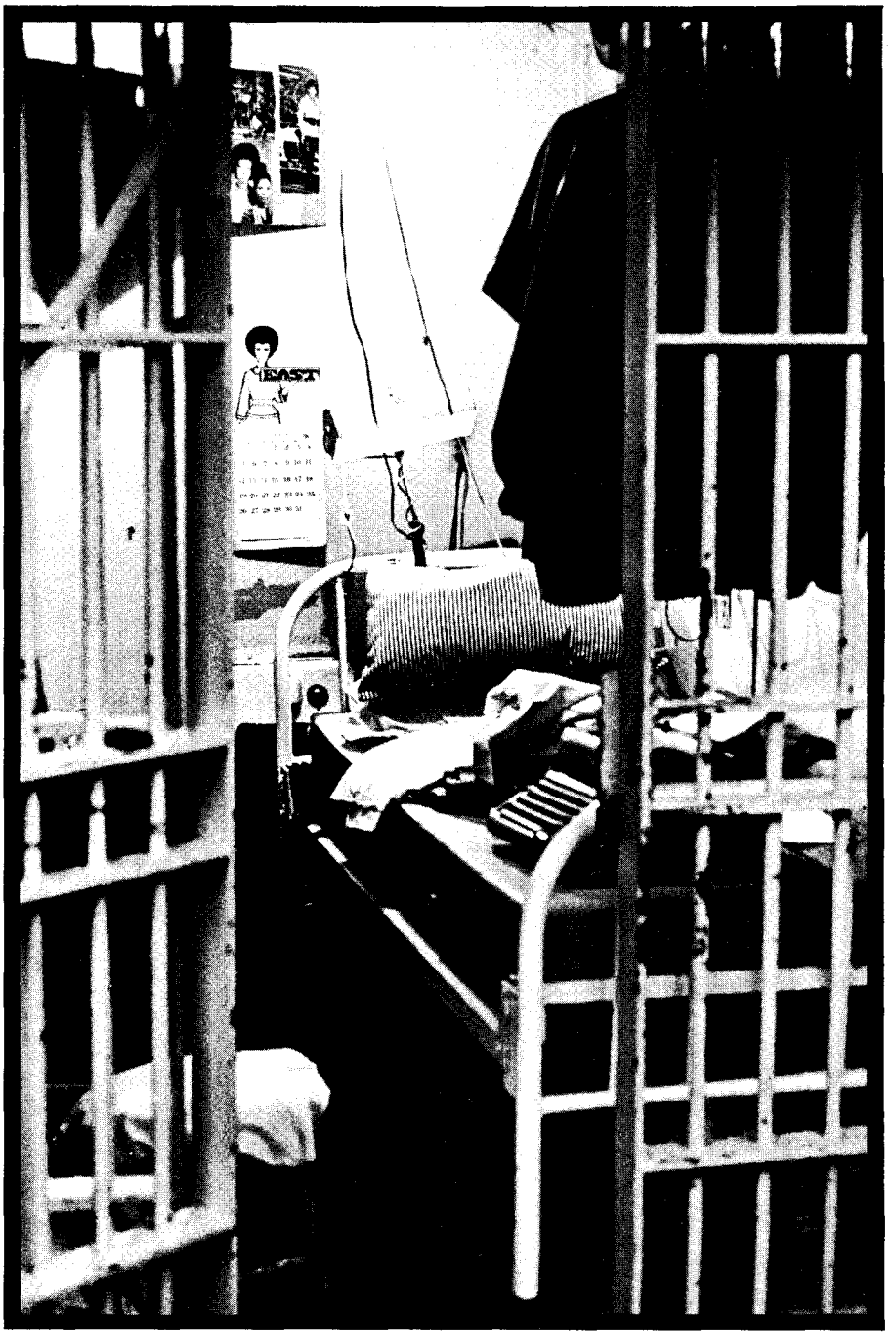
"There are programs here that will teach a man to read about Dick, Jane, and Spot and that one and one are indeed two, but they fall short. The obvious advantage of photography is that you need not be articulate or well-educated to get your ideas across."



in the New York area. The exhibit they chose to bring to Sing Sing was its most widely traveled and eclectic collection, including the work of such photographers as Bruce Davidson, Lilo Raymond, Charles Pratt, David Vestal, and William Barksdale. Permission was given by Sing Sing's former warden J. Leland Casscles with some reluctance, since he suspected there would be little sincere interest among his prisoners. But the show was an astonishing success. More than 200 inmates requested not only another show but also a photography course.

The pilot project began in April 1971, funded by private money and a grant from the New York Council on the Arts. The prison administration provided only the ground rules: Prisoners could keep whatever photographs they took once they passed through the censors, who examine everything that goes into or out of Sing Sing; they could have cameras only during the four hours of instruction each week; and the pilot course would be limited to fifty inmates, one day a week for eight weeks.

The foundation's principal teacher and photographer, Steve Schoen, started his class on Polaroids. Since prints were available immediately, each student could get immediate feedback on his picture, could see exactly how what we see is translated into a photograph. At first, the men chose to take pictures of each other, some posing as "hardened criminals" in front of the old Death House, others for portraits they could send out to parents, wives, and friends.

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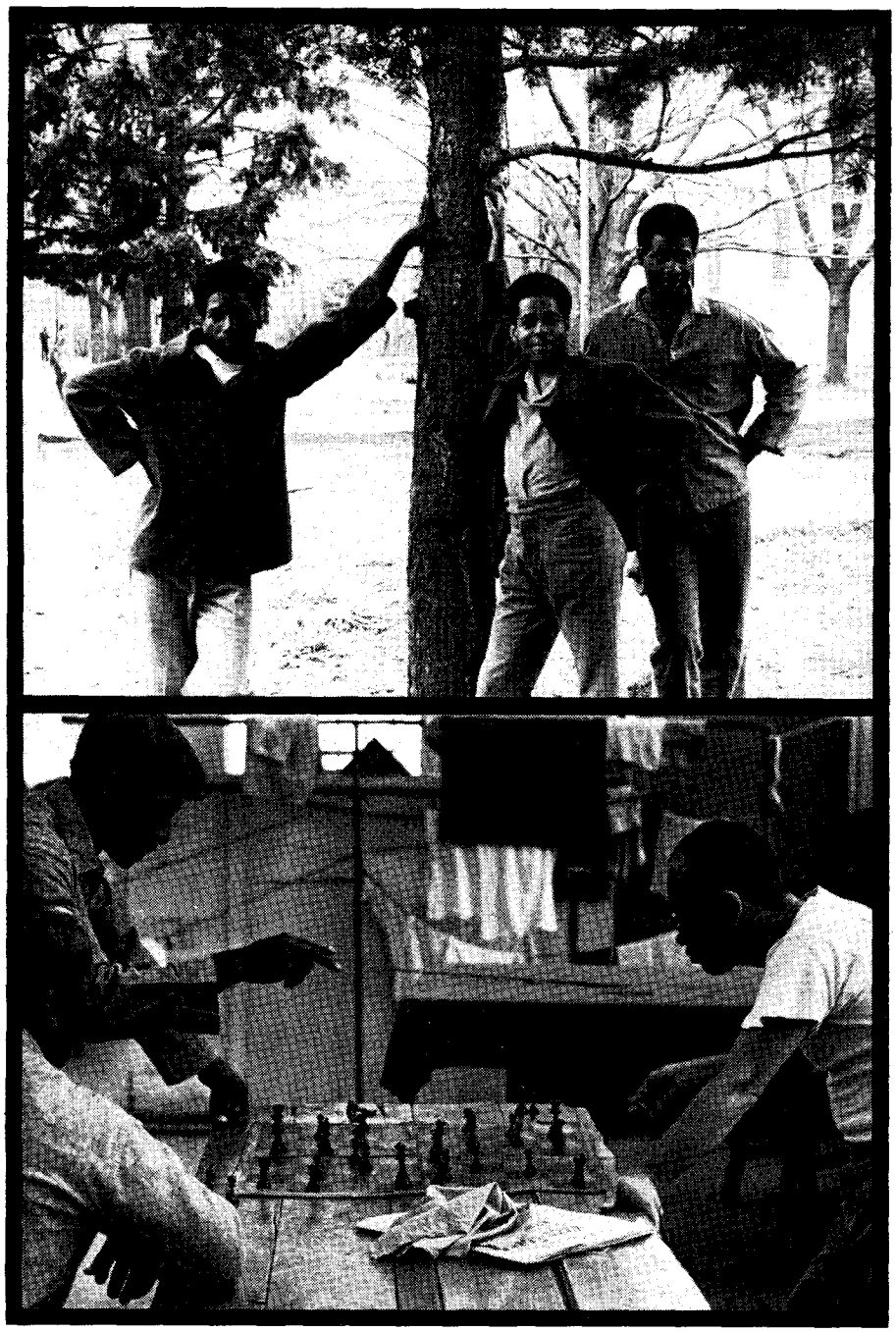

After the second week, the class graduated to an inexpensive 35mm camera with three exposure and three distance settings. They began to look more carefully for photogenic subjects and to concentrate on treatment. They learned how and when to make the foreground sharp and the background soft (or vice versa), when to under- or overexpose for artistic effect. They began to command the rudimentary skills necessary to *intend* a photograph. Because the 35mm camera yielded a negative, the class also began to acquire a knowledge of darkroom technique—developing and printing—and the role it plays in the success or failure of a picture. Still inclined to take easy gag shots of each other, they were given assignments on more difficult themes such as strength, love, friendship, happiness, and prison life.

At the end of a month the class was ready to use more sophisticated and expensive equipment, which, although no more difficult to handle, afforded them much more control over their pictures. At this stage the men became increasingly aware that they could make statements with their photographs, and they grew more and more eager to see prints of the shots they had taken.

Although the purpose of the course was to provide the prisoners with a way of expressing their feelings rather than to train professional photographers, their work was so strong, so deeply felt, that the foundation arranged an exhibit of their works on the houseboat. Ironically, the evening the exhibit opened, the riots broke out at Attica, and the future of the course became doubtful. For some weeks Sing Sing officials questioned not only the wisdom of allowing such a course to continue but also their entire philosophy of corrections. Did the freedom at Sing Sing provide opportunities to ventilate feelings of bitterness and anger and thus prevent their eruption? Or, conversely, did freedom only make eruptions more likely, perhaps more dangerous, were they to occur? Warden Casscles decided not to let outside events influence his own liberal philosophy; he remained committed to Sing Sing's open atmosphere.

I say "open," but in reality the men at Sing Sing are no less imprisoned than their counterparts at other prisons. When asked about what the course and photography had come to mean to them, some responded with easy clichés. Others were inarticulate or downright sullen on the subject. But their pictures speak for them: highly emotional shots that capture the brutal monotony of prison life as only a captive could understand it. In addition to the photographs on these pages, their work includes pictures of damp, dark cells, crosses made of aluminum foil and chewing gum, cats crouching frightened in debris, a man grinning helplessly and holding a sign reading "Why Did You Plead Guilty?"

Some months ago on *SR*'s editorial page, Arthur Waskow of the Institute for Policy Studies made this observation on prison reform: "The only reforms that matter are those that make a prison not a prison." One tragic aspect of imprisonment is that it takes men out of communication with their society, perhaps with themselves. The Sing Sing course in photography, then, is a good example of what can be done to awaken prisoners' curiosity and their interest in the world and in themselves. As one prisoner wrote in a statement intended to accompany the prisoners' exhibits: "I don't know what the literacy rate here is, but I'm sure it's shockingly low. . . . There are programs here that will teach a man to read about Dick, Jane, and Spot and that one and one are indeed two . . . but they fall short in two very important areas. One is creativity, and the other is communication. The obvious advantage of photography is that you need not be articulate nor well educated to get your ideas across. You can't have rehabilitation until there is communication. We are willing to learn; we are willing to try. Are you?" □

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Whistlering in the Dark

BY ROA LYNN

TO SEIZE THE PASSING DREAM: A Novel of Whistler, His Women and His World
by Ted Berkman
Doubleday, 431 pp., $7.95

I, JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER: An "Autobiography"
by Lawrence Williams
Simon & Schuster, 388 pp., $7.95

James McNeill Whistler—painter of the mysterious "Nocturnes," the outstanding portraits of his mother and the philosopher-historian Thomas Carlyle, creator of the Peacock Room, superb etcher—also spent much of his energies as a combatant. Why did American-born Whistler, whose avant-garde work found little acceptance in Victorian England's stuffy conservatism (represented by Britain's Royal Academy), insist on staying there when just across the Channel in Paris a much more tolerant climate of new ideas—the open-air bravura of Impressionism—was making itself felt and accepted?

Why, in fact, did Whistler feel throughout his life that he had to fight battles that logically he did not have to fight? This is the critical question to ask in considering Whistler, but neither Ted Berkman in *To Seize the Passing Dream* nor Lawrence Williams in *I, James McNeill Whistler* answers it. While these books, both of them novels based firmly in fact, are rich in anecdotes, riposte, and details (only minor discrepancies exist between the two versions), neither gets to the heart of the man. Williams's novel is an "autobiographical" approach, an impatient chronology told at arm's length, which, while reflecting precisely how Whistler camouflaged his real emotions, doesn't allow the reader to measure the man. Berkman's view makes Whistler more likable and mortal, without Williams's brittle bragging, but deals incompletely with his fears of inadequacy.

To Seize the Passing Dream is obvious popular biography and, in the main, pleasant enough. It is unstinting in historical background, admirably researched (Berkman was four years in the process), and records all Whistler's battles—with John Ruskin, with Oscar Wilde, with his mother, his brother-in-law, the bailiffs, with the patron who commissioned the painting of the Peacock Room.

Whistler arrived in London after an appropriate apprenticeship of Left Bank *la vie de bohème*, which included the valuable lessons of copying the masters at the Louvre and the practice (later to become basic to his method) of "prepainting" his pictures on his palette to achieve color harmony. By the late 1850s Whistler was ready for one of his most enduring love affairs—the Thames in darkness.

> The riverfront air [Berkman writes] was an appalling but bracing mixture of rotting fish, tar, turpentine, and fresh brine; of curing sheds, empty whiskey kegs, and Chinese fried chicken, all overlaid with a pungent blanket of soft coal smoke. [And] Jimmy plunged into the life of the river, a small spruce figure in white ducks among the grimy sweatered bargemen and stevedores. . . . Working usually from a rowboat, copperplates tucked into a knapsack, Jimmy would circle and maneuver like a fencer seeking an opening till he found the precise arrangement he wanted, the sudden angle at which spars and tackle and crumbling piles could be shaped into enduring beauty.

How different was Whistler's view of the Thames by night—veiled in faded colors and promising unimaginable delights—from the maidens, saints, and babies that decorated the art considered *de rigueur* by England's newly prosperous merchants. The suspicious guardians of public taste and their Victorian notion that a didactic outlook and an "appropriate" subject were more important than an artist's ability or draftsmanship are accurately described by Berkman.

Then he goes on to hint at some of Whistler's dark self-questioning. He discusses Whistler's relationship with his mother, a self-righteous woman who, like many of her kind, created misery in the name of piety. Anna McNeill Whistler was a thin-lipped, lacerating moralist, raised with "cadences from the Bible ringing in her ears." It was her hope that Jimmy might grow up to serve Christ. But Jimmy, a boy of high spirits, found his mother's constant strictures anathema and automatically set out to circumvent and defy her dictates. His uncertainty of his mother's affections grew as he matured, as did the battle of wills between these two stubborn people. Her repeated criticism eroded his sensitivity so that he became "a scourge to those who ran afoul of him for the rest of his life."

In *I, James McNeill Whistler*, Lawrence Williams opens with Whistler idly puttering in his London studio while his mother, in profile in a small armchair, chats about how she managed to escape capture while running the Union blockade from Baltimore to New York. Suddenly Whistler is struck by a pattern, an arrangement of subdued color contrasting his mother's profile with the drizzling black sky outside the window. This coy scene sets the tone for a purported "autobiography" that is often unbelievable. The author has created unnecessary problems by choosing the first person approach—distortions become inescapable when incidents must be told from "Whistler's" point of view, and we are left with a metallic character, a public man who can't find fault with himself.

Like many men of genius, Whistler had a steadfast enemy in whose unsparing animosity he could trust. This man was the powerful Establishment art critic John Ruskin. In 1877 the bombshell burst: Whistler, the arch

Roa Lynn is a poet, screenwriter, and former reporter for UPI.

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individualist, sued Ruskin for libel, claiming damages of £1,000. Ruskin had written, in *Fors Clavigera*, of one of Whistler's paintings in the Grosvenor Gallery Preview (London's first major exhibition hall for dissident painters) as follows: "... never (have I) expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The painting in question was Whistler's *Nocturne in Black and Gold: Falling Rocket*, which was conceived at night on the Thames when Whistler spotted a fireworks display splashing up the sky. When Ruskin's venom finally reached the trial stage, Whistler's performance in court in his own behalf was brilliant:

Attorney-General: "... The labor of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas!"

Whistler: "No. I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

"Simplify, reduce, stylize, heighten" were Whistler's injunctions. Whistler—the minimal artist of exquisite, careful color harmony, more interested in building mass and form than in linear detail, enthusiast of Velázquez, friend of the pre-Raphaelite Rossetti, widely dismissed as a bungler and mountebank—seldom enjoyed contentment. He spent much of his drive on the cult of the studied insult, concentrating his imaginative resources on himself. Discoursing among guests at the Beefsteak Club one evening, Whistler is said to have observed, "People will forgive anything but beauty and talent. So I am doubly unpardonable." Roars of approval swept the table. Oscar Wilde looked up, chagrined. "I wish I'd said that." Whistler: "You will, Oscar—you will!"

James McNeill Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold: Falling Rocket at Cremourne."

With such a subject it is unfortunate that these are not books of more profound talent and originality. As literary efforts, they cover no new ground. Both Berkman and Williams have chosen to be journeymen decoding a well-known figure in an accepted superannuated mold. Sadly, these are books written for Caesar.

COCO CHANEL:
Her Life, Her Secrets
by Marcel Haedrich
translated from the French
by Charles Lam Markmann
Little, Brown, 277 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Mary McLaughlin

Coco Chanel, Lord knows, is a fascinating subject, and this is a handsome book about her, with two sections of photographs, sketches, and reproductions, which are also fascinating. What's wrong, then? Well, the flaws are minor but nagging: The timing is wrong, and the tone is off. Marcel Haedrich, the author, didn't meet Chanel until she was seventy-five, past her prime, and becoming a bore; and he recounts her endless anecdotes in a style that smacks of the movie magazines.

For instance, he likes to call one of Chanel's lovers, the Duke of Westminster, "the richest man in the world" who gave her "shovelfuls of emeralds and diamonds." Maybe he was, and maybe he did, but one can't erase the Louella Parsons aftertaste. Furthermore, the book is repetitious. We learn in the first chapter that Chanel, after she lost her mother and was abandoned by her father, was sent to an orphanage in Moulins. Chanel, who couldn't stand the humiliation, invented two respectable aunts to fill that gap in her life. She told Haedrich endless details of their imagined household: a fireplace so large that whole trees were burned there, a larder so ample that she could watch the new servants put on weight. In fact, her effort to reassure herself that she had always been *somebody* accounts in part for her remarkable drive and the success of the House of Chanel. But he is forever afterward referring to her as "the orphan of Moulins." The point is not so much made as bludgeoned.

Still, the book is worth perusing. Chanel, after all, was possessed of passion and originality, and her story could not be dull.

For one thing, she had an outrageous tongue. To an American reporter who had the temerity to ask her age, she responded: "I will tell you that my age varies according to the day and the people I happen to be with."

"That will do beautifully, mademoiselle," he said.

"But wait, monsieur, I haven't finished my answer: There's a conclusion to it.... When I'm bored, I feel very old, and since I'm extremely bored with you, I'm going to be a thousand years old in five minutes if you don't get the hell out of here at once."

Her audacity and biting wit came naturally; she listened to her instincts and let them lead her. Certainly one of the strongest of these was her will to be independent. Therefore, the clothes she designed were brilliantly simple. They freed the body. Her jersey dresses, elegant, easy suits, pea coats, and bell-bottom trousers were all innovations that changed permanently the way women look and dress. "Fashion," she said, "is the illusion that a new woman has been born who matches her time."

She was dedicated to perfection; what a trial she must have been to her cutters and seamstresses! Sometimes a dress would return to the workrooms thirty-five times. "I look at the suits that go out, and I think, 'Would those who buy them complain of the tiny flaw that I alone detect?' No. And yet I take apart and remake in order to improve."

Her spirit did not flag: At eighty she was striving for a new silhouette. It is because this biography catches her spirit that, for all its faults, it remains engaging. One looks for an original word to sum up Chanel, but finds only "inspiring." She would not have cared for it.

Chanel's first design, made for a much-talked-about Parisian courtesan named Forzane.

Mary McLaughlin, a refugee from fashion copy writing, is a freelance writer and reviewer.

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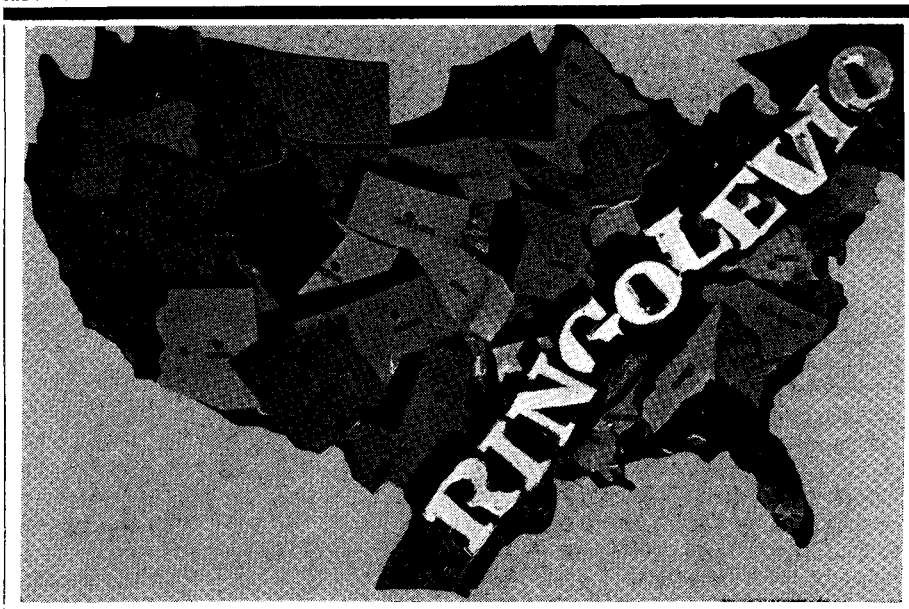

Construction by Larry Rivers (from the jacket).

RINGOLEVIO
A Life Played for Keeps
by Emmett Grogan
Little, Brown, 498 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

Emmett Grogan—perhaps a real name—acted with the San Francisco Mime Troupe in the acid and flower days of the mid-Sixties. With fellow members Billy Murcott and Peter Berg (here called Billy Landout and the Hun), Grogan started the now legendary Diggers. A community-sized antacid, the Diggers sought "to antagonize the street people into an awareness of the absolute bullshit implicit in the psychedelic transcendentalism promoted by the self-proclaimed, media-fabricated shamans who espoused the tune-in, turn-on, drop-out, jerk-off ideology of Leary and Alpert." As an alternative, the Diggers offered "collective social consciousness and community action." They put theory into practice every afternoon by giving away cooked food. Soon they added free stores, free books, and occasional free parties. It all lasted for about two years. Where did they get the food and stuff? Begged it at the Produce Market, took donations, and stole—mostly stole, apparently, but Grogan is understandably vague.

Besides being a quotidian Robin Hood, Grogan met the Big Names: Leary and Alpert, Brautigan, Burroughs, Stokely Carmichael, Cleaver, Angela Davis, Ginsberg and Corso, Bob Dylan, Fred Hampton, *Abbot* Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner, Mark Rudd, and so on. In this third-person autobiography, he takes a dim view of most of them. As he tells it, the hippies' real enemies were the free doctors who used them as guinea pigs; the HIP merchants (Haight Independent Proprietors); and Alpert, Leary, Hoffman, Rubin, and the other Pied Piper ego trippers. He's also down on the whole freak scene, describing most hippies as loafers wasting daddy's bread, slumming for kicks, and disrupting the morale and the social ecology of the neighborhoods they invade. He's often persuasive; he tells his anecdotes well enough; and his writing is sometimes laughably cool: "Coyote's ranch was a stone heavy spread where only heavy weight men and women came from the city to do nothing that wasn't them." (A resident not quoted by Grogan saw that ranch differently: "Everyone was peddling their own brand of snake oil," she said.)

So far, so good. The book has another half, however, the first half; its hero is "Kenny Wisdom," and Wisdom is something else. We see him first as the hero of a violent match of ringolevio, a rough New York street game; then as a scag addict, thief, murderer, traveler, church builder, mountain climber, thief, murderer, movie maker, Guinness brewery employee, IRA terrorist, thief, porn novelist, schizophrenic soldier—among other roles. In short, Grogan the altruistic welfare worker of the second half is Wisdom the nasty thief, junkie, and murderer of part one. The shift is unexplained: Wisdom gets a psycho discharge from the army, changes his name, and acquires a new self. Hey presto.

That's not all. Mixed with good street stories are some oddly parodied styles. Tough & Wise: "Kenny Wisdom was born on Dean Street in Brooklyn, November 28, 1944, and ever since, he had known that there was more to life than that." Description Gone Awry: "Physically he was of average height, stocky frame, and his round-light-skinned-cheerful-Italian face was dotted with sparkling eyes." And odder oddities: Wisdom is a city boy; finally, in Europe, he sees country for the first time. How strange it must seem to him! But listen: He tells of going "through the colossal Alps, beneath the snow-capped peaks, through the luscious green depths of the valleys and the centuries-old villages. It was all so overwhelmingly real, authentic. . . ." *Real, authentic?* Is he mocking us? What's more blatantly thirdhand than "colossal Alps," "snow-capped peaks," etc.? When he climbs mountains, the details come from a map; when he sees Lucky Luciano's funeral, he sounds like a reporter. And repeatedly we get News-of-the-Week-in-Review passages: "The Russian spy, Colonel Rudolf Abel, was released from prison and exchanged for the American spy, Francis Gary Powers. John Glenn became the first American in orbit and was a national hero. And Kenny was damned if those Algerians didn't pull it off, when he read the news of the cease-fire in Algeria. . . ." (No wonder the book's acknowledgements include the San Francisco and New York public libraries and the research departments of *Time*, the New York *Post*, and the *Daily News*.) But there are jokes in this factual style, too. In Ireland, Wisdom tells us that Kitty O'Shea caused Parnell's "political suicide by citing him in her divorce," when we all know her husband did the citing. And an Irishman who left New York in 1923 recites the stops on the Sea Beach express line—but he reels off the present-day stops, not just those of 1923.

There's something fishy. Why does the writing play tricks? Why does Grogan, who despises the middle class, write a book for us? Why does a man who wants to be a private city planner confess to theft and murder? Why is Wisdom so different from Grogan?

But not totally different. Wisdom crosses the Atlantic to kill a man. Grogan tells an audience that if landlords don't behave, "We'll kill them! It's as simple as that"; and when reporters distorted such threats, "he wanted to choke every one of those lying-yellow-journalist throats, bend all their fingers back until the bones of their knuckles snapped, rip their snide tongues out of their smug faces." The Wisdom who reports his crimes so proudly becomes the Grogan who subtitles his book "A Life Played for

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Keeps" although whenever he faces consequences—of heroin, theft, murder—he wriggles away scot-free or only mildly burned. "Artful Dodging" would be a better title, both for his life and the book that purports to describe it.

MEDINA
by Mary McCarthy
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 87 pp., $2.45

Reviewed by Fredrica S. Friedman

The My Lai incident of the Vietnam War will remain a marking point in United States history—a time when a nation saw that war traumatizes and disfigures not only individual men, but, collectively, a country. Mary McCarthy in *Medina*, an adaptation of her article in *The New Yorker*, uses the trial of Capt. Ernest L. Medina to comment on America's resolution of the issue of wartime guilt.

Unable to face the question of national responsibility, the country reduced it to manageable size—the trials of Calley and Medina, in which the defendants stood as surrogates for the military and civilian leadership. The symbolic content of those trials made the conviction of Calley the manifestation of a national remorse that quickly became transmuted into sympathy for the convicted. Thus it was that in August and September of 1971 Captain Medina was tried and acquitted of the charge that in March 1968 no fewer than 100 South Vietnamese civilians were murdered by the men in his command with his consent and approval.

Medina makes no pretense of objectivity. The book is a direct reflection of Miss McCarthy's incredulity at the acquittal. Yet in her fine-drawn observations on the ineptness of the prosecution and, more importantly, on the country's psyche at that time, she adds to our understanding.

From the first day, Miss McCarthy found, there was a sense of *déjà vu* about the trial. With the Calley proceedings just completed, there was an almost palpable refrain in the Medina courtroom: "We've heard it before. Why bore us?" A sense of weariness of the subject and its issues produced a curious kind of trial. "At Fort McPherson, trails opened by the prosecution would be quickly abandoned, as though it was too much work to hack a way through the contradictions." Defense witnesses told stories that were inconsistent with their prior testimony; yet

Fredrica S. Friedman is a magazine editor and writer in New York.

Your Literary I.Q.

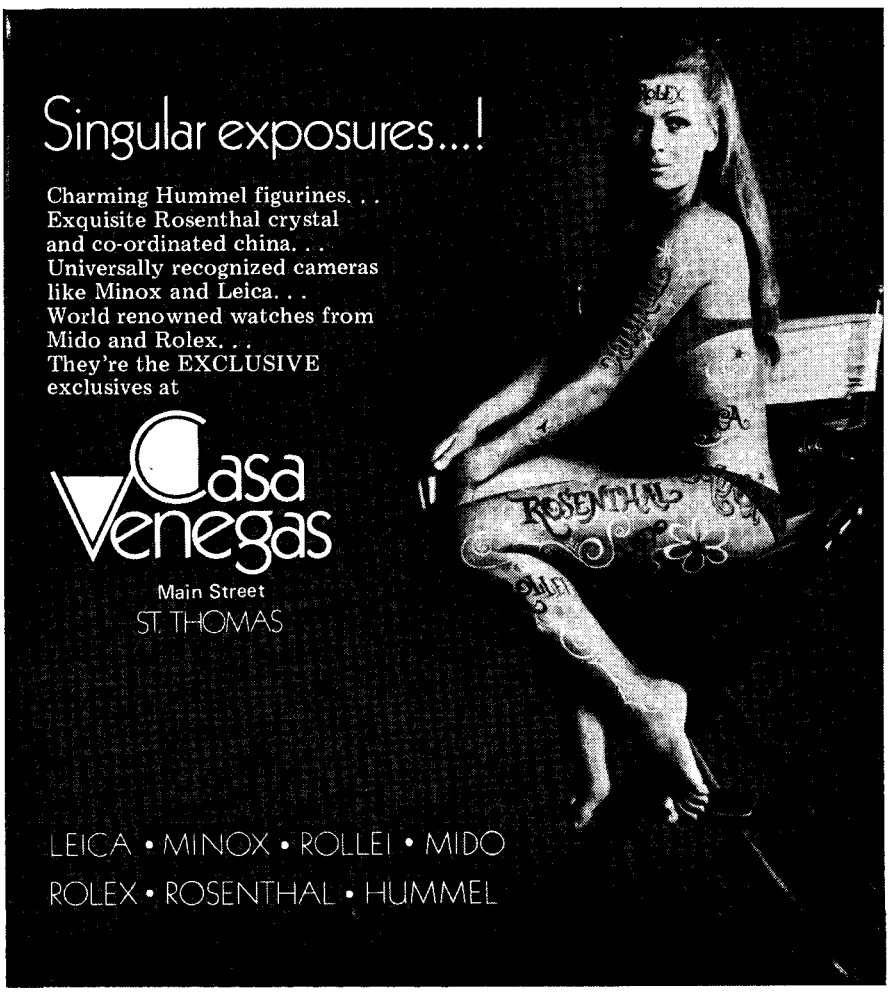
Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE GAME OF THE NAME

Fill in the blank in each quotation with the right name from Column 2. Our contributor is from Baltimore, and *her* name is Eleanor R. Wilcox. All names are named on page 57.

1. Little deems my royal dame / That _____ is my name!
2. I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is _____.
3. My name is _____, king of kings.
4. For I'm called _____,
   Though I could never tell why.
5. And lo! _____'s name led all the rest.
6. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name's _____.
7. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying,
   His name is _____.
8. A Franklyn's Dogge leped over a style,
   And hys name was littel _____.
9. It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name _____.
10. Call me _____. Some years ago . . . I thought I would sail about a little. . . .

a. Ben Adhem
b. Byngo
c. Gonzago
d. Ishmael
e. John
f. Lenore
g. Little Buttercup
h. Ozymandias
i. Rumpelstiltskin
j. Truthful James



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they somehow went unchallenged.

Prosecution witnesses were poorly chosen and poorly prepared. One was permitted to talk at length with a defense lawyer the night before he testified, and that discussion played an important part in the lawyer's cross-examination. Another came to court sporting an Afro beard, fuchsia dashiki, and ghetto lingo that seemed obviously to alienate all those clean-shaven khaki jurors. A third nervously kept poking his tongue into his cheek and, under the defense's persistent questioning, quickly admitted to "having fantasies."

One weak witness can obstruct the prosecution's case, but a collection suggests an abdication of responsibility. Indeed, even before Medina's court-martial began, the government indicated that to prove the element of premeditation by the captain, it could not rely on the evidence of the numerous witnesses in the Calley case who had sworn that Medina ordered them to kill "everything that breathed," "everything that moved." That testimony had been at the heart of Calley's defense. To use it at the Medina proceedings would permit Calley's lawyers to demand a new trial. Yet without that evidence, the government's case was crippled.

"The idea that there was a conspiracy to let Medina get home free was something hard to avoid at Fort Mac," Miss McCarthy writes. Since it is conceivable that somebody could spend a morning in a small hamlet and miss 100-odd murders, the jury was duty-bound on the basis of insufficient evidence to find Medina innocent of murder. But even the *defense* evidence that Miss McCarthy compiles makes it clear that Medina could have been convicted of dereliction of duty, for failure to supervise his men, and for misconduct. Why, then, was he not tried for these offenses as well as for "war crimes"?

Miss McCarthy's answer is that the right wing in this country was determined that no one be convicted on criminal charges, that the left wing was equally determined that no one less than a three-star general be convicted, and that "if there was a conspiracy, it was a great nation-wide breathing together of left, right, and much of the middle to frustrate punishment of the guilty"—a see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil situation brought to a new, and dangerous, level of acceptance.

One might wish for small things in this book—a clarification of Miss McCarthy's reportorial role at the trial, a clearer indication of her interpretations of evidence as opposed to those of other observers. But until a final evaluation of My Lai is made, books such as *Medina*, which ask basic questions of this country, should be written. And read.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1515

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1515 will be found in the next issue.

BXCN XJ AC FXL'N YLXH HTKN HU HKLN KLF CDULF XAV OEPUC HXLFUVELZ HTI HU FXL'N ZUN EN.

K. T. ZOKCZXH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1514

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.

Franklin

THE KENNEDY DOCTRINE
by Louise FitzSimons
Random House, 275 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Stephen Schlesinger

The perplexities of the Kennedy administration become more apparent with the passage of time. The continuing war in Vietnam, then a minor thorn in the side of the United States, has triggered a vigorous re-examination of President Kennedy's entire foreign relations position and its influence on what followed under President Johnson.

The Kennedy Doctrine assumes a nexus. Louise FitzSimons, a former worker on Capitol Hill, has written a book that argues there was a doctrine Kennedy believed in that guided his entire foreign policy from January 1961 to November 1963. In essence, the doctrine presumed that an American "democratic" technology (with a counterinsurgency policy as well as foodstuffs) could revive and restore the economic and political cores of troubled, undernourished countries, and thereby inoculate them against communism. The doctrine, in short, saw military, not political, solutions to the United States' problems overseas.

The problem with FitzSimons's approach, unfortunately, is that it tries to tidy all the facts into the single cupboard of her thesis. She focuses with such passion on fitting all the elements of Kennedy's foreign initiatives into her conceptual mold that the arguments she raises, interesting and provocative in themselves, grow by the end of the journey collectively obtuse and finally unconvincing.

For instance, a basic theme she expounds is that in President Kennedy's dealings with Khrushchev, he was always more interested in "managing" foreign policy and proving himself tough than in trying to lead his people toward genuine peaceful settlements with the Russians—in Vienna, in Berlin, in Cuba, and in disarmament.

But FitzSimons then describes Khrushchev in the following way. After the Bay of Pigs disaster, she writes, Khrushchev "seems likely" at the Vienna meeting to have "regarded Kennedy as a lightweight and an inexperienced fumbler. The new American President had made a clumsy attempt to overthrow Castro. . . . Surely this was a weak, indecisive man who could be bullied." On Berlin she says that "the Berlin crisis of the summer of 1961 arose partly from Khrushchev's feelings, as a result of President Kennedy's performance in the Bay of Pigs incident. . . . Such a man, the Soviet leader must have thought, could be bullied."

Given the author's own subjective conclusions on Khrushchev's behavior, it is curious that she is so facile in her consideration of Kennedy and his own protective responses both at Vienna and over Berlin, and later over Cuba. Either Khrushchev was a bully or he wasn't; either Kennedy had to react, or he didn't have to react but was simply pursuing his own aggressive designs. But she can't have it both ways. One can concede the folly of the Bay of Pigs; but, after reading her analysis of Khrushchev, one cannot be entirely surprised at Kennedy's sensitivity to future "bullying" from Khrushchev.

But FitzSimons contends, with fierce intensity, that Kennedy muffed one chance after another to make real peace with Khrushchev. She argues that, from his inaugural address onward, he spoke the language of the cold warrior. (Incidentally, she allows that "euphoric or belligerent statements such as Khrushchev's may be the result of domestic as well as inter-

Stephen Schlesinger is the editor of *The New Democrat*.

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national politics. Frequently, too, they are used as smoke screens to mask serious conciliatory gestures." This, apparently, never applies to Kennedy.)

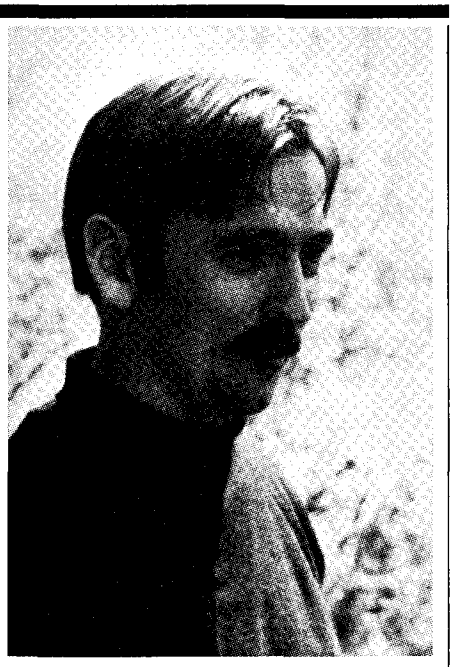
Starting with the Bay of Pigs, she believes Kennedy displayed his failure as a leader; he was more concerned with the "management" problem of the invasion than with the question of whether the invasion was right in the first place. He should not have been so hung up on being a "paper tiger" to Russia. On Berlin and the wall Kennedy "failed to seek a new accommodation, a new *modus vivendi* appropriate to the changed situation in Central Europe sixteen years after the end of the war." Finally, on both Cuba and disarmament Kennedy should have taken some "calculated risks on the side of trust": for instance, accepting a neutral Cuba and not increasing his own missile production. Both would have encouraged peaceful moves by the Russians.

These are all excellent starting points for analysis. But FitzSimons insists on making them conclusions over which there is no debate. It is this sort of simplistic viewpoint that finally blunts her thesis. Given his pragmatic instincts (which FitzSimons concedes only too often to Kennedy), it is hardly likely that any rigid "doctrine" would rule his short administration. Cold Warism may have been evident in the first incidents of his term, but no thought is given to what he was gradually moving toward in the final moments of his presidency.

THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE V.
by James Park Sloan
Houghton Mifflin, 148 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by George Malko

The Case History of Comrade V., James Park Sloan's second novel, is a brilliantly realized miniature nightmare made all the more unsettling by its close approximation to the reality of several stories that have recently come out of the Soviet Union. Sloan relates his case study in three tightly composed parts. The first introduces Comrade V., a celebrated "professor of mathematics at the University of L—, where, for seven years, he has held the chair given in honor of Gottlob Frege." Comrade V. is undergoing treatment for what he stubbornly knows has not been a complete mental breakdown. His treatment seems to consist of the daily rapid reading of a computer printout that tells him his life's story and of discussions with a psychiatrist —discussions that do not necessarily touch upon the material covered in the printout. The day we meet Comrade V. he thinks he has noticed an error in the printout. Was it placed there intentionally? Do his "healers" know he will notice it? Do they already know how he will react to it? Was it—the thought is V.'s and ours simultaneously—actually an accident, or does it portend something insidious?



James Park Sloan—"a brilliantly realized miniature nightmare"

The second section is a personal diary that V. is allowed to keep. Knowing that it is being read daily by his doctor, V. nonetheless openly discusses in it the efforts that are being made to convince him he is mentally ill. He is made to question the accuracy of his memory, the quality and then legitimacy of his relationship to his father, and the very existence of a famous actress with whom he had had an intense and, for V., life-sustaining affair. He describes his defensive responses to these onslaughts, reminding himself that his mathematician's ability to reason between the workable and the unworkable is his strongest weapon; he repeats to himself the last words the famous actress said to him: "You are sane."

The third section is an account by V.'s doctor of the way the case has been treated. At the beginning of his account, we see it as nothing more than a clever psychoanalytic justification of what is being done to an obviously brilliant mathematician who dared dream of a society different from the one he

George Malko is an author and playwright who lives in New York City.

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THE BLACKLISTERS?
CLEOPATRA?
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WIT TWISTER NO. 280

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This rusted — — — — — gleamed
at some Saxon's side,

A burnished symbol blazoning
his pride.

Yet Time conspired to — — —
— — it of its show

And — — — — — mankind how
brief is earthly show.

A. S.

(Answer on page 59)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1i, 2j (Bret Harte: *The Society Upon the Stanislaus*), 3h, 4g (*H.M.S. Pinafore*), 5a (*Abou Ben Adhem*), 6c (*Hamlet*), 7e (*Gospels*), 8b (Barham: *A Lay of St. Gengulphus*), 9f (*The Raven*), 10d (*Moby Dick*).

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inhabits. Comrade V. is the man we want to believe: Sloan knows we will remember those Soviet scientists whose alleged crimes against their state were punished by incarceration in insane asylums. Yet before long the reader begins seriously to doubt V.'s sanity and even his identity.

Beautifully executed, constantly tormenting the reader with its calm and lucidity, *The Case History of Comrade V.* makes us realize that reality is no more secure than the people who confirm it for us.

THE PROSELYTIZER
by D. Keith Mano
Knopf, 271 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Barry H. Leeds

D. Keith Mano has demonstrated a large talent and the disciplined energy to write five novels in five years. That talent and energy are once again directed toward Mano's constant subject, Christianity, his vision of which is neither doctrinaire, nor pompous, nor fashionably radical.

Bishop's Progress (1968), which recounted the pilgrimage of a spiritually lazy bishop from imminent damnation to salvation through suffering and a new recognition of his own mortality, forms the keystone of a carefully structured body of work. *Horn* (1969), *War Is Heaven* (1970), and *The Death and Life of Harry Goth* (1971) consider from widely divergent perspectives the palpable presence of evil in man and the awareness that there are many strange paths to salvation.

The Proselytizer is a significant addition to this body of work, although, considered singly, it is less than a complete success. Set in the town of New Faith, the hub of which is the Church of the Resurrection (an "airy cage" originally designed as a primate house for a zoo), the novel involves a number of relatively harmless grotesques. Rising above them is the titular protagonist Kris Lane, a man distinguished by a black eye patch and glove, which purportedly cover scars he received when, seeing God, he was struck by lightning. His eccentric mother transmits to him her pride in his conception by an unknown father, a nameless ice-cream vendor clad all in white. Despite the maculate nature of his origin, Kris considers it one more sign that he has been chosen for his role as proselytizer.

Barry H. Leeds is the author of *The Structured Vision of Norman Mailer.*

D. Keith Mano—"there is compassion in this black humor."

He calls himself a "fisher of women" and literally seduces young women into the church.

In clearest juxtaposition to Kris Lane is David Smith: poor, uneducated, waiting unhappily for his massive wife to deliver their fifth child. David's home life is depressing; his temporary job as a handy man at "Hubert's Fantasyland" is horrific. A peculiarly American phenomenon, Fantasyland is a children's amusement park run for the benefit of parents, boasting torture devices that purport to be fun, and governed by garish electronic falsity.

By the time Kris Lane's insanity becomes apparent, David Smith has formed a curious affinity with him; and it is David who articulates the paradox of Kris Lane, a man whose fanaticism borders on sainthood in its curiously innocent commitment to moral absolutes. In the process of understanding Kris Lane's role (even to the point of attempting abortively to emulate it), David grows to recognize and accept his own:

> For he knew now that his torment would not be nails in palms, spearhead under ribs, but instead the irritative small indignities that irked consciousness, penetrated privacy and pride, martyred even the hope of martyrdom in him.

Some of Mano's readers may find less of what they would like to hear from him in *The Proselytizer* than in his earlier novels. In Kris Lane's excesses and in David Smith's ultimately graceful resignation there is no note of hope, no celebration of indomitable spirit. Instead, there is compassion in this black humor and real wisdom. This is not as enjoyable a book as *Bishop's Progress* or *Harry Goth*, nor is it as well balanced between high seriousness and humor; yet it takes Mano's vision a step farther than those books did. And it may be more difficult to forget.

BOOK BUSINESS

BY ALAN GREEN

Soon after this column appears, the American Broadcasting Company is expected to announce its decision to retain or to abandon *The Dick Cavett Show. And that is book business!* More than other talk-show hosts, Cavett has shown the desire and capacity to read books, to include their authors gracefully among his guests, and, by wittily and intelligently interviewing them, to acknowledge their importance in contemporary society. Because his Nielsen rating (a search for omens in the entrails of network executives) is slightly lower than those of some competing shows, his may be dropped. People who care about his show, as I do, for Cavett's lively mind and love of books are writing the American Broadcasting Company and asking it to keep his lamp aglow in the gathering TV gloom.

Book publishers, as we became intensely aware earlier this year, can be the victims of forgers, plagiarists, and libelers. One vaguely knew that there's insurance against such risks. But what kind? How available? How costly? For the answers to such questions I've been talking to insurance specialists and publishing financial officers.

Nearly every publishing house—like almost every other business—carries a fiduciary bond. Intended primarily to protect the firm against an absconding employee, it usually includes a forgery clause. If the face value of the policy is large enough, that clause insures against false endorsement and deposit of even very large checks.

Protection against libel, plagiarism, invasion of privacy, piracy, and similar risks is available in what is known as a publisher's libel or liability policy. Only a few American insurance companies offer it nowadays, since the claims can be frequent and high, the premium difficult to determine. Lloyds of London used to write the coverage, but they, too, are becoming chary. When a major publisher carries the policy, it's probably written for several million dollars, almost always includes a deductible clause under which the publisher assumes as much as the first $100,000 of loss, and the premium will run into five figures (one is compelled to be this general because the risks and rates are so varied). Bible publishers may be issuing libelous material, but neither Delilah nor the Devil is likely to sue. On the other hand, a daring publisher sometimes puts out a book so personal and controversial as to invite

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suit. If the sale of the book is big—especially likely in paperback—the damage claim can be enormous. (Libel judgments usually reflect the degree to which the libelous statement was distributed.) Religious publishers seldom want this insurance; audacious publishers crave it. Between these extremes, some publishers decide to do without it. Consequently, the risks are not spread over as safely wide a range of policyholders as insurers prefer. Premiums are based on the number of publishers buying the protection, the number and nature of the books issued by the individual publisher, and the expected breadth of his distribution.

Insured or not, most publishers depend heavily on careful readings by their editors, on vetting by experts in each book's field, and, most of all, on the trained eyes of their lawyers, who read every book and sometimes submit many pages of references to passages requiring checking, toning down, or elision. In spite of all precautions, dubious material is published, damages are assessed, and insurance compensation is claimed.

The premium rates for these policies vary from year to year depending upon the recent loss experience of the publishing industry and the individual insured publisher. Among liability vintages 1972 will not be equated with Bordeaux '47.

You've probably already heard something about Marilyn Durham and her first novel, *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*, which is about to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. You might have heard, for instance—(1) that it's a novel about crime, passion, and high adventure in the Wyoming Territory of the 1880s; (2) that Ms. Durham is in her very early forties and has never been more than fifty miles from her native Evansville, Indiana; (3) that she is a successful wife and mother who was determined to liberate herself from tradition by writing a successful book—though she'd never been published before; (4) that her novel is about a woman who wins liberation from her unhappy pioneer wifehood; (5) that advance reviewers are acclaiming it a sure-fire best seller; (6) that the reprint rights went for a six-figure sum; (7) that the movie rights went into seven figures and that the screenplay will be written and the film coproduced by Eleanor Perry, who refers to the novel as the first Woman's Liberation Western.

Now, what I'd like to know is whether, among all those liberated females, the male in the title is the original invisible man.

If you live in or near New York or expect to be there before the end of September, rush to the New York Public Library at Forty-second and Fifth, go up to Room 318, and be dazzled by an incredible exhibition.

There, drawn from the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, you will find displayed some of the books first published in 1922—a landmark, indeed a volcanic, literary year for the English language. Each book lies in a separate case. Many of them are accompanied by portraits of their authors, by a manuscript, and, sometimes, by pertinent personal letters. (One such letter, lying next to a novel first published in February 1922, concludes: "Mr. Pound has enclosed with your letter, a letter from Mr. Yeats to him . . . concerning my book. . . . May I ask you to be kind enough to convey to Mr. Yeats, for whose writing I have always had great admiration, my thanks for his favorable opinion, which I value very highly. Believe me, my dear Lady Gregory/ Sincerely yours/ James Joyce.")

Had 1922 seen nothing published save *Ulysses*, the year would have been momentous. But, just as Joyce's masterpiece opened the era, Eliot's *The Waste Land* closed it eleven months later. Between these events were the first publication of *The Forsyte Saga, The Beautiful and Damned, Babbitt, The Hairy Ape, Spoon River Anthology*, and major works by—to name just a few—Joseph Hergesheimer, John Masefield, Gertrude Atherton, Virginia Woolf, Edith Sitwell, John Dos Passos, Hilaire Belloc, Padraic Colum, Joseph Conrad, Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, W. B. Yeats, Booth Tarkington, Carl Van Vechten, Kenneth Roberts, Robert Graves, Conrad Aiken, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, J. P. Marquand, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Lytton Strachey, James Branch Cabell, J. M. Barrie, Rebecca West, Ellen Glasgow, Havelock Ellis, Carl Sandburg, George Moore, Edith Wharton, Christopher Morley, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Vincent Benét, Max Beerbohm, W. Somerset Maugham, Upton Sinclair, Frank Harris, Ben Hecht, Hugh Walpole, E. M. Forster, Theodore Dreiser, Edna Ferber, J. B. Priestly. These are fewer than half the famous English and American authors published that year and celebrated in the Berg exhibit right now. With utmost modesty, this staggering collection is called "A Vintage Year."

For those who cannot visit the exhibit in person, there is a handsome catalogue that may be ordered from the library for $4.50.

In an advertisement for their new novel *Disraeli in Love* by Maurice Edelman, Stein and Day refers to Edelman as "the first novelist to sit in the House of Commons since Disraeli." Well, when A. P. Herbert became an M. P. in 1935, among his many works were the novels *The Water Gypsies* and *Holy Deadlock*. If anyone chooses to point out that Mr. Herbert had other interests, such as humor, poetry, and public affairs, so did Dizzy, who may well have considered his acquisiton of Suez at least as important as his *Coningsby*. I wouldn't be surprised if other novelists sat in Commons between 1881 and the present. Any suggestions?

Currently, Farrar, Straus & Giroux is part of an international literary conspiracy to arrange for all editions of Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914* to be issued in every land and language on the same day—September 18. This, of course, is the first novel in a trilogy and is already being compared with *War and Peace*. • In October Ira Levin's new psychological shocker, *The Stepford Wives*, will come from Random House. Just as startling as, but less satanic than, Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*, this one is already a Literary Guild and Reader's Digest Condensed Books selection and has been bought as a serial by *Ladies' Home Journal* and for filming by Palomar Pictures, International. • In November Viking will publish *The Odessa File*, the new suspense novel by Frederick Forsyth, whose *Day of the Jackal* is now being filmed in Paris and the Dordogne. *The Odessa File* is November's Literary Guild selection as well as a choice of Saturday Review Book Club, Reader's Digest Condensed Books, and the Book Find and Playboy book clubs. Bantam has bought the reprint rights for a sum "in the area of $450,000 to $500,000." As Groucho once said in a different context, "mighty pretty country around there."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 57: tache, cheat, teach.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1996)

ROGER KAHN:
THE BOYS OF SUMMER

The catching trade makes messy, painful work. In midsummer heat a man straps on mask, chest protector, shin guards and stuffs sponges into a fat round mitt. His laboring posture is a squat. Years of catching turn the thighs to lead.

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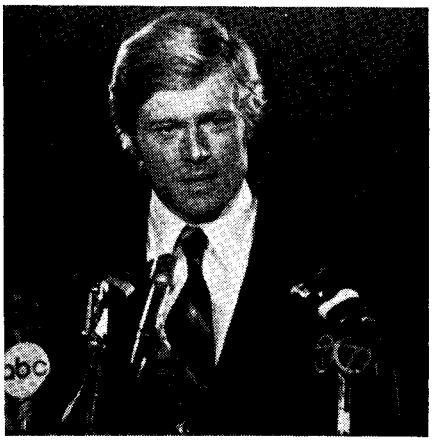
Films

Politicians and Other Bedfellows

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

Oddly enough, for a country that manages to lather itself into a veritable frenzy every four years over the selection of a presidential candidate, we have produced notably few films on the subject. One recalls Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, the late Preston Sturges's sharply satiric *The Great McGinty*, and perhaps Gore Vidal's *The Best Man*, and Otto Preminger's *Advise and Consent*; but, even granting a few omissions, the line isn't long, and most of them have lacked either the total conviction or the total cynicism that might have made them more significant. Capra, at least, has been honest enough to admit that he shot half a dozen different endings to *Meet John Doe*, the story of a political innocent who is manipulated toward power by a native fascist, and wasn't really satisfied with any of them—including the one that he finally used. Obviously, it isn't enough simply to decide that you are going to do a film about politics; the real trick is to make up your mind what you are going to *say* about politics.

And that is one of the virtues of Warner Brothers's timely new film, *The Candidate*. As written by Jeremy Larner, it not only searches the motives of a political aspirant but concerns itself with the back-room machinations of party wheelers-and-dealers, and with the all-important role of the media today in creating an appealing, vote-winning image. At the outset Bill McKay (Robert Redford) is simply a hard-working, conscientious, liberal lawyer who devotes his extra hours to civil liberties and ecology. Not only has he no political aspirations, but his estranged father (Melvyn Douglas) had once been governor of California, and the film strongly implies that much of Bill's disenchantment with the political scene stems from the deals and compromises he had watched his father make. Nevertheless, when emissaries from the Democratic party seek him out to run for the Senate against the conservative incumbent, he reluctantly agrees—not so much to win, he tells himself, as to air his view on contemporary issues.



Robert Redford in "The Candidate"

And then the machine takes over, personified by hard-bitten, politically experienced campaign manager Marvin Lucas (Peter Boyle), who clearly *is* out to win. It's *The Making of a President* on a smaller scale, but with the same amount of handshaking, speechmaking, and hustling through the hustings in search of votes. As the crowds grow, and his face becomes more familiar (he gets punched, though not shot at, during one political rally), Bill is swept into the dirtiest infighting and seems powerless to stop it. He makes shabby use of a disastrous fire to advance his campaign. He seeks out his father's support. His idealistic phrases turn into slogans. His climactic television debate with the opposing candidate has been manicured to evade all the real issues and to present Bill as merely a more youthful, more handsome version of the man he is trying to unseat. By film's end, there is no turning back. He has done all the weaseling, made all the necessary deals and compromises, and he has won. Cynically, with a wry grin, he turns to his campaign manager and asks, "Marvin, what do we do now?" The shot holds through to the end title.

With so much going for it, it is perhaps ungracious to wish there were a bit more—but I do. Marvin, for example, explains that all he wants from Bill is "a thousand a week, plus an air travel card and a phone card." Fair enough, but as the campaign mounts, it is apparent that Marvin is extracting more sizable sums from *somewhere*. Maybe Bill doesn't want to know, but in these post-ITT days, we do. Perhaps Larner had his artistic reasons for not spelling out the kind of *rapprochement* that Bill reached with his father and, more especially, with the head of the Teamsters Union. At one point, Bill speaks of "the basic indifference that made this country great," but such indifference cannot exist in a picture that makes its points through precise detail.

On the other hand, apart from a rather flat and fumbling opening, it is difficult to fault *The Candidate* as a production. Robert Redford, looking strikingly like Mayor Lindsay, catches every nuance of Bill McKay's doubts and ambivalences as he moves from idealist to opportunist; Peter Boyle, bald and bearded, is properly Machiavellian as the power behind the throne; Melvin Douglas's aging governor is a man who combines a still-keen taste for power with worldly cynicism; and Don Porter, as the conservative senator, conjures up every silver-haired political hack we have ever watched on television. Director Michael Ritchie, with strong assists from Victor Kemper's keenly observant cameras and from Gene Callahan's extraordinarily persuasive production design, has fashioned a picture that stands well to the fore in what is admittedly the thin, red line of American political films.

Apart from politics, which is everybody's Topic A at the moment, probably the most controversial—and least understood—Topic B is Women's Liberation. Or so Columbia Pictures evidently reckoned when it placed into production *Stand Up and Be Counted* (which, considering the eagerness of most of the ladies to dive into the nearest bed with the most convenient male, might better be titled, *Lie Down and Be Mounted*). Jacqueline Bisset, a high-fashion reporter for a national magazine, is dispatched to Denver to do an article on the movement and promptly moves in with airline pilot Gary Lockwood. Meanwhile, her younger sister (Lee Purcell), an ardent Libber, is presumably proving something by paying a local football hero to provide her with a baby. What follows is like a prolonged series of skits from TV's *Love, American Style*—perhaps not as pointed, but with what purports to be a Women's Liberation orientation. I trust the ladies will find it every bit as shameful and degrading as I did. What their movement needs is informed and —one hopes—witty explication, not errant exploitation. □

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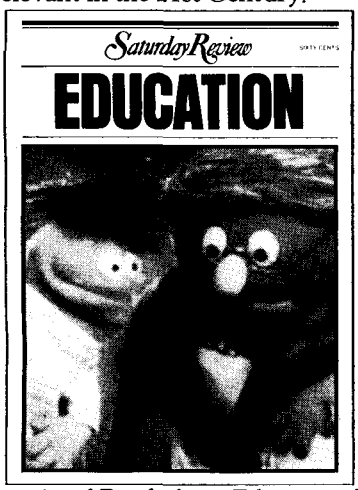

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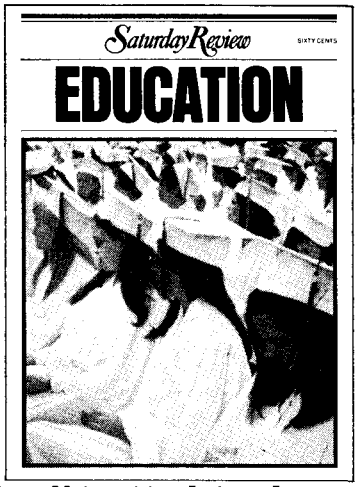

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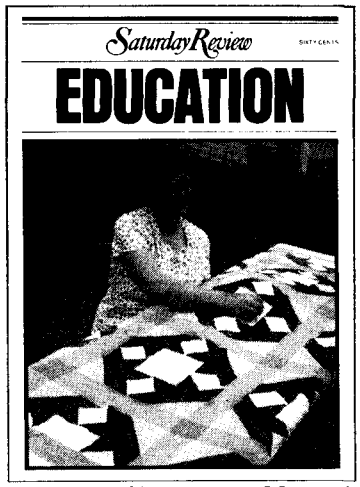

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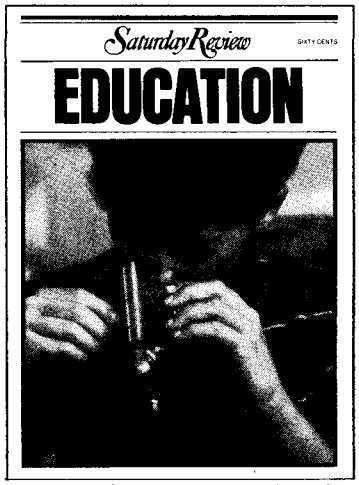

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Theater

Kid Stuff Retrospective

BY HENRY HEWES

One of the niftiest musicals around this summer is *Grease*, which recently has moved uptown to the Broadhurst Theater on Forty-fourth Street. Happily, Jim Jacobs's and Warren Casey's rock 'n' roll facsimile of high school antics in the 1950s seems much warmer and more confident in its new environment than it did when it opened below Fourteenth Street in February. This gain in rapport with larger audiences is particularly important for *Grease*, because it is the kind of a show that must count on the response of a large congregation that simultaneously recognizes the often humorous but underlying painful truth of adolescence as it was in that era.

Dispensing with the conventional charm and nostalgia one might expect, *Grease* takes a tough midwestern city high school named Rydell and describes its coarseness with unsentimental accuracy. The opening scene is an anniversary to which graduates of the class of '59 return. They sing a typical alma mater, which, of course, is utter hypocrisy. Suddenly the boring decorum is shattered. The alma mater uproariously changes to a mocking cataloging of their real and mostly scatological memories of Rydell. The banquet table disappears, and the graduates re-enact scenes from their last year at school.

This makes *Grease* different from the *Best Foot Forward* kind of musical that uses the youthfulness of its performers to enchant us. In *Grease* we are always aware that the performers are more mature than the teen-agers they are depicting, and therefore they can be harsher and more unflinching in their parody of their former selves.

The plot follows a dozen kids through typical high school incidents, with its main thread being a "romance" between Danny Zuko and Sandy Dumbrowski. Danny has to sustain a cool, dead-end-kid image to keep his status with the gang, and Sandy is a misfit because she has been brought up to behave as girls do in the movies. Away from school Danny and Sandy have met and liked each other. But when she runs into him in school in front of his friends, Danny plays it cool. In an alternating duet she recalls their rather innocent good times, while he is goaded into boasting that she was just one more sexual conquest. Sandy is hurt and tries to adapt herself to a gang of tough girls, one of whom makes fun of her by singing, "Look at Me, I'm Sandra Dee." Sandy expresses her unhappiness amusingly as she tearfully croons, "It's Raining on Prom Night," in which she complains that her corsage fell down a sewer along with her sister's ID.

Although Sandy is in love with Danny, she rejects his advances and walks out on him at a drive-in movie. Frustrated and left alone to watch the rest of the film, Danny laments, "might as well be in an igloo, because the heater doesn't work as well as you." Ultimately, of course, there is a "happy" ending, with Sandy deciding to run with the pack and enjoy the same kind of sexual liaison with Danny that some of the other girls have with their uncommitted boy friends. Does this bring her true love and happiness? Probably not. But she does find her new personality more comfortable in the high school milieu. One suspects that *Grease* is celebrating the courage these kids must have for living according to cool-generation mores. This courage is best expressed, not by Sandy, but by another girl who bravely pretends to her boy friend that some other guy was responsible for her pregnancy. In a song, "There Are Worse Things I Could Do," she movingly describes and defends her new morality.

However, the success of *Grease* owes less to its fulfillment of Danny-gets-Sandy expectations than it does to its vivid creation of the whole scene around them. A pajama party at which the girls trade catty remarks and notes about boys features a ballad sung Supremes-style by the girls. A beat-up, secondhand wreck of a car is vigorously serenaded as "Greased Lightning," a vehicle guaranteed to thrill the chicks into sexual surrender. And one boy rhapsodizes about his success at "mooning," a boyish trick of sticking one's bare behind out the window at passing girls. All these things are essentially ugly and debasing. Yet *Grease* treats them unevasively and with good comic effect.

Similarly, there is a wonderfully absurd hand-jive dance contest won by a homely creep of a blind date. And the show's best moment comes in a number called "Beauty School Dropout." In this song a girl who has "flunked shampoo" at a beauty school is urged by a guardian angel to go back to high school. When she angrily refuses, the singer shakes his head and, picking up the beat, sings, "Baby, you blew it. You put our good advice to shame./How could you do it? Bet'ya Dear Abbie'd say the same./Guess there's no way to get through to you, no matter who may try./Might as well go back to that malt shop in the sky."

Fortunately, too, the show has style, thanks to the unflagging choreography of Patricia Birch. Each characteristic gesture of the period and each rock cliché is astutely integrated into the action. And a master touch is achieved in the hand-jive number when the diminutive old schoolmistress joins in with exactly the same amount of vigor and poise as her juniors. Carrie F. Robbins has helped, too, by designing authentic yet subtly satirical outfits for everyone to wear.

As Danny, Barry Bostwick manages to suggest a likable mixture of cool exterior and private insecurity. Carole Demas makes a pretty and convincingly hung-up Sandy. Adrienne Barbeau sings and dances up a storm as the most stoic of the girls. Alan Paul as the Guardian Angel, Dorothy Leon as the schoolmistress, Timothy Meyers as the rapacious owner of "Greased Lightning," and Marya Small as the beauty school dropout stand out in a disciplined and perfectly selected cast.

Thus, although *Grease* has no magical story to tell and although its music is an imitation of rock hits of the past, it does what it sets out to do with admirable thoroughness and entertains from start to finish.

At Lincoln Center's Beaumont Theater most of the original stars of *Man of La Mancha* have reassembled for a limited summer revival of the 1965 musical. In their hands the show is again splendid. And the fact that Richard Kiley, who portrays Don Quixote, and Joan Diener, who plays Dulcinea, now find their physically demanding roles even more challenging adds a new dimension to the performance. This and the intimacy of the actor-audience relationship at the Beaumont shift the emphasis from spectacle to dramatic action, so that we are as much concerned with Cervantes's timorous facing of the Inquisition as we are with the shining example set him by his immortal literary creation. □

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Donizetti, Verdi Italian-Style

BY ROBERT JACOBSON

ROME—This spring Italy's *bel canto* sweepstakes were considerably depleted by the withdrawal of Renata Scotto, who was awaiting the birth of her second child, and by the enforced rest of Montserrat Caballé. But there was still the stalwart Leyla Gencer with yet another Donizetti revival in Naples at the San Carlo: the composer's final work, *Caterina Cornaro*. Then there was young Katia Ricciarelli, who replaced Scotto in the Venice-Rome production of Verdi's early *Giovanna d'Arco*.

Although the international market rates others higher as reigning *bel canto* specialists, Miss Gencer has presided over the bulk of Italian revivals for more than fifteen years. *Caterina* itself proved well worth resurrecting, despite Sacchèro's only fitfully dramatic libretto. Completed in Vienna in 1843, the opera was first staged in Naples the next year, only to be undermined by censorship and a soprano unable to meet the severe demands of the title role. Now *Caterina* has been vindicated, and quite impressively. It would be difficult to downgrade any opera that opens with a soprano-tenor duet not unlike that of Norina and Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*, gives the tenor a cabaletta with a high C on *"alarmi,"* and ends with one of Donizetti's great solo scenes for the soprano.

Gencer with Aragall—"impressive"

While director Alberto Fassini unfortunately did nothing to overcome the work's lack of theatrical cohesion, Miss Gencer was impressive. Her singing has thrust and bite; her top is big and cutting; her superbly controlled *pianissimo*—which she is not exactly shy about exploiting—is ravishing. She is not a singer of dazzling *fioriture*, but one, rather, of powerful utterance and coloration. As an actress, she was more the diva who awaited the opportunity to have her "turn" in a series of grand gestures. Still, she is a presence, darkly handsome and regal—and at the end even thrilling. Tenor Giacomo Aragall (Gerardo) had pitch problems except when he stayed at *forte* level, which for the most part he did; baritone Renato Bruson stood out by attempting to inject life into his role and by singing with handsome tone. Carlo Felice Cillario was the spirited maestro.

In Rome not only did the twenty-six-year-old Miss Ricciarelli make her bid for recognition, but there was evidence of a new approach to producing opera economically: a production of *Giovanna d'Arco* conceived for both Venice and the Eternal City. A first performance of *Giovanna d'Arco* in Rome might have been reason enough for an air of expectancy, but the appearance of a much-awaited new soprano clearly made this an "event." Like *Caterina*, *Giovanna* triumphs musically over a silly libretto, this one by Solera after Schiller. Yet it thrives on masterful trios (soprano-tenor-baritone) and ensembles, as well as on arias of exceptional beauty. The director was again Fassini, and again he failed to smooth over the rough edges of the drama, despite a sumptuous, evocative production designed by Pier Luigi Samaritani.

Rovigo-born Katia Ricciarelli is the kind of phenomenon that could happen only in our time. Even before she made any major appearances, she was a celebrity. The reason? In September 1971 she had won first prize in the New Verdi Voice Contest sponsored by Italian Radio & Television (RAI). The event was televised nationwide, RAI provided her with further exposure, and RCA subsequently signed her to a five-year contract. This year her Joan of Arc in Venice had been prefaced by her first record, a *Homage to Verdi*, which was an instant sellout. In September she sets her sights on America, with a *Due Foscari* in Chicago.

Ricciarelli—"a major voice"

Miss Ricciarelli's voice is clear and fresh, secure and controlled, particularly in her impressive *mezza voce*. But with all these attributes she is not yet ready for the challenge of a Giovanna d'Arco. Verdi here called for a dramatic soprano with agility, and Miss Ricciarelli lacks several requisites to fulfill this: intensity in her *legato* singing, a variety of colors to put life into the words, a vocal abundance to encompass the big moments in the ensembles. As an actress, she still wants personality and fire; her Maid of Orleans was well-intentioned but bland. While she is already being acclaimed the new Callas, launching a career in this way may find her the new Suliotis, burned out before she has caught fire. Still, hers is a major voice.

Flaviano Labò was in fine voice as Charles VII, but Mario Sereni was vocally hard pressed and dramatically at sea as Joan's father. Bruno Bartoletti led an exciting, tightly knit performance, full of vitality. □

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Dance

Balanchine's Ballet Tribute to Stravinsky

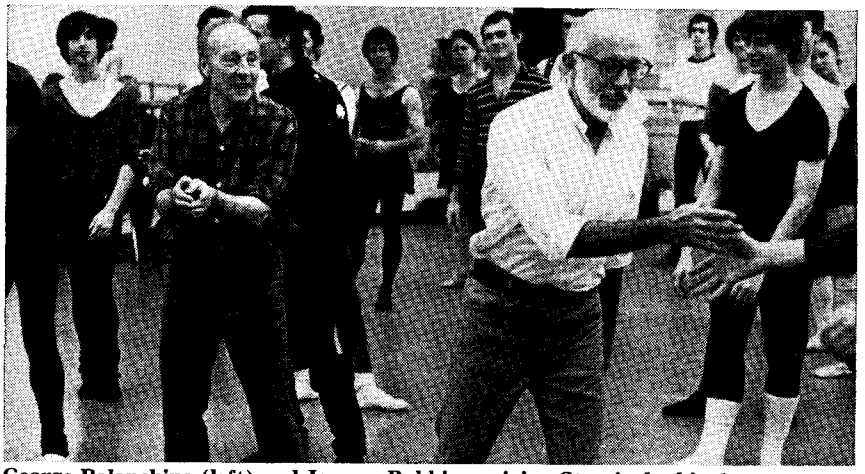
BY WALTER TERRY

Onstage, in front of the great gold curtain of the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, a slight, dapper gentleman spoke with wit and eloquence of a composer, a long-time colleague, a friend. The audience applauded warmly. At the close of the evening—June 18, 1972—the same gentleman received a tumultuous ovation. He was George Balanchine, one of the great choreographers of all time and a major architect of ballet in America.

What Balanchine had launched—with the essential aid of his own New York City Ballet, Lincoln Kirstein (the company's general director and the man who brought Balanchine to America forty years ago), Robert Irving (his superb musical director), and countless aides—was a one-week Stravinsky Festival of music (not danced) and dance, including thirty ballets, twenty of them premieres, many by Balanchine but some by others (including the great Jerome Robbins).

Backstage, on a more intimate note, the celebration, honoring the late composer's ninetieth birthday and a half-century of collaboration with Balanchine, continued. There were accolades from old friends and from critics Balanchine has known. A majority of his former wives were present, and there were affectionate expressions by beautiful girls and handsome women (a personal delight he has never concealed). The youngest of his girls had appeared onstage, but two early embraces in the wings were reserved for the beautiful Diana Adams, one of his retired ballerinas, and the dazzling Miriam Golden, an American Ballet Theatre principal in 1940.

But such warm and lovely moments were not viewed by most of the public. What happened onstage was. And Balanchine, who had seemed to be tiring and fading in certain of his ballets in recent years, was reborn in his own choreographic processes. Once again the music of Igor Stravinsky inspired him, as it had done in the 1920s. Music-movement magic surged once more. (For an updated appraisal of Balanchine see the article by Dale Harris on page 46 of this issue.)



George Balanchine (left) and Jerome Robbins—giving Stravinsky his due.

This feast of Stravinsky and the ballet opened with an unprogramed, surprise canapé, a two-minute courtly duet with gentle pastoral airs set to an excerpt from a sonata that Stravinsky had written seventy years before, two years before Balanchine was born, although the choreographer grins and suggests it was composed in anticipation of a collaboration that would come many years later. The score had been either lost in, or was withheld by, the Soviet Union, but Mrs. André Malraux had once seen a facsimile of it, remembered the middle movement, and agreed to play it. It was charming. Charming also were the dancers, Sara Leland and John Clifford.

More substantial, in terms of full-scale ballet, were two other Balanchine-Stravinsky premieres, *Violin Concerto* and *Symphony in Three Movements*. Of the two, I much preferred the former. Balanchine used the same music many years ago in a dramatic ballet he created for one of his most celebrated student discoveries, Tamara Toumanova. It was called *Balustrade*, but its life was short. The choreographic wedding with the *Violin Concerto* is wholly new and lies in that genre of music visualization, or extension of sound rhythms and timbres into body rhythms and textures. It is Balanchine at his peak, a masterpiece worthy of joining the elite, which includes his *Concerto Barocco* (Bach), *Serenade* (Tchaikovsky), *Symphony in C* (Bizet), and *Agon* (Stravinsky).

Karin von Aroldingen, Kay Mazzo, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and Peter Martins were excellent as the soloists leading a somewhat nervous ensemble. *Symphony in Three Movements* also suffered from edgy dancers, but even Balanchine seemed a trifle nervous here. There were handsome mass patterns, but many of the individual movement details seemed contrived rather than devised. Indeed, there were echoes of older Balanchine works cast in somewhat experimental molds and, oddly enough, passages that reminded one of Maurice Béjart. Miss Leland, Marne Morris, Lynda Yourth, Helgi Tomasson, Edward Villella, and Robert Weiss danced it beautifully (along with the insecure—rehearsals will fix that—*corps de ballet*).

Robbins, too, was represented by a new piece, *Scherzo Fantastique*, a wonderfully "dancey" work that delighted the eye and lifted the heart. In this unaffected but richly inventive *pas de cinq*, Gelsey Kirkland and Bart Cook were the dancing leaders of first rank. Balanchine's fairly new version (with an assist from Robbins) of *Firebird* closed the program. It's lavish, but it's a bore. The earlier Balanchine *Firebird*, created for Maria Tallchief, was, to my mind, the best of many choreographic conceptions.

Participating musicians included not only Mme. Malraux, Mr. Irving, Joseph Silverstein (solo violinist), and Robert Craft (guest conductor), but the New York City Ballet orchestra, the finest dance orchestra in the world. But isn't that Stravinsky's due on a festival honoring his birthday, his memory, his immortality? □

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Phoenix Nest

Karma

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

"The Word is dead."

That statement, the professor thought, came from the side of the classroom near the row of windows. He could not be sure because at that moment his attention had been drawn to a lantern slide thrown on the white screen that hung over the blackboard. On his desk a portable TV glowed. Near the closed door a record player, which was not turned low enough to suit him, played progressive rock. "I thought this was to be an experiment in nonverbal communication or the use of multimedia," he said; "but it seems to be turning into a wake for the written word."

"What else? Fiction, as we know it, is viable only as a spin-off from films."

"Right," said another student. "Norman Mailer says that 'films speak to a deeper level of the unconscious than writing.' "

"Weren't we supposed to discuss 'existentialism as a literary technique'?" a girl student asked.

"That's next time," the prof said.

"When a certain chord is played in the treble on a piano, I don't hear anything. Instead, I get a lemony taste in my mouth," another girl said.

"Irrelevant," said a young man who had professed a belief in reincarnation. "We'd all better think about how we're *living* this life. Death is no stranger."

"Death is a child of the gods. And, as Lord Dunsany said, his playgrounds are all the cities of the world," the girl replied.

"Be kind to children," someone else said.

"You may be reborn a pig," said the reincarnationist.

"What about Julius?"

Julius was a brick-colored Irish setter lying at the feet of his mistress, who sat in the front row. "Julius would be a step up for anybody," she said.

"For you, maybe."

"Stop this nonsense," said the class solipsist, a bearded figure in the back of the room. "Don't you know that you exist only in my mind? I can banish all of you with the flick of an eyelash."

The prof had been only half listening to these remarks. "About the written word," he said vaguely. "I was trying to remember something."

"Unless *something* is remembered, it never happened," the solipsist remarked.

"Quite true, except in a legal sense," said the prof. "I've often thought of that."

"The existentialist is the modern Spartan," a girl's voice persisted. "Therefore, Hemingway—"

"Hey, that's for next time," interrupted a student.

"Ah," the prof said. "Hemingway. Now I remember. I'll tell you about it. Turn down the record player, please. Well, some years ago, before any of you were old enough to care, probably, there were things in the American culture known as newsreels, which were shown at movie theaters. There was an MGM newsreel, which had a roaring lion for a trademark, and there was the old Pathe News with its crowing rooster, and there were others, too. Newsreels would show current events, like a train wreck or a building on fire or scenes from a football game. Usually there were comic touches, and you could count on a film's being reversed and a diver in a swimming pool flying up from the water and back onto the diving board, accompanied by a long *zoo . . . OOP* on a slide trombone or whistle. In almost every newsreel, at least those shown in the wintertime, there'd be a sequence of some skiers coming toward you over a hill, with the sun behind them throwing black shadows on the snow, and the skiers would make a sharp turn in front of you, raising glittering snow powder, and then they'd glide on down the hill. I liked newsreels, but I got so tired of seeing that skiing sequence that whenever it came on, you know what I'd do? I'd close my eyes and think of a fine description of skiing in one of Hemingway's stories. I'd see the printed page instead of the movie screen."

He had their attention. But his triumph was momentary.

"That was a silly thing to do, wasn't it?" asked one student.

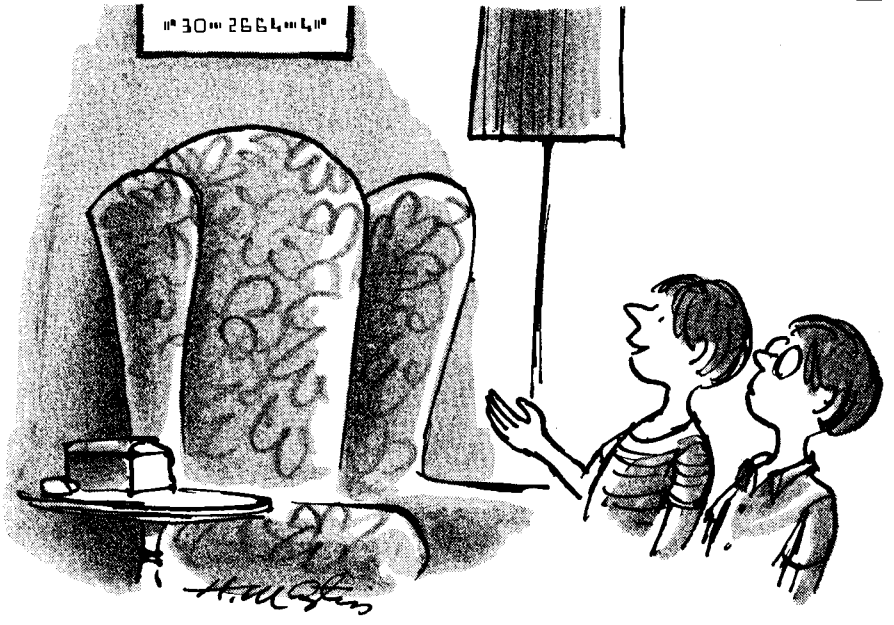
"It didn't seem like it at the time."

Someone turned up the record player. Julius the dog got up and walked over to the door and scratched to be let out. "He doesn't like the vibes," his mistress said.

"Cool it!" cried the solipsist. "All of you. I've had more than enough."

The floor slanted, like the deck of a ship. In the front row, the prof noticed, the faces of his students were frozen in a look of alarm. Outside the windows it grew dark, because descending from the sky and covering the whole horizon was a giant eyelash. The prof wondered if this was really happening. He supposed he wouldn't know for sure until later, when he tried to remember it.

Montgomery Newman



"That's my grandfather on my mother's side."

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SINGLE MALE seeks work in NYC. Myers, Box 1, Gilbertsville, N.Y. 13776.

WOMAN, tired business hectics, seeks employment combining interests. Nature, outdoors, travel, safaris/expeditions. Drives. Box H-960.

ABLE COLLEGE GRADUATE, 23, seeks crewman position on ocean voyage. Hugh Lawrence, 1118 Ninth Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

FEMALE, 22, B.A., desires full-time position in a creative environment. Experienced traveler. Box H-944.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANT, female. Experience: stock brokerage, writing, editing, typing. NYC. SR Box H-936.

10 YEARS' COLLEGE. Experienced teacher, musician, supervisor. Meticulous. Box H-967.

HANDYWOMAN-EDITOR-CELLIST wants room, board, spending-money job New England August 23rd, five weeks. Box H-925.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TWO MOTHER'S HELPERS for two neighboring Brooklyn Heights families with small children. Own room and bath. Ideal for students. Starting mid-September. Box H-625.

CARETAKER NEEDED charming a/c Manhattan apartment. Feed cats, plants. 8/13-9/15. Box H-950.

CHIEF, Bureau of Educational Integration. REQUIREMENTS: Master's degree with at least 6 years' professional experience in the field of Public Education, dealing with problems related to race relations, intergroup relations or school integration, of which at least 2 years have been in a supervisory/administrative capacity. In-depth familiarity with organizations involved with the education and welfare of minorities and the elimination of educational discrimination is mandatory for this position. RESPONSIBILITIES: To provide in-service training for teachers; to establish procedures and policies designed to promote educational integration and to eliminate discrimination in our educational system, working in close conjunction with officials and community groups; to identify problems that result in continuing educational discrimination and make recommendations for changes in legislation. SALARY: $22,395 per year to start. LOCATION: Albany, New York. Qualified, interested candidates should send detailed resume in strict confidence to: John Hoffman, Division of Personnel, New York State Education Department, Dept. SR 600, Albany, New York 12224. An equal opportunity employer/male and female.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc.; beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

OWN TEXAS RANCH, found oil and gas show. Need help test for pay. Good geology, references, full information: R.M. Cooksey, 318 North 14th Street, Corsicana, Texas 75110.

NEEDED—One medical record administrator to help establish a medical record technology in a growing college in an emerging area. For further information contact: Mrs. Patricia Torres, Route 1, Nelsonville, Ohio 45764.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

LUCRATIVE, WORLDWIDE hotel jobs. Details, $1.00. Alexander, Box 357-SR, South Pasadena, California 91030.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free *Transportation! Complete information Including Directory* **of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.**

JOBS EUROPE AND ENGLAND guaranteed and salaried. Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring. Young people 18-29. Hotels, restaurants, hospitals, etc. For details and application, send $1.00 with a stamped self-addressed business size envelope to Princeton Research, Dept. R., Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706R11, Orinda, California 94563.

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100 page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. Special price $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K13, Ames, Iowa 50010.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Free passage. 50,000 Jobs—most comprehensive information anywhere—Employment Directory, Business Directory, Teaching Opportunities, Education, Housing, Taxation, Ranching, Maps. Only $1.00. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BERKSHIRES, NEAR TANGLEWOOD—Large, new, all electric contemporary home on 2½ wooded acres, 500' frontage on beautiful secluded lake. Excellent winter and summer fishing, boating, swimming; near skiing, tennis, golf. Cathedral living room with fireplace, 4 bedrooms, 3 full baths, 2-car garage, many extras; central vacuum system, etc. $65,000. Owner, RD 1, Box 92A1, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230. 413-528-4467.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

CAPE COD CONDOMINIUMS—Halcyon is our remarkable year 'round condominium community on one of the remaining unspoiled areas of the Cape. Write Hilon Development Corporation, Dept. G6, 1330 Boylston Street, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167. Or call collect 617-734-2300. This offering is not available in states where prohibited by law.

BEAUTIFUL 3 BEDROOM desert home near Colorado River. Year round sun. Only $21,500! Write Francis Juhasz, Box 5512, Mohave Valley, Arizona 86440, or call 602-768-2806.

FRANCE—60 km. West Paris. 18th century oak-beamed renovated house. 2 reception, 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, central heating. ½ acre grounds, barn. Second house possibility restoration. U.S. $59,000. Write Ellis, Deya, Mallorca, Spain.

SOUGHT AFTER CHESTER COUNTY, Pennsylvania—All stone early-American farmhouse, 1970 pool and renovations. Nine-acre holding; stream, pond. Superb accommodations for large family and several equines. Appointment only. $155,000. Box H-962.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, COLCHESTER, VERMONT. 2 new luxury ranches, 7-8 rooms, 2½ baths, carpeted. Beach. Drastically reduced—$60,000-$70,000. Owner, 802-864-7630.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

For Sale—Furnished

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—3 bedroom modern home on one-acre hilltop, furnished. Sweeping view of sea and island. Clouse, 3½ Mile Chena Hot Springs Road, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701.

Furnished/Unfurnished

QUOGUE, L.I. (THE HAMPTONS)—Located in small, charming village, about a mile from beach, near tennis courts and small golf club. Sailing on Shinnecock Bay, ½ mile. This old, charming summer house has 10 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, 2 porches, a large bright kitchen, and is comfortably furnished. Large landscaped yard, gorgeous trees, some perfect for a child's tree house. Ideal for a family with children. A good income house, as well. Seasonal rent is $5,500. Low maintenance. This residence could not be replaced for well over the asking price of $75,000. SR Box H-256.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons $400 weekly to December 15th; $650 to April 15th. SR Box H-926.

ST. JOHN, V. I.—Secluded hilltop villa. For adventuresome. Sleeps 4-6. Walk to private beach. Fall, spring vacancies. SR Box H-935.

HOUSE/APARTMENT WANTED

PROFESSOR NEEDS house or apartment near Queens College, N.Y., immediately. Box H-937.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

88TH STREET, YORK AVENUE, near Gracie Mansion, NYC. Lovely, contemporary 3-room furnished apartment to sublet. Doorman. $210. 8/15/72 to 1/1/73. SR Box H-939.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN—Charming 3½ rooms, a/c. Terrace on Hudson. Cat lovers. $295. 8/13-9/15. 212-787-6884.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

COFFIN'S NECK—Down East at Lubec, near Campobello International Park, lies this beautiful neck of forested land in Cobscook Bay. A private but civilized spot, where a number of residents are already enjoying their attractive summer homes. Properties average over 3 acres and 200 to 300 feet of shorefront, and can be purchased for as little as $6,300 total price, with only $500 down. It's a pretty attractive price, and you'll find the property even prettier. Call WHITECAPS, 207-667-5366 or write Box 45CS, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

IDEAL 5-ACRE RANCH, Lake Conchas, New Mexico. $2,975. No down, no interest, $25.00 monthly. Vacation paradise. Money maker. Free brochure. Ranchos, Box 2003C, Alameda, California 94501.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

LAKESIDE PRIVACY—41-wooded hillside acres; 1,600' lake frontage. $69,000. K. A. Perry, Broker, Wolfeboro, N.H. 03894.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IF YOU'LL INVEST an 8¢ stamp, we'll bet $2 (cost of brochure) on you! Profitable, prestigious franchise providing management counseling to small businesses. $10,500 investment, #1 national organization. For free brochure: General Business Services, Inc., Dept. EB07, 7401 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

RESORT FOR SALE in beautiful Catskill Mountains near Woodstock. Going, year round business, accommodations for 115 persons, grosses over $100,000. Cash required, $50,000. Ira Krauss, salesman for John F. Spinnenweber, Broker, Port Ewen, 2, N.Y. 12466. 914-331-0143, 914-679-6298.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 907-C, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

MEN-WOMEN NEEDED NOW to fill out income tax forms at home. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Service, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

VACATIONS

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S"—PERU, VERMONT 05155. Request folder describing this exceptional mountain inn. Keenly interesting countryside. Fine pool-court-golfing. 802-824-5533.

SUITS US FARM—Casual, relaxed atmosphere. Animals, ponies, cart, hayrides, bonfires, fishing, heated pool, tennis, recreation room, shuffleboard. 3 hearty meals. 2-room units. Private bath available. Golf and auctions nearby. Brochure. Tel. 607-832-4369. Bovina Center, 3, N.Y. 13740. Coffeepot always hot.

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VACATIONS

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA/BRADENTON: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

NOTCH BROOK RESORT, Stowe, Vermont, Luxurious, cool mountain locale. Excellent GOLF, pool, all sports. Double rooms and town-house suites. BROCHURE. 7 Notch Brook Road. Tel. 802-253-4882.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

HARBORSIDE INN, Edgartown, on the storybook island of Martha's Vineyard. Delightful resort overlooking Edgartown harbor. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Swimming pool. Bicycling, golf nearby, interesting shops surround us. Famed Navigator Restaurant and Boathouse Bar. European Plan. Edgartown, Massachusetts 02539. NYC Tel. 757-6220. Toll free from everywhere else. Tel. 800-AE 8-5000.

HALF MOON HOTEL and Cottage Colony in Jamaica. Montego Bay's only complete resort. With its own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. 7 all-weather Laykold tennis courts. Air-conditioned hotel and cottage rooms. 15 cottages with private swimming pools. Half Moon Hotel and Cottage Colony, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I. Represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc., George R. Smith Co.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM — Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

YOUR OWN SPECIAL ISLAND, DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, British Virgin Islands. Small, but not too small. Accommodates only 24, year 'round, in a friendly, informal cottage colony. Skindiving, swimming from gemlike beaches, boating, fishing. A tropical paradise. Fine food, cozy bar. DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, 1230 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. Tel. 617-868-0380.

BORDER LAKES OUTFITTERS — Canoe trips into Superior Quetico wilderness. Individual, family, group trips planned. Box 158, Winton, Minnesota 55796. 218-365-3783.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $14, doubles $27 daily E.P. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Bar. Open April-September. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

COUNTRYSIDE VERMONT—Six beautifully furnished one-floor apartments with all modern conveniences. Bedroom faces dashing brook. Fireplace. $100 weekly. Madonna Apartments, Jeffersonville, Vermont 05464. Tel. 802-644-2988.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical Isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

LUXURY IN THE ROUGH—Relaxing, congenial Resort Lodge & Motel. Informal atmosphere. Swimming pool, golf. Outstanding food. Cocktails. Airstrip adjoins. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine 04945.

VACATIONS

DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING—or pack every minute with activity. You'll have a delightfully relaxing and revitalizing vacation. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

JAMAICA NORTH COAST—Where trade winds blow. 2-bedroom villa on sea. Marvelous view. Large pool. Great privacy. Maid service. Write for folder. Box H-957.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Mary & Ed Williams, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

VERMONT BICYCLE TOURING—Scenic routes; country inns. Experienced leaders. Weekends July-October. $60 up, inclusive. Other trips arranged. John Freidin, RD 2, Bristol, Vermont 05443. 802-388-4263.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn. 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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GREECE: Paint in the Sun . . . Painting Workshop for students, professionals on beautiful Aegean island, Samos: July, August, September. Also: Art History, Ceramics, Choreodrama, Creative Writing, Poetry. $200 monthly. Group flights. Write, airmail: PYTHAGOREION INSTITUTE OF PAINTING, P.O. Box 8, Samos, Samou, GREECE.

SEMINAR-DIALOGUES: High school students, coed. Five diverse topics weekly, July, August. Small groups of informed students discuss today's issues with experts. Small college campus, Ohio. Nonprofit. 1148 Euclid Avenue, Suite 517, Cleveland, 44115. 216-696-1879.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY"—American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, coeducational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative. 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

FLEMING COLLEGE, FLORENCE—American, two-year coeducational, A.A. degree-granting college offers courses in languages, fine arts, drama, film, English, literature, math, science, history and government. Based in Florence, Italy. Outstanding faculty. Residence on or off campus. Research trips, two-week stay in European homes, and exploration of Italy give an international dimension to all studies. Incorporates interim, pre-college year offering concentration in any of above areas. Contact: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York, New York 10021.

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CREATIVE AND ACADEMIC STUDY, Florence, Italy—WANTED: Boys/Girls—earnest students, talented, challengeable, sensitive, new-wave. High school and post-graduate college-prep; travel, arts, drama, dance, classical studies, philosophy. SHAPLEY INTERNATIONAL Scuola di Firenze, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458. 603-924-6928.

TRAVEL

UNIQUE HIKING EXPERIENCE in northern Spain, September 6th-19th, 1972. For Brochure S, Aquarius Tours, Box 136, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172. 617-923-0520.

AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than the long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

OFFBEAT EUROPE GUIDEBOOKS. "Castle-Hotels," 500 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. (20,000 sold.) "EUROPE'S FLEA MARKETS," 80 markets, 10 countries, drawings, maps. "WHERE THE ANTIQUES ARE," shops described, 70 towns in Britain, Ireland, dollar-pound prices, shipping, maps, index. $3.10 each postpaid. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

IT TAKES TWO TO KAZATSKI—Help build U.S.-Russian relations with CEC, the "Matchmaker" on 3-week nonprofit, nonpolitical exchange visit to Russia, a step towards survival. A few openings qualified Americans all ages, occupations. Departures August 2nd and 24th. Write, wire, phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. ST, 10 West 46th, NYC, 10036. 212-581-8113.

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MEXICO'S "GRAND CANYON"—November 3rd-18th, 1972. Only tour over the entire Chihuahua al Pacifico Railway, great engineering feat, fabulous scenery; Ojinaga, Chihuahua, Topolobampo, El Fuerte, Alamos, Guaymas, Casas Grandes; special feature—open gondola car.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SPECIAL—January 19th-February 4th, 1973. Cholula, Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Kabah, Palenque, Teotihuacan; also Mexico City, Vera Cruz, Fortin, the great volcanoes, and superb scenery. Anthropological expert.

ARTS-CRAFTS SPECIAL, South Central Mexico—February 23rd-March 11th, 1973. Mexico City, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Oaxaca, Monte Alban, Mitla, Puebla, Aguascalientes, Chihuahua. Visit artists' workshops, buy at source. A delightful time of year. Information, reservations, WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45-SR, Berkeley, California 94701.

UNBELIEVABLE TRAVEL BARGAINS—London-Greece 4 months, everything included, $336! London-India 7-weeks travel inclusive, $348! Details on these and others, $2. Williams World Wide, 2620 Brookdale, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911.

NEPAL-EVEREST trek—November 14th. $2,623.
KASHMIR-KOLAHOI trek. Tiger hunt/view only. Ex-Maharaja's guests. April 21st. $2,850. CAPERS 400 CLUB, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069.

SHOOT THE RAPIDS of the Colorado River and jeep the back country. A quality experience in Utah's Canyonlands National Park. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); In Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

HOTEL TUDOR. New York at back-home prices. Singles from $12, doubles from $15. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Near UN, theatres, Empire State, Radio City and famous 5th Avenue shops. Comfortable rooms with TV, phones, air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Write for brochure. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. 212-YU 6-8800.

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By Thomas H. Middleton

No. 1997

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Booboos	68 79 100 140 150
B. Large numbers of manifestations in the same period	156 162 180 189 152 119
C. Fr. novelist (1840-1902; "Les Rougon-Macquart")	131 146 178 193
D. Immaterial	2 28 43 67 83 11 49 95 201 107 123
E. Inmost or essential part	158 185 203 62 12 40
F. Smooth	48 65 155 170 183 196 210 4 39 57
G. Native house servant or butler in India	73 81 92 127 181 190 205 23 41
H. Foreshadowed; prefigured	61 78 94 104 129 161 211 20 54 118
I. Temporary expedients or substitutes	85 105 144 154 214 5 26 159 174 70
J. Leader of the Lollards, hanged and burned in 1417	204 7 38 55 72 84 99 138 149
K. Patent medicines	153 6 53 80 90 110 186 64
L. Swigged	122 113 60 132 33 96 167
M. Slender hardwood javelin of S Africa	19 9 114 133 184 86 46

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Group of islands W of the Fijis; Vila is the capital (2 wds.)	173 195 13 44 74 108 134 36 164 177 69
O. Upends	166 52 194 208 101 93 136
P. Unparalleled	212 32 56 89 207 139 179 75 111
Q. Alcoholic beverage of the Far East or Near East	116 15 31 76 143 102
R. Desisted from; gave up (2 wds.)	199 213 16 21 109 29 1
S. Stiffened, supported	97 147 22 130 175 191 200 128
T. Big hand, kudos, bouquet	142 117 24 171 59 135 98
U. Move or guide in the direction of a focal point	209 17 50 71 120 141
V. Considered as caused by	121 206 25 37 51 112 172 145 168 8
W. Secures, protects	202 27 106 198 14 163 63 125
X. Entangles, involves, frays	3 137 47 82 58 103
Y. Face down, as in stud poker (3 wds.)	42 77 169 176 91 148 197 87 124
Z. Dessert, usu. of bread or cake filled with fruit or custard	151 192 126 66 88 157 188 115 182
Z¹. Legitimate, permissible	10 45 18 30 165 160 35 34 187

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 R	2 D	3 X	4 F		5 I	6 K	7 J	8 V	9 M		10 Z¹								
11 D	12 E	13 N	14 W	15 Q	16 R	17 U	18 Z¹		19 M	20 H	21 R	22 S	23 G	24 T	25 V	26 I	27 W							
28 D		29 R	30 Z¹	31 Q		32 P	33 L	34 Z¹		35 Z¹	36 N	37 V	38 J	39 F		40 E	41 G							
42 Y	43 D	44 N		45 Z¹	46 M	47 X	48 F		49 D	50 U		51 V	52 O	53 K	54 H	55 J	56 P							
57 F		58 X	59 T	60 L	61 H	62 E	63 W	64 K		65 F	66 Z	67 D	68 A	69 N		70 I	71 U							
72 J	73 G	74 N	75 P		76 Q	77 Y	78 H		79 A	80 K	81 G	82 X	83 D		84 J	85 I	86 M							
87 Y	88 Z		89 P	90 K	91 Y	92 G	93 O	94 H	95 D	96 L	97 S		98 T	99 J	100 A	101 O	102 Q							
103 X		104 H	105 I	106 W	107 D	108 N	109 R	110 K	111 P		112 V	113 L	114 M	115 Z	116 Q	117 T	118 H							
119 B		120 U	121 V	122 L	123 D	124 Y	125 W		126 Z	127 G	128 S		129 H	130 S	131 C	132 L	133 M							
134 N	135 T	136 O		137 X	138 J	139 P		140 A	141 U	142 T	143 Q	144 I		145 V	146 C		147 S							
148 Y	149 J		150 A	151 Z	152 B	153 K	154 I		155 F	156 B	157 Z	158 E		159 I	160 Z¹	161 H								
162 B	163 W	164 N		165 Z¹	166 O	167 L	168 V		169 Y	170 F		171 T	172 V	173 N	174 I		175 S							
176 Y	177 N		178 C	179 P	180 B	181 G	182 Z	183 F		184 M	185 E	186 K	187 Z¹		188 Z	189 B	190 G							
191 S		192 Z	193 C	194 O	195 N		196 F	197 Y		198 W	199 R	200 S	201 D		202 W	203 E	204 J							
205 G		206 V	207 P	208 O		209 U	210 F	211 H	212 P	213 R	214 I													

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 59 of this issue.

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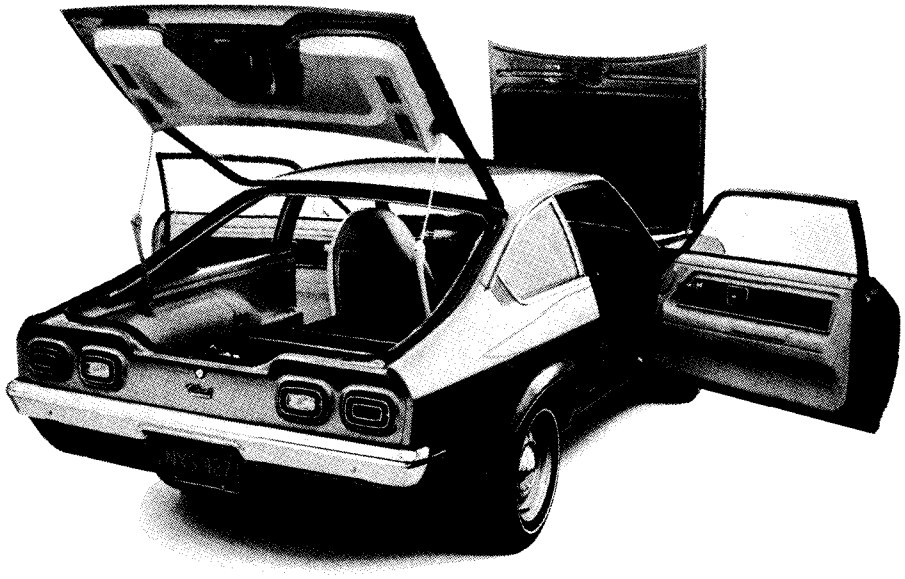
THE BIG CAR INSIDE OUR LITTLE CAR.



Into each Vega a little Impala goes.
Power ventilation system.
Front disc brakes.
Side-guard door beams.
Two steel roofs instead of just one.
And, strange as it may seem, Vega's room-per-passenger compares pretty well with Impala's.
But Vega is no big car.
It's made for four people.
And although Vega's low center of gravity and wide stance make it feel bigger than a Vega, it's all done on a modest eight-foot wheelbase. (Two feet less than Impala's.)
Although our overhead-cam aluminum block engine is bigger than most little car engines, it's still awfully stingy with a gallon of gas.
And although Vega, with full foam seats and Full Coil suspension, is surprisingly comfortable to ride in from city to city, it's also a nifty car to zip around in from store to store.
Vega is a little car.
The little car that does everything well.

VEGA
CHEVROLET

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.

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You can go through life with an ordinary rum that makes ordinary daiquiris. Or you can use Ronrico. Life is long.

©1972 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico. The rum with the bright taste.

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